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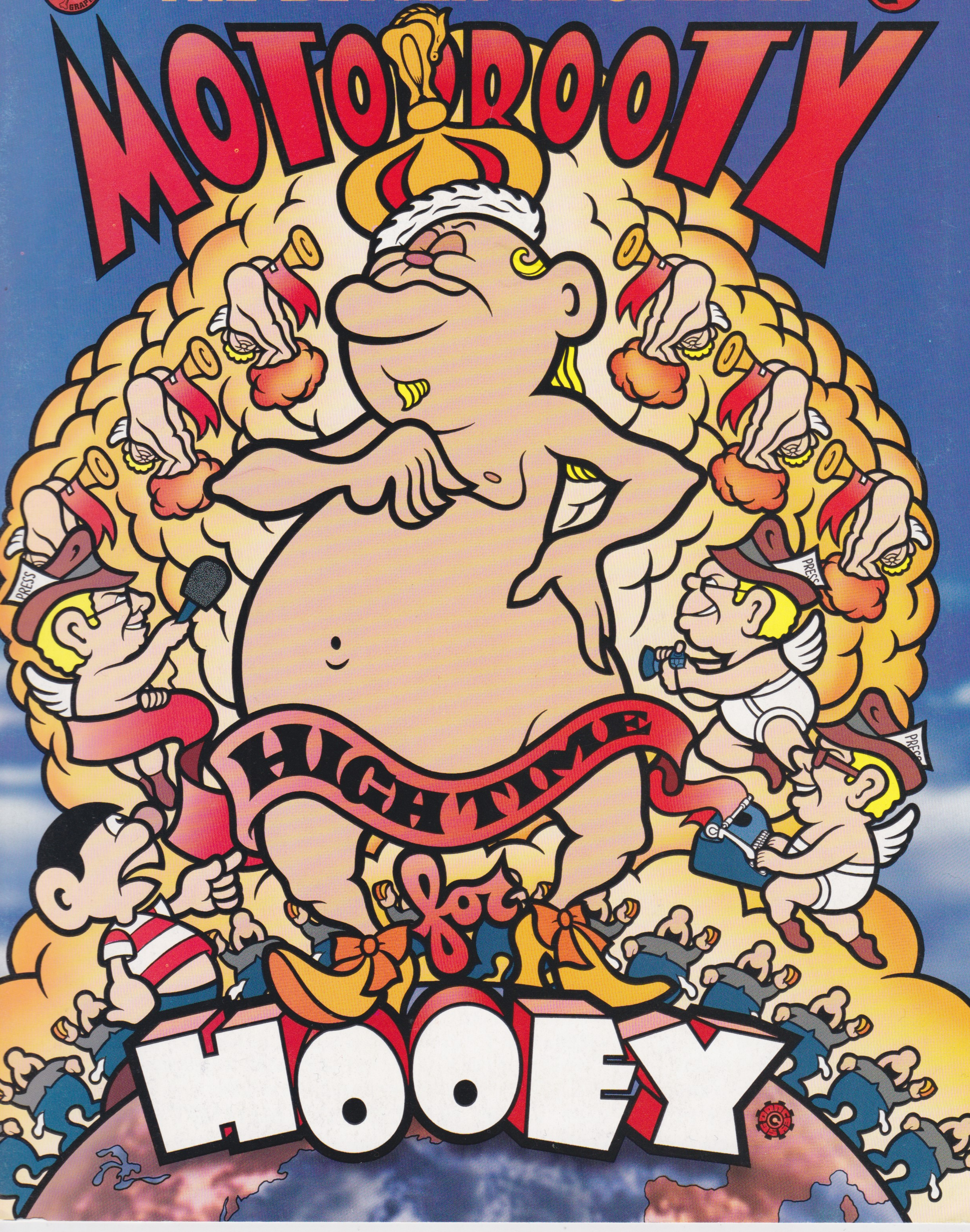
MOTORBOOTY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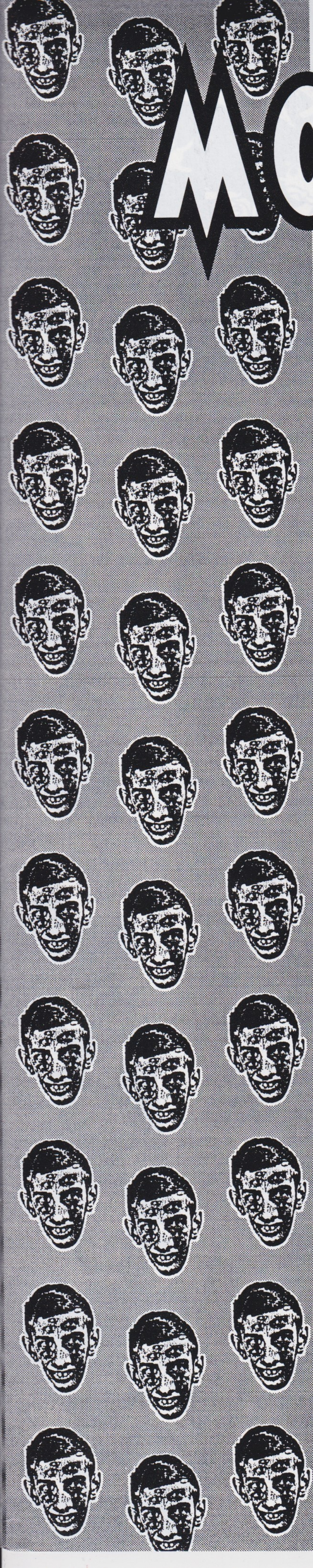

MOTORBOOTY

NUMBER EIGHT
WINTER 1995

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COVER

Color by John Hill

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Copies of MOTORBOOTY #6 (The "Mind Over Booty" issue) are still available for $4 cheap

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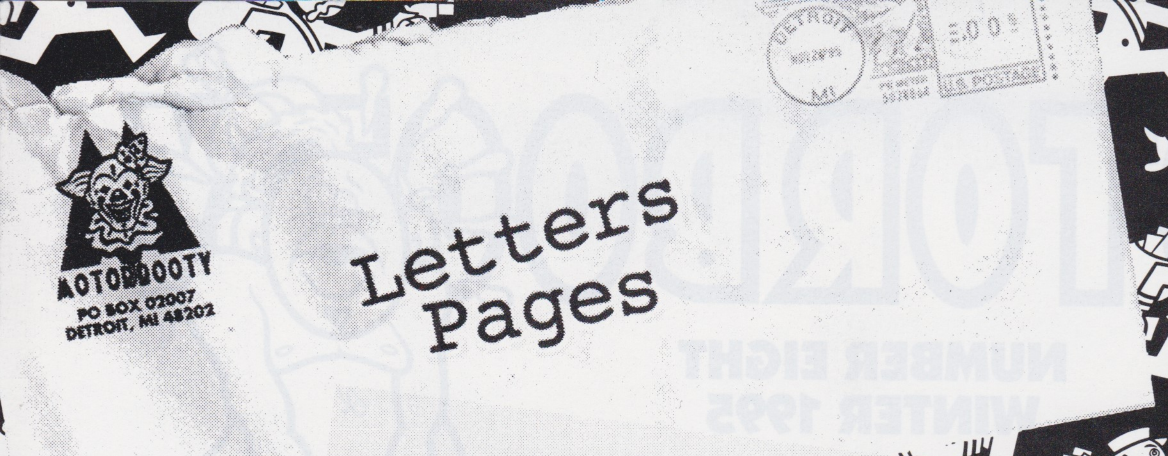
Letters Pages



PLATINUM MOLEHILL

PECUNIA NON OLET

Dear Hoarse :

The fans are cheering, the critics are raving, and the word is spreading. Your band is headed for the big time. But beware—the ascent can be perilous. Indeed, it seems that suddenly everyone wants to be your friend, but you're just not sure who to trust.

That's where Platinum Molehill, your full-service management company, comes in. Our aggressive and tenacious client services can mean the difference between the cutout bin and the Buzz Bin. Our hands-on approach lets you concentrate on the music while we protect and assiduously maintain your most vital commodity: your image.

Here at Platinum Molehill we know that when it comes to success in the music biz, it's all about relationships. With our irresistible charm and strong connections to the rest of the industry, we guarantee complete commitment to every client, and our comprehensive management services will ensure that no aspect of your career goes unattended.

Here's a brief look at just some of the areas we specialize in:

Media Relations and Image Maintenance

In a world dominated by trashy tabloid journalists and a scandal-hungry public, the truth is an increasingly scarce commodity. With our help, you'll never be threatened by the malicious gossip, unsavory innuendo, or outright slander that has been the undoing of many of your contemporaries. At Platinum Molehill we provide the behind-the-scenes clout that every major artist needs to overcome the obstacles the fourth estate puts in their path.

Finding the Right Writer

Let's face it, certain "journalists," often filled with envy, just have it in for you or any other performers who've "made it." With Platinum Molehill in your corner, you can rest assured that such small-minded naysayers will never have the chance to stand in your way. Relying on our extensive contacts in the publishing and broadcasting industries, we're able to carefully screen any reporter who may be assigned to cover you, meticulously reviewing their background, perusing their clips, and assessing their intentions. We'll take all the time we need to make sure that only those writers who truly understand your vision are assigned to comment on your career. Moreover, any scribes foolish enough to cast aspersions will find it quite difficult to ply their trade, let alone get on a guestlist, in the future.

Keeping the Facts Straight

It's sad but true: as soon as you're a star, your private affairs enter the public domain, where your every statement can be misunderstood and your every action misinterpreted. As if that weren't bad enough, greedy spotlight-seekers will emerge from the woodwork, claiming to be "friends," "classmates," "former spouses," or even "private investigators," each with a sordid tale to tell. Left unchecked, this kind of sensational hearsay can make its way into the media and be mistaken for the truth, forever damaging your hard-won reputation. Whether it takes public denunciations or personal visits to explain to them the possible consequences of their actions, we can make sure that these misguided celebrity hounds never get the chance to deliver their "scoops."

Our industrious and resourceful staff can not only deter slanderers, but can also ensure that magazine fact-checkers do their job. Don't let our background in civil-liberties protection fool you: we don't limit ourselves to conventional methods when it comes to preserving your integrity. If needed, we'll search through phone records to ferret out "unattributed" sources who may be feeding misinformation to a gullible reporter, and in the unlikely event that such calumny finds its way into a first draft, we're fully prepared. Platinum Molehill's top-notch legal staff are experts in the most efficient methods of persuading a magazine's libel lawyers to excise all but the most flattering anecdotes.

Providing Proper Placement

Location, location, location: it's as true in rock as it is in real estate. Why be buried with the classifieds in the back of *Alternative Press* when it's well within our means to have you on the cover of *Rolling Stone* faster than you can say Dr. Hook? Why warm up for Sloan when the headlining slot on Lollapalooza is open for negotiation? Why settle for only having your video shown once on *120 Minutes* when we can arrange to have it shown once every 20 minutes? Thanks to our longstanding personal and professional relationships with key decision-makers in the culture industry, spin control can be *SPIN* control and your profile will always remain high. In fact, with Platinum Molehill behind you, you may not be able to pass a newsstand or turn on the television without seeing your own glamorous face pouting right back at you.

But such first-class treatment isn't solely reserved for our chart-topping performers. Even if you aren't yet a household name we can make certain you get the same opportunities as our premier acts. We use the full power of our extensive roster to your advantage. Is an obstinate radio station programmer reluctant to give your record the chance it deserves? Their thinking may change when a promised exclusive interview with one of our better-known artists is indefinitely tabled due to a sudden case of "scheduling conflicts."

Lifestyle Management

Any management company can balance your checkbook, pick up your dry-cleaning, or rear your children. At Platinum Molehill, however, we recognize that innovative artists have special needs that must be accommodated to fuel the creative process. We're not here to judge your lifestyle choices, we're just here to facilitate them so that you can devote all of your talent and energy to what you do best.

We discreetly provide a full array of medical and legal services specially tailored to fit your unique circumstances. You'll never again have to seek treatment for medical emergencies in questionable neighborhoods, negotiate deals with untrustworthy characters, or fret over legal technicalities that are best left to the experts.

Of course, whatever your appetites may be, they'll remain our little secret. You can count on Platinum Molehill to explain your misunderstood and delicate conditions in ways that the public can easily accept. After all, who could condemn you for suffering from "stomach problems," "jet lag," or an "allergic reaction to Twinkies?" No matter what you need or when you need it, Platinum Molehill is your full-service lifestyle enabler.

Let Platinum Molehill Help Make You the Star You Deserve to Be.

.PLATINUM MOLEHILL MANAGEMENT · 8620 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD · BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90212-1825

AMERICA Online

8619 Westwood Center Drive Vienna, VA 22182-2285

TO: MARK DOMBROWSKI
MEMBER NAME: SPONGE@AOL.COM
RE: ACCOUNT CANCELLATION

MARK-
We regret to inform you that your America Online account has been cancelled for the following reason(s): VIOLATING TERMS OF SERVICE

```
8/9/95:18:51
Location: MTV YAK: Harassing other members, obscene
language.
Reported violation:
        Sponge: Why aren't any of you goddamn assholes listening to
        my fucking band Sponge?

8/9/95:21:16
Location: MTV YAK: Harassing other members, obscene
language, scrolling.
Reported violation:
        Sponge: Who here owns our hit record ROTTING PIÑATA?
        Sponge: Who here owns our hit record ROTTING PIÑATA?
        Sponge: Who here owns our hit record ROTTING PIÑATA?
        Sponge: For the last time, who here owns our fucking
        awesome hit record ROTTING PIÑATA?

8/11/95:20:57
Location: Private Room "SPONGE": Harassing other
members, obscene language.
Reported violation:
        NINfan: You guys are just a flash in the pan. You'll be
        forgotten in about two weeks. Enjoy your 15 minutes of
        fame.
        Sponge: We will, asshole. Enjoy your lifetime of obscurity.

8/13/95:13:04
Location: MTV YAK: Harassing other members, scrolling.
Reported violation:
        Sponge: Who here has a hit record and a Buzz Bin video?
        Press 5
        Sponge: 5
        Sponge: 5
        Sponge: 5
        Sponge: 5
        Sponge: 5
        Sponge: Fuck all of
        stars like me.
```

If you have any questions regarding

NATIONAL
ENDOWMENT
FOR THE
ARTS
1100 PENNSYLVANIA AVE NW
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20506

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Goad,

We are pleased to inform you that your grant proposal to the National Endowment for the Arts for the publication of your magazine *Answer Me!* has been approved in the amount of $200,000.00.

Once again, we would like to congratulate you on your exemplary artistic efforts. *Answer Me!* consistently displays the vision, originality, and creative commitment that the Endowment demands of its beneficiaries. Although some may take offense at the magazine's provocative content, the Endowment believes that it compellingly reflects the rage that you must feel after working from 9 a.m. all the way until 5 p.m.—without a lunch break—and then having to prepare your publication at night. The Endowment is appreciative of the thousands of hours you've spent cleverly sublimating your own Caucasian victimhood into the kind of "transgressive" misanthropy which today's young people find so appealing.

We are also confident that *Answer Me!* will not become next year's "Piss Christ" or that you might become next year's Holly Hughes or Karen Finley. Indeed, given the ideological kinship between your publication and many of the Endowment's most vocal critics on Capitol Hill, our significant contributions to *Answer Me!* could well aid the cause of federal arts funding in Washington.

Your signature at the bottom of this letter will constitute acceptance of your grant from the Endowment. Please retain attached copy for your files and return the original to us to begin the processing of your grant check. Please call the ersigned if you have any questions.

of November 1995

CAA

CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY, INC.

LITERARY AND TALENT AGENCY

9830 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90212-1825
TELEPHONE: 310-288-4545 • FACSIMILE: 310-288-4800

Courtney,

As per our conversation last week (just to jog your memory, you were in Pittsburgh at the time, and someone had just played that horrid shotgun shell prank on you right before we spoke), here are the scripts I was telling you about. Please read through them and call me back with your impressions. I'll be in St. Tropez for ten days, but I should be back by the first of the month. If you really, *really* need to reach me, Mike over at Disney can give you the number at my chateau, but only if it's a true *emergency*. I *know* it seems like a big deal to you, but I just can't get a phone call every time Sheryl Crow turns up on Letterman—this is supposed to be a *vacation*, honeypie. Anyway, enclosed you should find the following manuscripts:

**The Sound of Music*: Don't let the title fool you: Marty Scorcese is directing, Bill Pullman is signed on as the Baron, and Dr. Dre is producing the soundtrack—it's going to be *the* remake of Christmas '96. This would be a perfect opportunity to complete your image makeover: one swooping twirl across the verdant hills of Austria will have those cakes smelling like Irish Spring (to sully her squeaky post-*Sound* rep, Julie Andrews had to flash her Mary Poppins in *S.O.B.*, for God's sakes!). Besides, I think the sight of you doting on the Von Trapp brood will make for some impressive brownie points among doubting headmasters about the time you go boarding-school shopping for Bean, *n'est ce pas*?

**Hi Octane!: The Movie*: Spike, Spike, Spike, so I like, like, like! Right now you're only up for the part of Adam Horovitz's Buddhist spiritual adviser in this madcap, star-studded romp (Julie Delpy, Ione Skye, David Schwimmer, and Carrot Top, just to name the ones who've already inked), but—newsflash!—last I heard, Zoe Cassavettes is holding out for more moola, so her co-starring role might just be open too. I know what you think of Sofia Coppola, but I don't think a little estrogen imbalance is worth blowing the chance to work with Mr. Jonze, *capece*?

**Now Watch Him Die*: Gus Van Sant is directing from Rollins' own script, with Keanu Reeves as Joe Cole and Rollins playing himself. You'd play Kira, Black Flag's bassist, who is the film's comedic presence (and only female character, so you don't have to worry about being upstaged—I know that you do worry). I realize there's not many lines, but remember sweetie, it's not the quantity, it's the *quality*: note particularly the scene at Al's Bar where Kira tells Rollins, "Listen, Neck Boy, if I had wanted to go fretless I'd have played *your* instrument!" It's going to be *the* catch phrase of next summer, and I don't think you want it rolling off Juliette Lewis' lips, if you know what I mean. This role just *screams* "Best Supporting nomination!" at me.

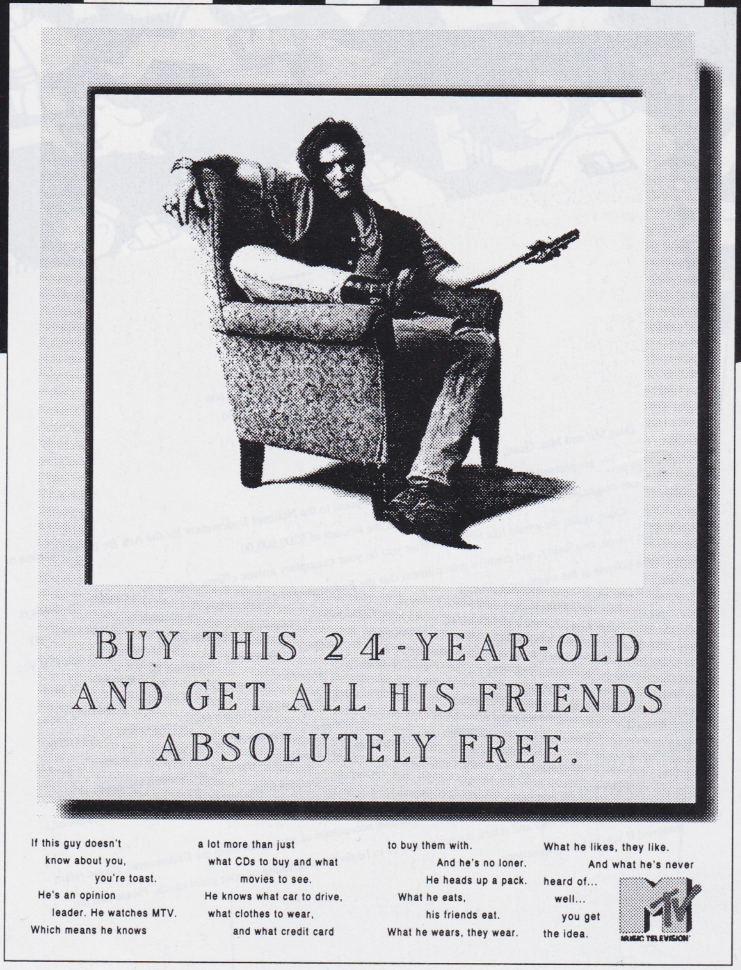
**Blood and Rice*: I know you're trying to move away from bitch roles, dear, but look at this one closely: Quentin Tarantino simply *insisted* that I send it over to you. You'd play a homicidal nymphomaniac drug kingpin who rules San Francisco's Chinatown with an iron but exquisitely manicured fist. Quentin tells me that he's got Chow-Yun Fat, Gabe Kaplan, Pat Harrington, and McLean Stevenson lined up to play the corrupt cops who are on the take with your organization, and Steve Buscemi and Sherilyn Fenn are already locked as the bumbling district attorneys hot on your trail. Quentin described your part to me as "sort of *Christiane F.* meets the Shelley Winters character from *Cleopatra Jones*," and he vowed over a 5:1 Bombay Sapphire martini (three olives!) at Musso & Frank's that if you turned him down he'd cast Madonna instead, so I think your decision is already made. Just try to smile and keep your language clean when you deliver your Oscar acceptance speech, okay?

Well sweetie, that's show biz. Now get to reading. Give my best to Frances and Drew, and stay away from that awful you-know-what until I get back. I don't want to have to read your obit in *Le Match* —*quel horreur*!—while I'm working on my tan.

Love and kisses,

Shecky Schecter

LOOSE



BUY THIS 24-YEAR-OLD AND GET ALL HIS FRIENDS ABSOLUTELY FREE.

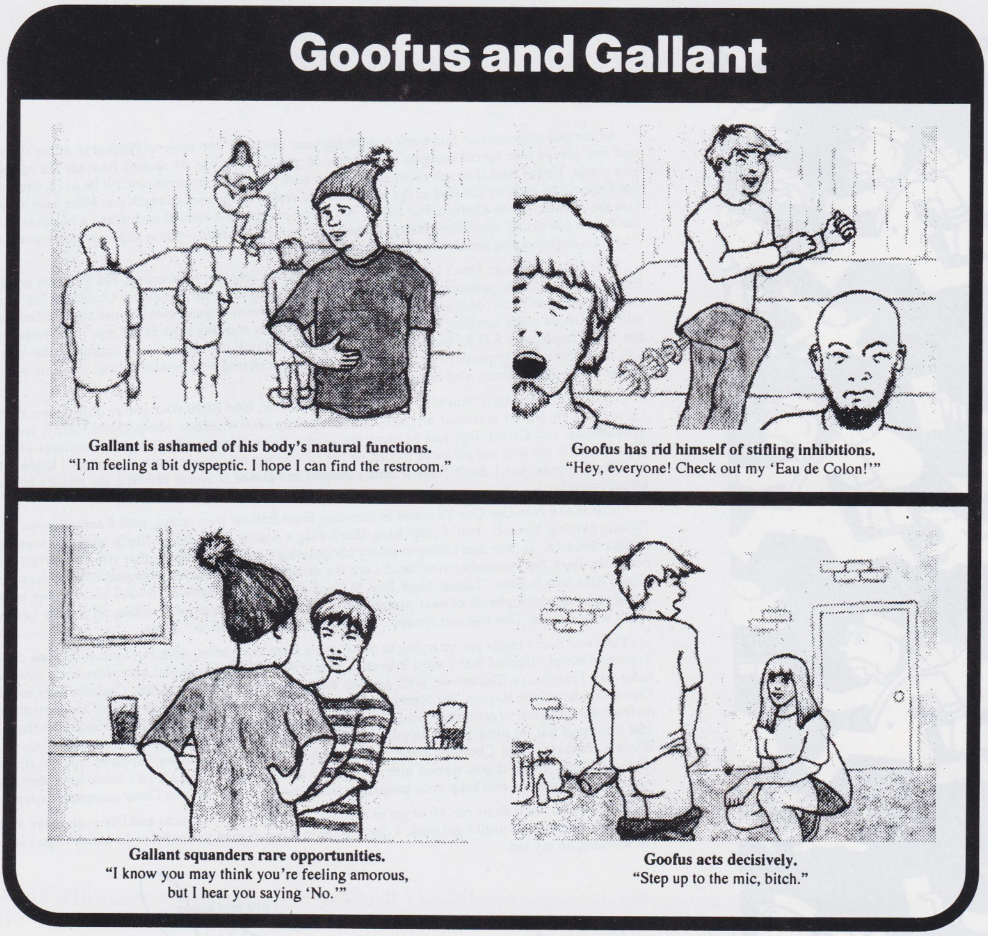
If this guy doesn't know about you, you're toast. He's an opinion leader. He watches MTV. Which means he knows a lot more than just what CDs to buy and what movies to see. He knows what car to drive, what clothes to wear, and what credit card to buy them with. And he's no loner. He heads up a pack. What he eats, his friends eat. What he wears, they wear. What he likes, they like. And what he's never heard of... well... you get the idea.

CAVEAT EMPTY

Angry do-gooders on both sides of the cultural spectrum have long accused MTV of myriad offenses against today's youth, charging the network with everything from promoting casual sex to promoting Better Than Ezra. But MOTORBOOTY has uncovered the following ad in a key trade publication which reveals that the music-video channel's motives are hardly so sinister. Thanks to MTV, contrary teens no longer have to spend hours searching for the right means to express their tastes and desires. Like an efficient electronic dating service, MTV merely introduces viewers to the folks who know what's best for them. With friends like these, who needs QVC?

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY

They say that you can't start too young, and while the fine folks at Philip Morris have long taken this notion to heart, we never thought that *Highlights* magazine, that bastion of wholesomeness and rectitude, would be hopping on the devil's bandwagon. But with ad revenues sagging, the print counterpart to Muzak® and Novocain had to start playing hardball. A recent issue of *Highlights* featured the following Goofus and Gallant cartoons, demonstrating the editors' sad realization that kids weaned on *Kids*, Mortal Kombat, and Green Day will brook no homilies to old-fashioned decency and manners.



Goofus and Gallant

Gallant is ashamed of his body's natural functions.
"I'm feeling a bit dyspeptic. I hope I can find the restroom."

Goofus has rid himself of stifling inhibitions.
"Hey, everyone! Check out my 'Eau de Colon!'"

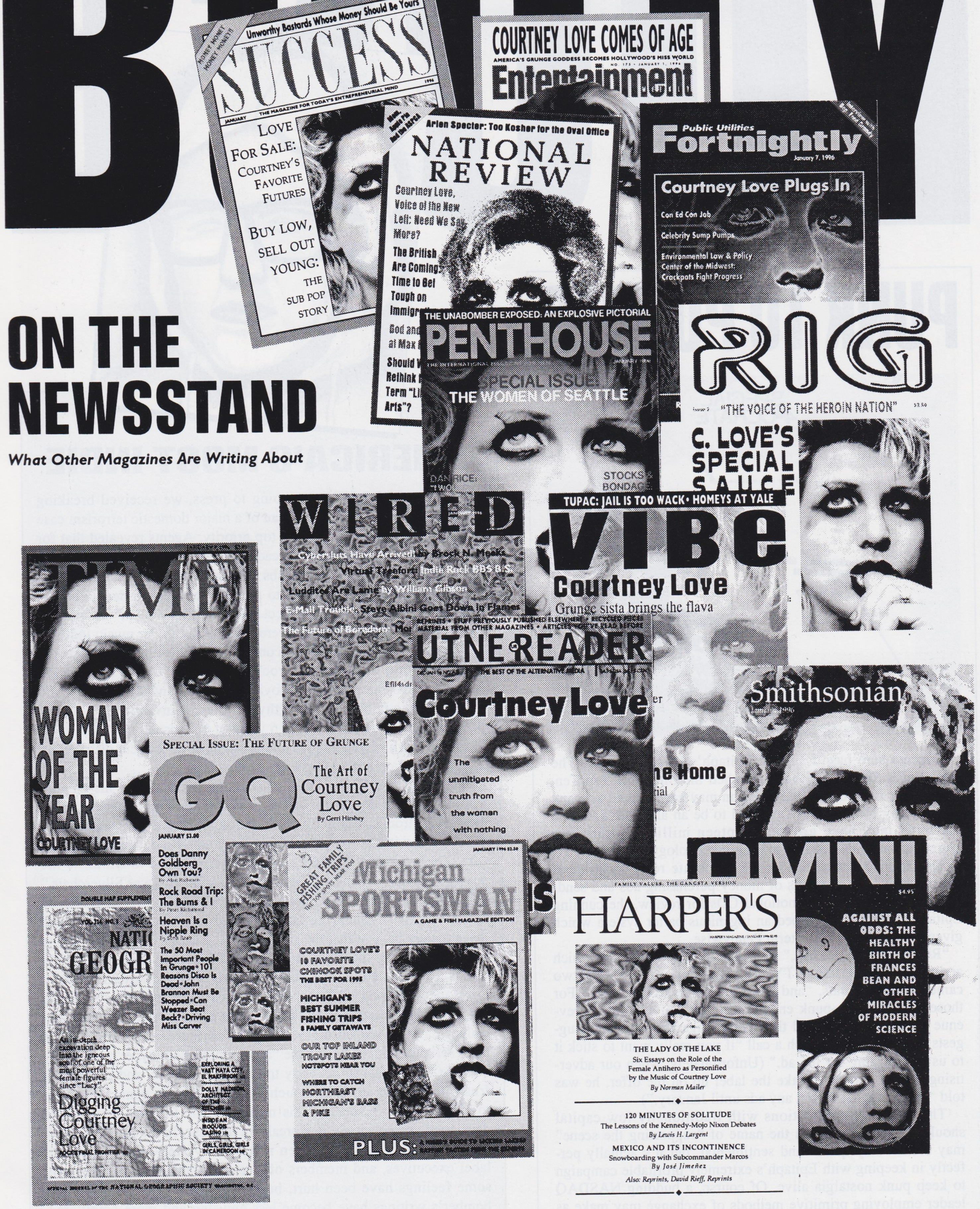
Gallant squanders rare opportunities.
"I know you may think you're feeling amorous, but I hear you saying 'No.'"

Goofus acts decisively.
"Step up to the mic, bitch."

BOOTY

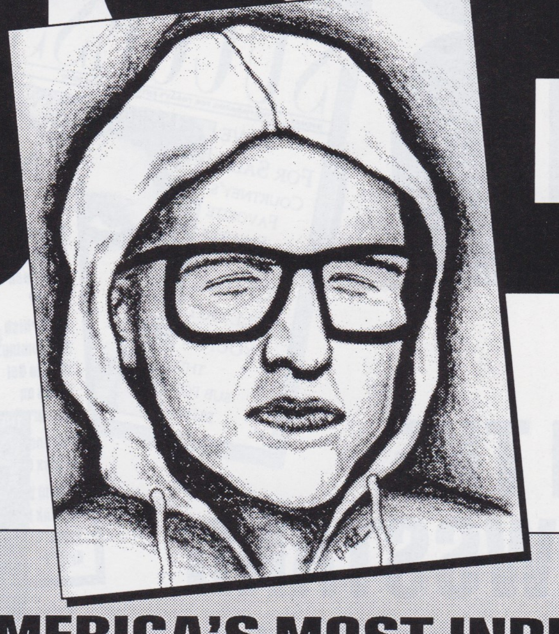
ON THE NEWSSTAND

What Other Magazines Are Writing About

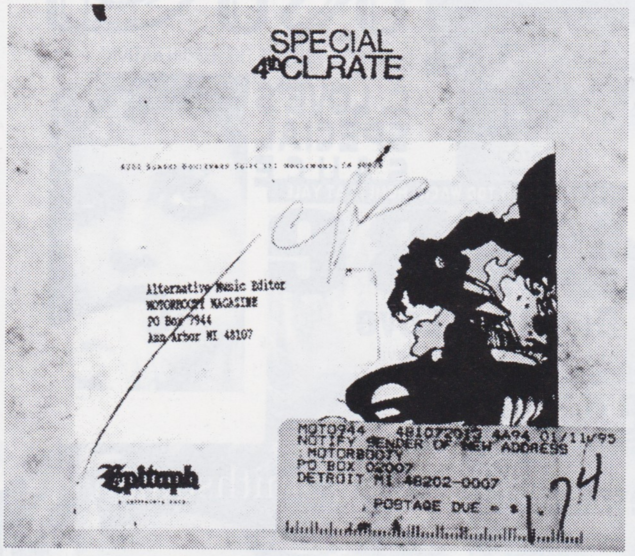

Unworthy Bastards Whose Money Should Be Yours
SUCCESS
THE MAGAZINE FOR TODAY'S ENTREPRENEURIAL MIND
LOVE FOR SALE: COURTNEY'S FAVORITE FUTURES
BUY LOW, SELL OUT YOUNG: THE SUB POP STORY
COURTNEY LOVE COMES OF AGE
AMERICA'S GRUNGE GODDESS BECOMES HOLLYWOOD'S MISS WORLD
Entertainment
Arlen Specter: Too Kosher for the Oval Office
NATIONAL REVIEW
Courtney Love, Voice of the New Left: Need We Say More?
The British Are Coming: Time to Get Tough on Immigr
Public Utilities Fortnightly
January 7, 1996
Courtney Love Plugs In
Con Ed Con Job
Celebrity Sump Pumps
Environmental Law & Policy Center of the Midwest: Crackpots Fight Progress
THE UNABOMBER EXPOSED: AN EXPLOSIVE PICTORIAL
PENTHOUSE
SPECIAL ISSUE! THE WOMEN OF SEATTLE
STOCKS & BONDAGE
RIG
"THE VOICE OF THE HEROIN NATION"
C. LOVE'S SPECIAL SAUCE
WIRED
Cybersluts Have Arrived
Virtual Tresfort: Indie Rock BBS B.S.
Luddites Are Lame by William Gibson
E-Mail Trouble: Steve Albini Goes Down in Flames
The Future of Boredom
TUPAC: JAIL IS TOO WACK • HOMEYS AT YALE
VIBE
Courtney Love
Grunge sista brings the flava
UTNE READER
THE BEST OF THE ALTERNATIVE MEDIA
Courtney Love
The unmitigated truth from the woman with nothing
Smithsonian
TIME
WOMAN OF THE YEAR
COURTNEY LOVE
SPECIAL ISSUE: THE FUTURE OF GRUNGE
GQ
The Art of Courtney Love
By Gerri Hirshey
Does Danny Goldberg Own You?
Rock Road Trip: The Bums & I
Heaven Is a Nipple Ring
The 50 Most Important People In Grunge • 101 Reasons Disco Is Dead • John Brannon Must Be Stopped • Can Weezer Beat Beck? • Driving Miss Carver
OMNI
AGAINST ALL ODDS: THE HEALTHY BIRTH OF FRANCES BEAN AND OTHER MIRACLES OF MODERN SCIENCE
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC
An in-depth excavation deep into the igneous soul of one of the most powerful female figures since "Lucy"
Digging Courtney Love
GREAT FAMILY FISHING TRIPS
Michigan SPORTSMAN
A GAME & FISH MAGAZINE EDITION
COURTNEY LOVE'S 10 FAVORITE CHINOOK SPOTS
MICHIGAN'S BEST SUMMER FISHING TRIPS & FAMILY GETAWAYS
OUR TOP INLAND TROUT LAKES
WHERE TO CATCH NORTHEAST MICHIGAN'S BASS & PIKE
PLUS:
FAMILY VALUES, THE GANGSTA VERSION
HARPER'S
THE LADY OF THE LAKE
Six Essays on the Role of the Female Antihero as Personified by the Music of Courtney Love
By Norman Mailer
120 MINUTES OF SOLITUDE
The Lessons of the Kennedy-Mojo Nixon Debates
By Lewis H. Largent
MEXICO AND ITS INCONTINENCE
Snowboarding with Subcommander Marcos
By José Jiménez
Also: Reprints, David Rieff, Reprints

Although MOTORBOOTY is "The Better Magzine," it isn't the only magazine. In fact, we urge our readers to take advantage of the wide range of journalistic perspectives that are available to them wherever periodicals are sold.

LOOSE



PUNK TO PONDER



SPECIAL
4th CL RATE

Alternative Music Editor
MOTORBOOTY MAGAZINE
PO Box 7944
Ann Arbor MI 48107

Epitaph

MOTO944 481073013 4494 01/11/95
NOTIFY SENDER OF NEW ADDRESS
MOTORBOOTY
PO BOX 02007
DETROIT MI 48202-0007
POSTAGE DUE - $ 1.74

Success sure hasn't spoiled Epitaph's Brett Gurewitz. The Offspring's *Smash* may have smashed the *Billboard* Top Ten, groups like Rancid and Bad Religion may have moved as many units as any band they're supposed to be an alternative to, and the label may have grossed umpteen million dollars, but Gurewitz has remained true to his punk ideology.

Determined not to follow the corporate rock tradition of squandering large amounts of money purchasing ads and sending out thousands of promotional CDs for review, the cunning Epitaph CEO has developed an ingenious barter system which gives new meaning to the term Pennywise.

"Run the ads if you can," states the ingratiating mailer which arrived at MOTORBOOTY—postage due—along with two camera-ready admats, "and we'll get some CDs to you." For those publishers un-punk enough to think that advertising revenue should actually fund their little magazines, the note suggests that you give Epitaph a call "if you really want to stick it to us by charging for the ad." (Unfortunately, when our advertising liaison phoned to take the label up on the offer, he was told "We're not taking out any ads until January.")

The idea that publications with traditionally low capital should forego payment in the name of "supporting the scene" may seem oddly quaint and sentimental, but it's actually perfectly in keeping with Epitaph's extremely profitable campaign to keep punk nostalgia alive. Of course, a budding NASDAQ leader employing primitive methods of exchange may make as much sense as mohawks in 1995, but like the Sex Pistols once sang, that's just cash from chaos.

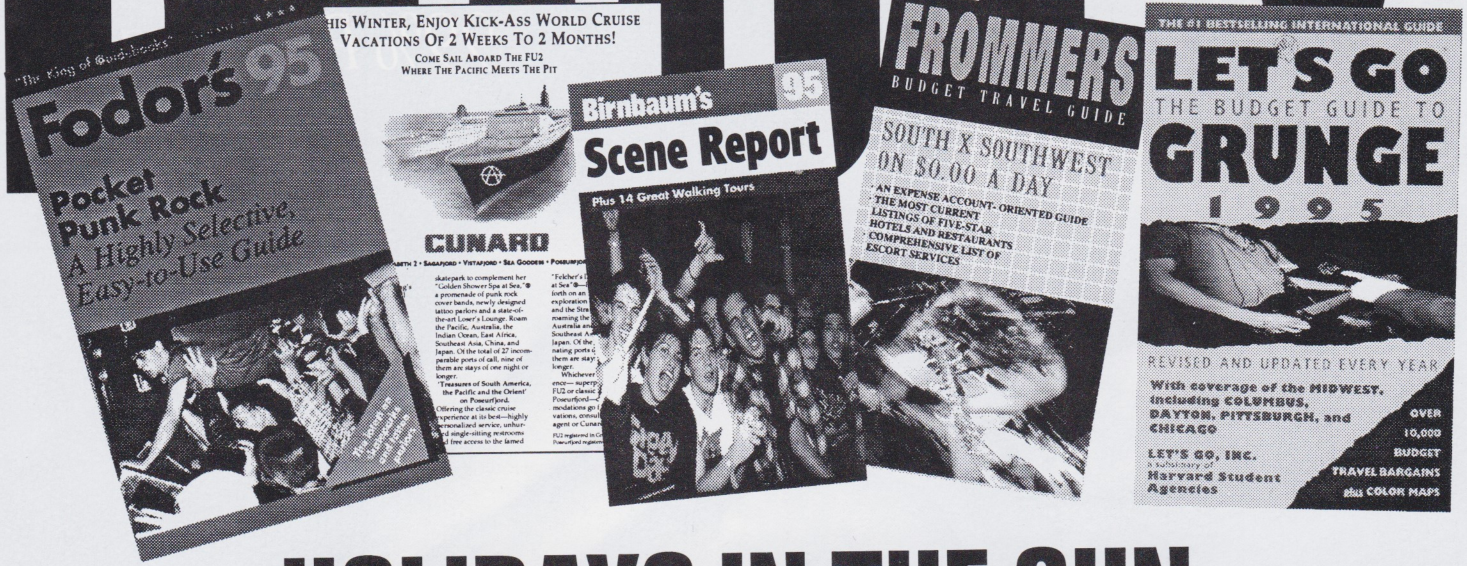
AMERICA'S MOST INDIE

As MOTORBOOTY was going to press, we received breaking word from our Washington bureau of a major domestic terrorism case to which the FBI was assigning top priority. Agents revealed that for the better part of the last two decades a single suspect has been sending a series of homemade bombs through the mail, "lo-fi" devices which explode meekly, failing to produce the desired deadly effect. Officials have dubbed the suspect the "INDIBOMBER," as most of the recipients of his packages were affiliated with the music industry and the bombs were usually accompanied by hostile notes obsessed with "toppling the corporate rock juggernaut." After the suspect stepped up his campaign of annoyance and demanded that *SPIN* and *Rolling Stone* publish his lengthy manifesto, investigators finally decided to make public almost 16 years of his misanthropic missives, a body of work advocating "revolution against the current distribution system" and "a return to the new wave era."

"'Oh!' say the Geffenphiles," reads one excerpt from his lengthy manuscript, "'Major labels will fix all that! We can offer you better exposure, stronger publicity, wider audiences, and guaranteed paychecks, all without ever infringing on your artistic vision!' Yeah, sure. The 'alternative' feeding frenzy was supposed to eliminate the scourge of Zeppelin and all it ever gave to humanity was Silverchair."

The FBI revealed it has been keeping an INDIBOMBER file since as early as 1979. Initial dispatches hailed from around Boston, and investigators believe that the suspect may have been a student at one of the colleges in the Amherst, MA, area for some time in the early 1980s. Around 1984, the bomber's mailings—distinguished by envelopes stamped with the curious message "Envelope"—begin bearing a Manhattan postmark. Despite the scant clues, bureau specialists have developed a psychological profile of the suspect. Like most serial criminals, he fits the "quiet loner" stereotype: most likely a single white male in his early to mid 30s, myopic, and probably a frustrated musician. While such a description is general enough to include many readers of this magazine, the FBI has nonetheless developed excruciatingly few breaks in the case. In the last few years, suspicious packages have been received by A&R scouts, record-label executives, and members of Teenage Fanclub. Thus far, only some feelings have been hurt, but investigators point out that the bomber's writings have become less amusing and more embittered, and warn that if he ever lived up to his bluster, he might actually hurt somebody.

BOOTY


"The King of Guidebooks"
Fodor's 95
Pocket Punk Rock
A Highly Selective, Easy-to-Use Guide
HIS WINTER, ENJOY KICK-ASS WORLD CRUISE VACATIONS OF 2 WEEKS TO 2 MONTHS!
COME SAIL ABOARD THE FU2
WHERE THE PACIFIC MEETS THE PIT
CUNARD
ABETH 2 • SAGAFJORD • VISTAFJORD • SEA GODDESS • POSEURFJORD
skatepark to complement her "Golden Shower Spa at Sea," a promenade of punk rock cover bands, newly designed tattoo parlors and a state-of-the-art Loser's Lounge. Roam the Pacific, Australia, the Indian Ocean, East Africa, Southeast Asia, China, and Japan. Of the total of 27 incomparable ports of call, nine of them are stays of one night or longer.
'Treasures of South America, the Pacific and the Orient' on Poseurfjord.
Birnbaum's 95
Scene Report
Plus 14 Great Walking Tours
FROMMERS
BUDGET TRAVEL GUIDE
SOUTH X SOUTHWEST ON $0.00 A DAY
· AN EXPENSE ACCOUNT-ORIENTED GUIDE
· THE MOST CURRENT LISTINGS OF FIVE-STAR HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS
· COMPREHENSIVE LIST OF ESCORT SERVICES
THE #1 BESTSELLING INTERNATIONAL GUIDE
LET'S GO
THE BUDGET GUIDE TO
GRUNGE
1995
REVISED AND UPDATED EVERY YEAR
With coverage of the MIDWEST, including COLUMBUS, DAYTON, PITTSBURGH, and CHICAGO
LET'S GO, INC.
a subsidiary of Harvard Student Agencies
OVER 10,000 BUDGET TRAVEL BARGAINS plus COLOR MAPS

HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN

Whether you're a veteran guestlist fixture who's grown tired of your local club circuit, a curious vacationing vagabond looking to indulge your fantasies of hipness, or an ambitious A&R scout trolling for the Next Big Thing, you've probably had a difficult time finding the "scene" while on holiday. Well, now you're in luck, because the travel industry has finally begun to address the ever-evolving needs of today's "alternative" globetrotter.

Those seeking a comprehensive countercultural experience will want to take advantage of Directions Unlimited's "Off the Beaten Path" package tours of America's most happening cities, including Chapel Hill, San Diego, and East Lansing. By day, seasoned local scene-makers will guide you through a dizzying maze of cafés, bars, and record stores, while by night you'll be led from gig to gig, taking in the finest regional rock talent and rubbing elbows with resident überhipsters.

For those who'd rather leave landlubbing losers behind, Cunard Cruise Lines has just introduced its "Scene at Sea" package, which allows you to frolic aboard a luxury ocean liner fully outfitted with all the amenities of any smoke-filled and acoustically hopeless rock club on land. Fortunately, international law is just as permissive towards stage-diving as it is towards slot machines, so all manner of potentially crippling audience acrobatics are permitted.

If you're feeling more adventurous and want to "do it yourself," the publishers of the leading travel guides have assembled information-packed travelling companions specifically tailored for the discriminating alternatourist.

"We're excited about the prospect of introducing a new generation of young consumers to the magic of leaving their rooms," says Scott Free, a spokesman for Fodor's. "Whether they find themselves in Romulus or Reykyavik, they'll no longer have to take the word of the condescending clerk behind the counter at the local record store to know where to go and who to know."

Here's a brief overview of some of the more helpful travel guides currently available.

FODOR'S *POCKET PUNK ROCK*
(Fodor's, $9.00)

This handy pocket guide offers tips on everything from low-budget dining ("It's easy to dine and dash at Amalita's in the Village—the wait staff are dense"; "Behind the Four Seasons [★★★★★] there's a kick-ass dumpster for when you want to chow down. The food rules, even though it's a little on the faggy side—i.e. pasta, chicken, etc.") to underage drinking ("The guy who works the door at Emo's is a tool, but if you make it past him, the bartender will serve you whether you're 21 or one"). Booking your own life has never been this easy.

LET'S GO, INC'S *LET'S GO GRUNGE*
(St. Martin's Press, $18.99)

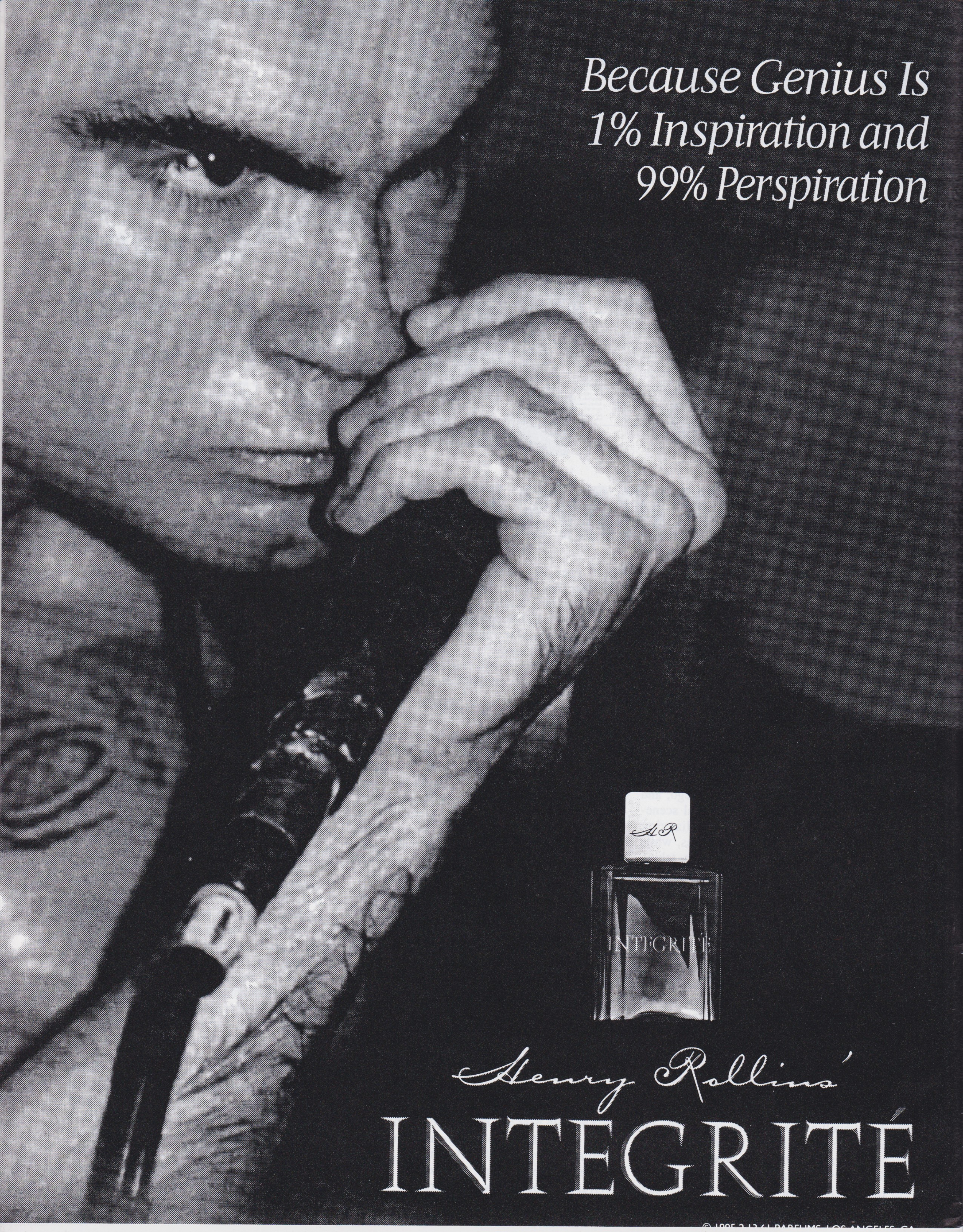
Although its Harvard-educated authors may be unaware that grunge is so played-out in America that it's just now catching on in London and Sydney, this exhaustively researched guide is especially useful in showing the way to cheap accommodations: "In Green Bay, Hugh Briss is a notorious pedophile, but it's easy enough to fend off his advances, since he's a pussy. Let him try to ply you with beer and he'll let your band crash on his floor." *Let's Go Grunge* also contains a comprehensive list of coffee houses, tattoo parlors, and thrift shops, so when the grunge revival hits, you'll be well prepared.

BIRNBAUM'S *'95 SCENE REPORT*
(Harper Perennial, $12.00)

A guide in the classic punk fanzine tradition, Birnbaum's claims to have the most "accurate, up-to-the-minute reports from nearly every local scene in the country." In reality, however, most of them are downright anachronistic or just plain wrong: "The Scarsdale scene is really hoppin' now. When you've overheard your fill of gossip at Wax Trax you can check out the Mecht Mensch at the Mudd Club or the Weirdos Band at the Masque almost any night of the week." Although factwise it's of no use to tourists, the *'95 Scene Report* does manage to conjure up a world far more interesting than the one that actually exists.

FROMMER'S *SXSW ON $0.00 A DAY*
(Prentice Hall, $12.00)

Targeted toward the industry side of the underground, Frommer's *SXSW on $0.00 a Day* is indispensible for those fortunate enough to attend the country's premier indie-rock tradeshow on an expense account. The guide is short on information regarding anything musical, but offers numerous tips on where to find the most exclusive golf courses, five-star restaurants, and luxury hotels, as well as the most discreet escort services. ("The girls at Austin's Best Little Whorehouse in…™ franchise are real good sports, and best of all, they'll accept your corporate card. Don't worry, the charge will appear on your monthly statement as 'souvenirs.'") For those required to submit a scouting report, the guide also includes a contact number for Glenn Fiddich, a conference connoisseur who actually attends the shows and can provide you with all the boring details that might be of interest to your bosses back on the coast.


Because Genius Is
1% Inspiration and
99% Perspiration
HR
INTEGRITÉ
Henry Rollins'
INTEGRITÉ

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Although we at MOTORBOOTY generally frown on editorial endorsements, we've finally found a cause that we can wholeheartedly recommend. We were so impressed upon receiving the following brochure, we decided as a service to our readers to reprint it in its entirety.

1st Annual Conference on

WORLD BAND POPULATION

February 7-10, 1996, Ritz-Carlton Hotel
181 Peachtree St. NE, Atlanta, GA 30303

SEMINAR SCHEDULE

They say that everyone in the world is only six people away from knowing everyone else. If this is true, then we are all uncomfortably close to having to meet Thurston Moore. According to recent studies, by the year 2001 there will be more people in bands than the global economy can ever hope to support. The U.S. Census Bureau puts the current number of audience members to band members at a ratio of 2:1, but present trends threaten to reverse this relationship, disrupting the delicate balance between performers and normal people.

Brought about by a combination of forces—including the wide availability of equipment, the proliferation of the "do-it-yourself" movement, and the almost total abandonment of accepted critical standards—this alarming explosion in band population shows no signs of slowing.

Soon, not only will virtually everyone be in a band, but everyone in a band will be involved in several side projects, creating a glut of virtually indistinguishable groups of guitar-wielding miscreants, who when not "performing" their "music" will be endlessly talking about it to anyone unable to flee. This crisis presents a clear and present danger to the cultural, spiritual, and aesthetic well-being of all humanity, a scourge capable of not only weakening the moral fiber of future generations but making life as we now know it unbearable.

The First Annual Conference on World Band Population is a comprehensive effort to address this emerging catastrophe before it becomes too late. This four-day conference will feature experts in law, public health, government, and the music industry, with delegates from 500 different music scenes and 175 labels. It includes four nightly seminars and will conclude with a referendum concerning a moratorium on "supergroups."

ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT BAND POPULATION GROWTH

WEDNESDAY, 8:00: IMMINENT DANGERS OF BAND OVERPOPULATION

Many of the more serious effects of band overpopulation won't be felt for several decades, which has resulted in a potentially tragic lack of urgency regarding this serious problem. This session will address the emerging perils of band overpopulation, focusing on the aesthetic, social, and economic costs of this dire phenomenon.

Discussions will include:

- Tipping the Balance: When guestlists exceed club capacity, can economic collapse be far behind?
- Reed's Law: Investigating the entertainment industry principle, first applied to Lou Reed, which states that the amount of good music is inversely proportionate to the total amount of music produced.
- The Losing of the American Mind: How rock couture weakens the human spirit and cripples public morale.
- The Seattle Syndrome: How the monoculture of rock disrupts Earth's fragile biodiversity.
- Public Health Under Siege: Aural atrocities and the degeneration of the collective tympanic membrane.

THURSDAY, 8:00: LEGAL STRATEGIES FOR ACHIEVING ZERO BAND POPULATION GROWTH

As the public awakens to the manifold threats of band overpopulation, it will demand creative and effective strategies for freezing band growth and ultimately reducing the total number of rock performers. This session will examine a variety of legislative proposals for ensuring responsible music-making and curbing rock recidivism.

Proposals include:

- Statutes of limitations for reforming previously existing bands.
- "Three strikes, you're out" rule, creating stiff criminal penalties for artists who release more than three full-length albums per career.
- Waiting periods for instrument purchases to allow (1) mandatory background checks for prior infractions; and (2) a "cooling off" period to discourage thoughtless and impulsive band formation.
- Registration and licensing of all bands and equipment.
- Mandatory ten-year extension to prison sentences of anyone convicted of comitting a felony while a member of a band.
- Stiff fines for bands that imitate other bands, civil infractions for air bands, and an all-out ban on cover bands.
- Application of federal RICO statute to charge unregistered bands and their hangers-on as "criminal enterprises."
- Zoning laws to prevent coffee houses, vintage stores, and nightclubs from locating within 12 blocks of each other.
- Tax breaks and exemptions for citizens who refrain from forming bands.

FRIDAY, 8:00: PRIVATE SECTOR INITIATIVES FOR ENDING BAND GROWTH

The problem of band overpopulation is so great that we can't rely on the heavy hand of government to completely solve it. Concerned citizens, in voluntary cooperation with state and local authorities, must also be vigilant in contributing to the band reduction effort. Tonight's session will focus on several grass-roots approaches to ending band overpopulation.

Efforts to be discussed include:

- Developing neighborhood watch programs, where volunteers patrol residential areas in shifts, listening for sounds of rock bands practicing in their basements or garages and reporting infractions to the authorities.
- Encouraging local merchants to offer discounts and trade-ins for youths who voluntarily turn in their instruments.
- Boycotting labels that refuse to stop signing additional bands, as well as cracking down on pointless local "indie labels."
- Providing six months of free cable for former band members who pledge not to join a new group.
- Training guidance counselors to perform "Punk Interventions" in an effort to stop punk tendencies in young people before they go awry and result in "music."
- Petitioning movie studios to refrain from hiring actors who threaten to join bands or are in bands presently.
- Supporting random "band testing" by employers, especially in high-risk businesses like copy shops, cafés, bars, and record stores.
- Developing and promoting alternative sources of entertainment, such as sports, model rocketry, fornication, or simply listening to and enjoying good music.

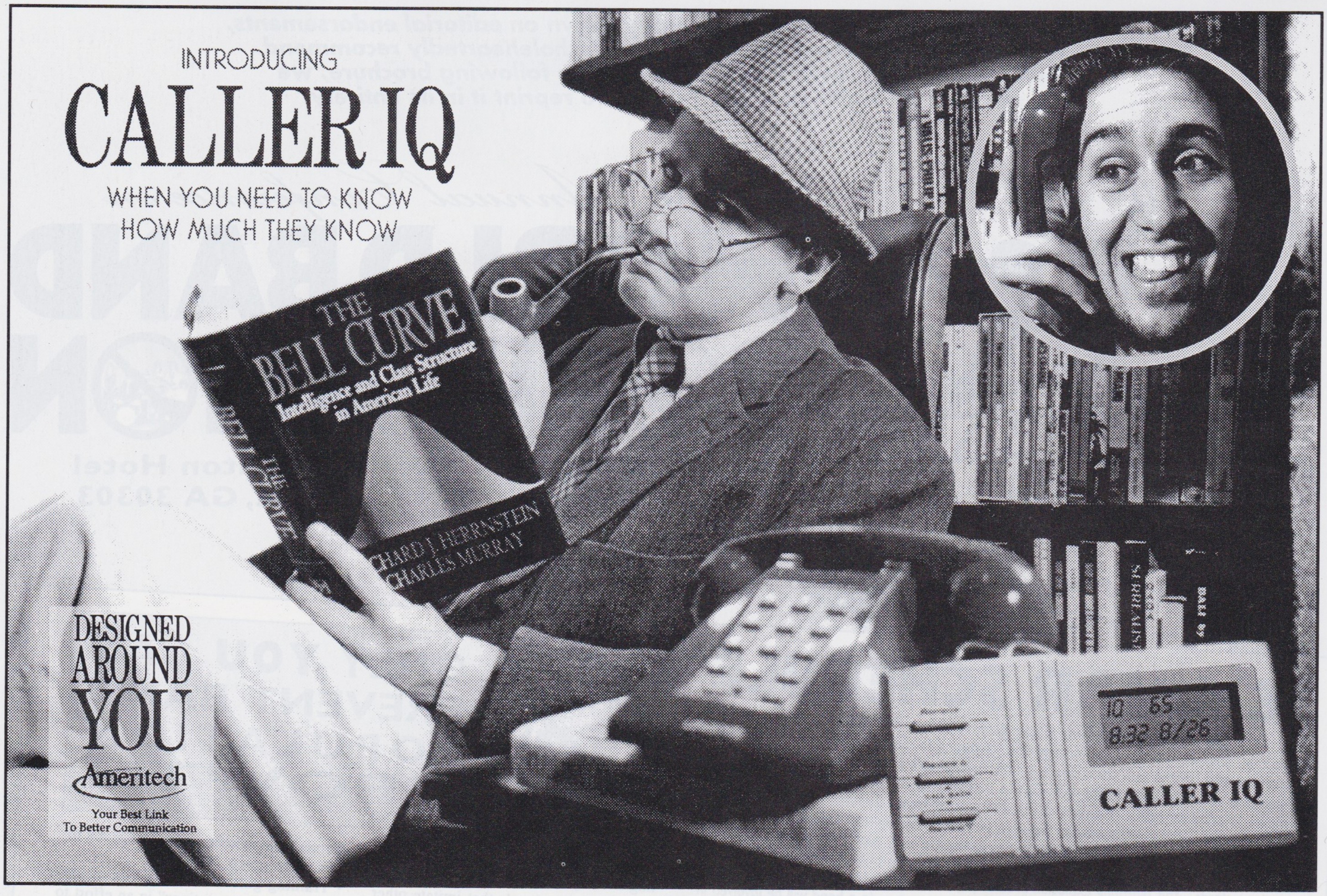
SATURDAY, 8:00: STRATEGIES FOR ENDING MULTIPLE BAND MEMBERSHIP

The only trend more disturbing than the ever-increasing number of bands is the glut of band members pursuing more than one musical venture at a time. While this development doesn't impact the overall number of musicians, it does contribute to the already severely oversaturated global rockosphere. This seminar will focus on developing solutions to this increasingly grave problem.

Proposed solutions include:

- Banning solo projects, except when an individual member's insanity or crazed drug abuse renders him or her unable to work with other people.
- Limiting guest appearances to telethons or other not-for-profit events.
- Prohibiting one-off projects when one or more of the members is currently active in another band.

JUST BECAUSE EVERYONE CAN BE IN A BAND, DOESN'T MEAN EVERYONE SHOULD BE.


THE BELL CURVE
Intelligence and Class Structure in American Life
RICHARD J. HERRNSTEIN
CHARLES MURRAY
IQ 65
8:32 8/26
CALLER IQ

INTRODUCING

CALLER IQ

WHEN YOU NEED TO KNOW
HOW MUCH THEY KNOW

DESIGNED
AROUND
YOU

Ameritech

Your Best Link
To Better Communication

Ghetto Graphic

THE
GHETTO
PRESS
Full color
Silk-screened
Posters

The Original
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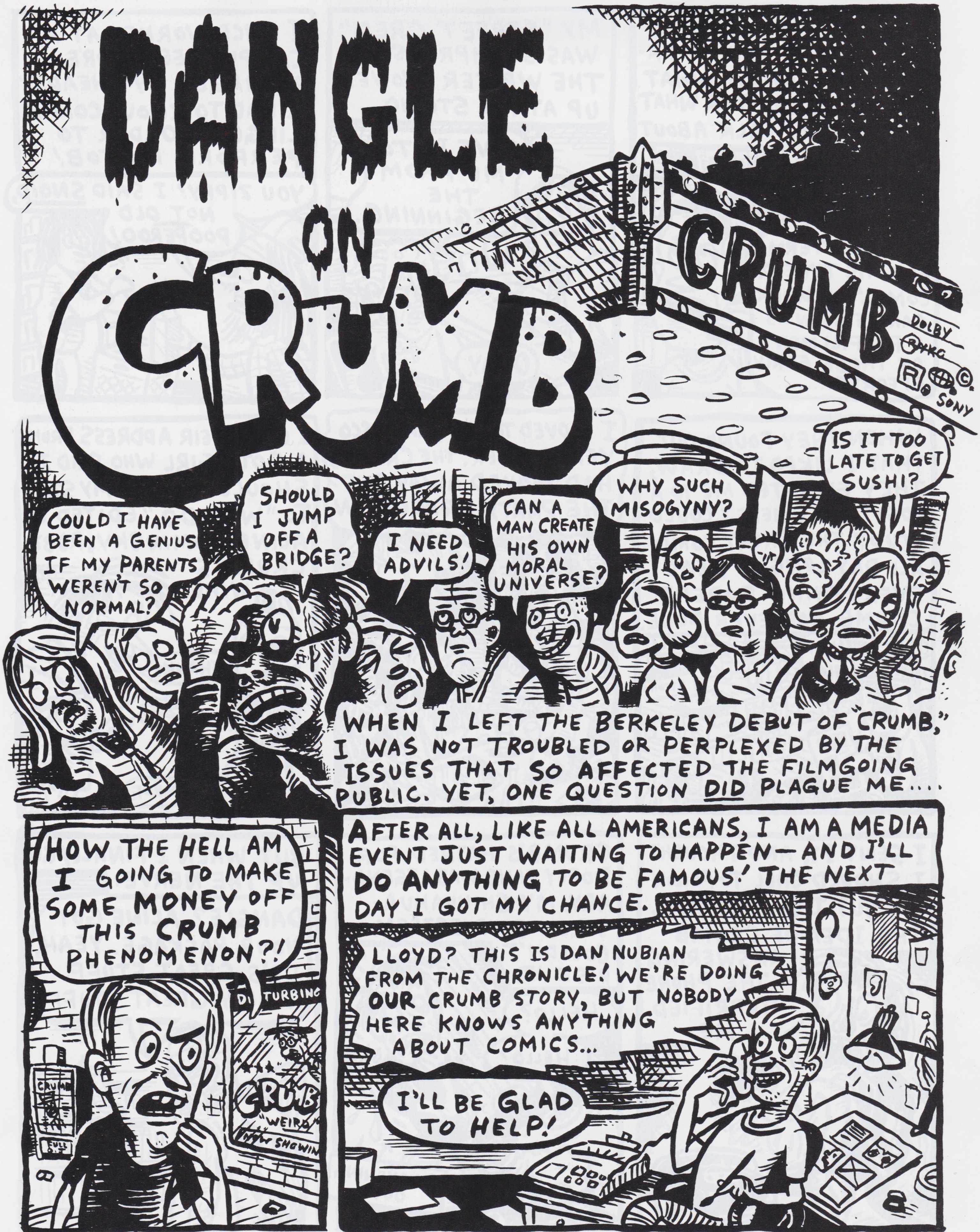
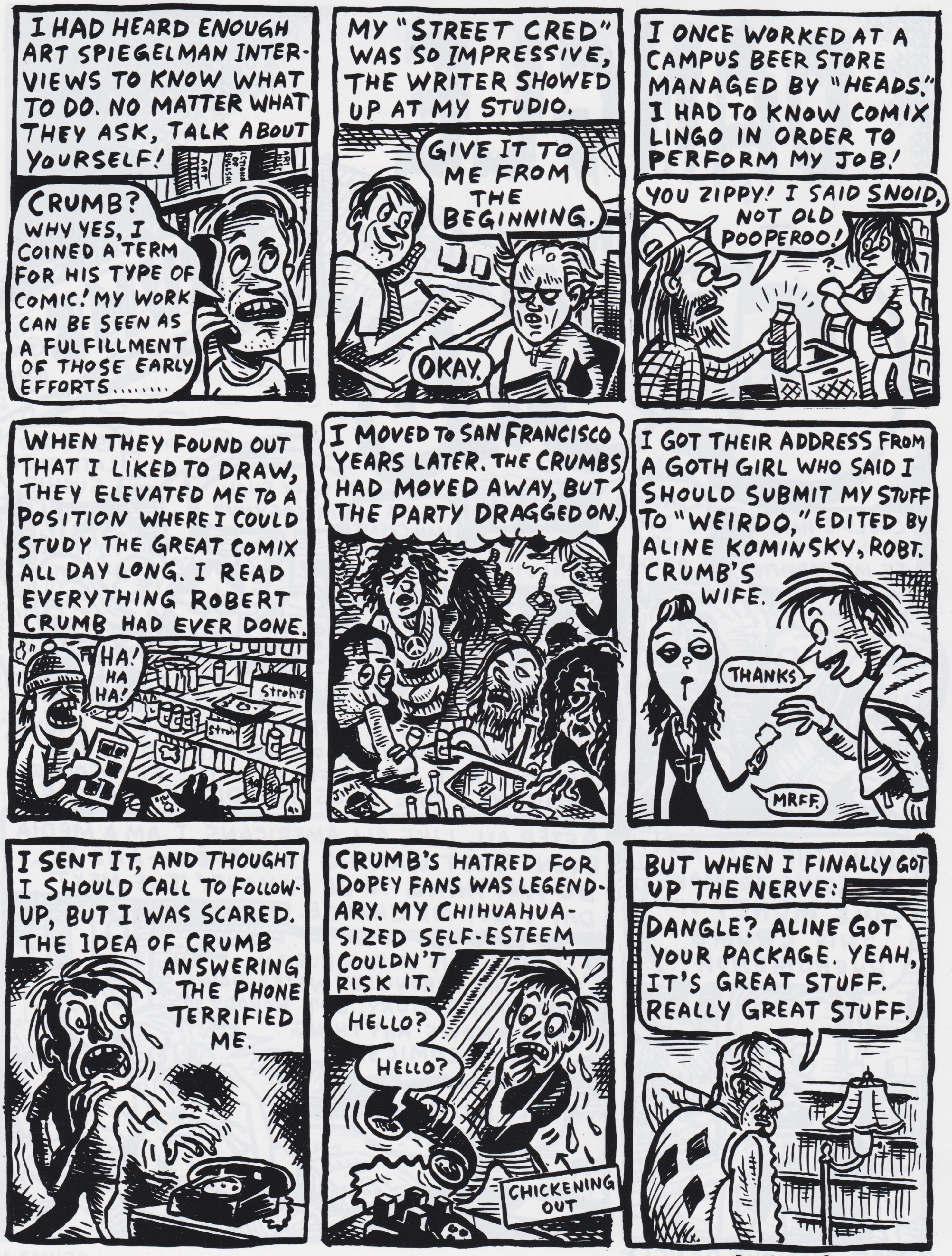
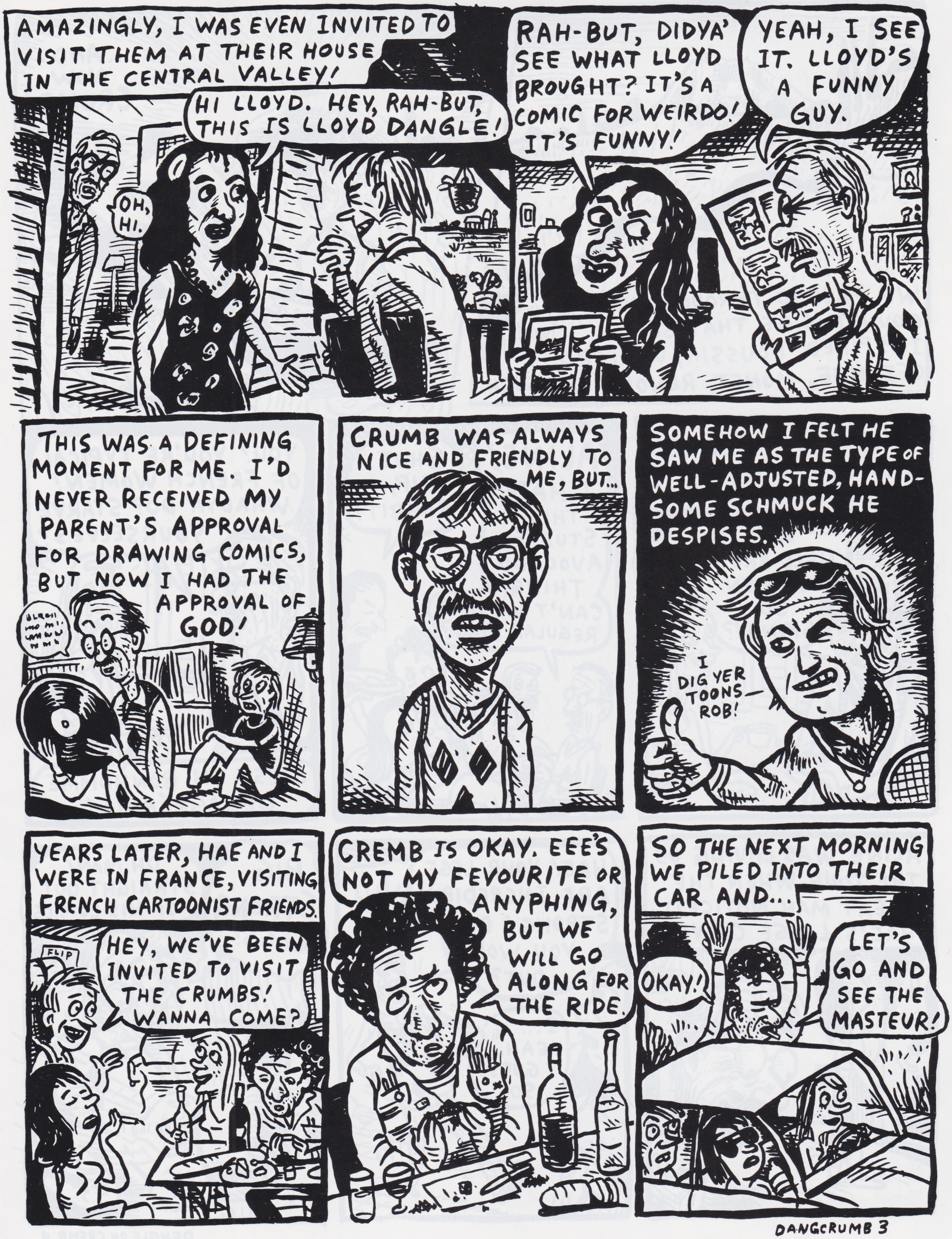
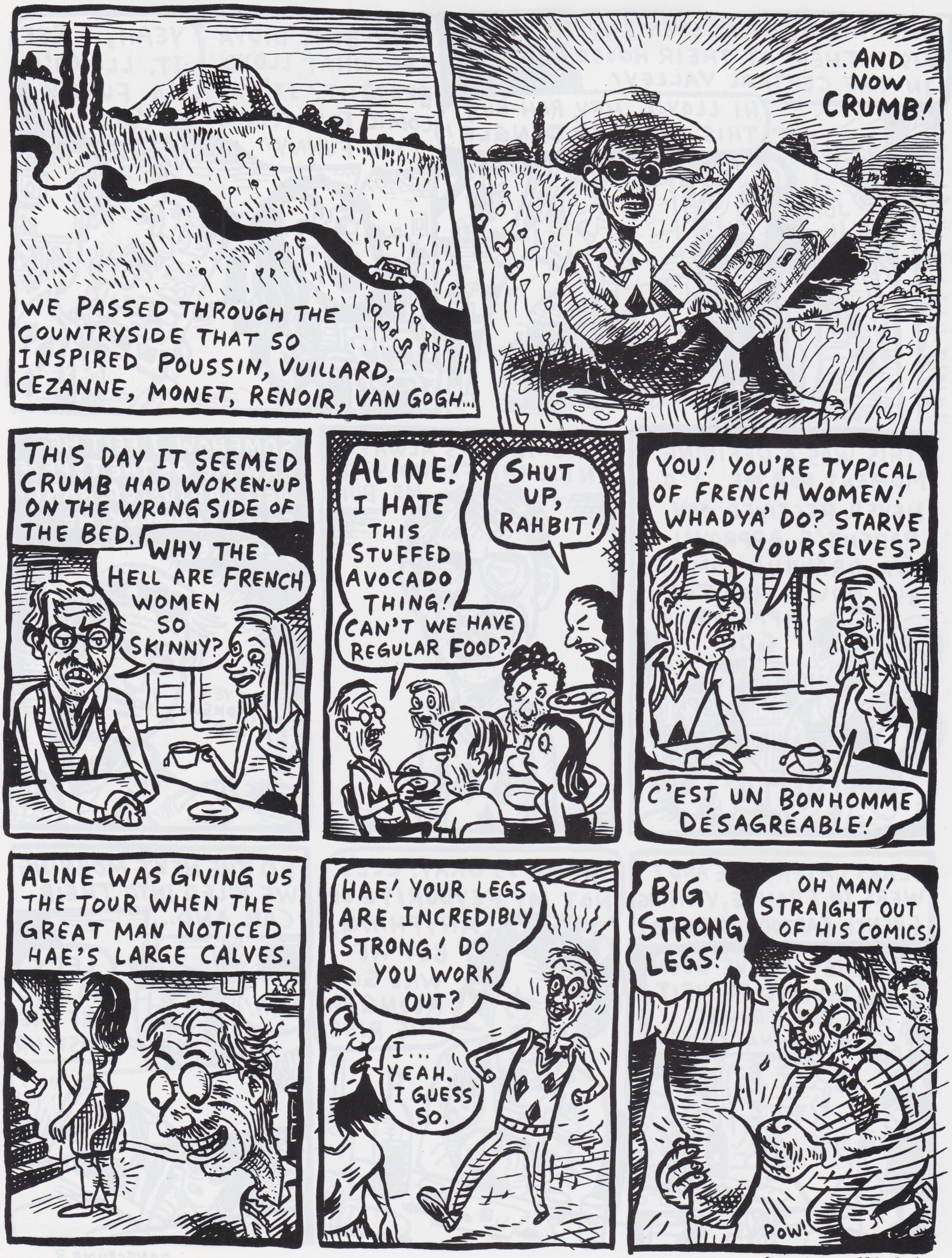
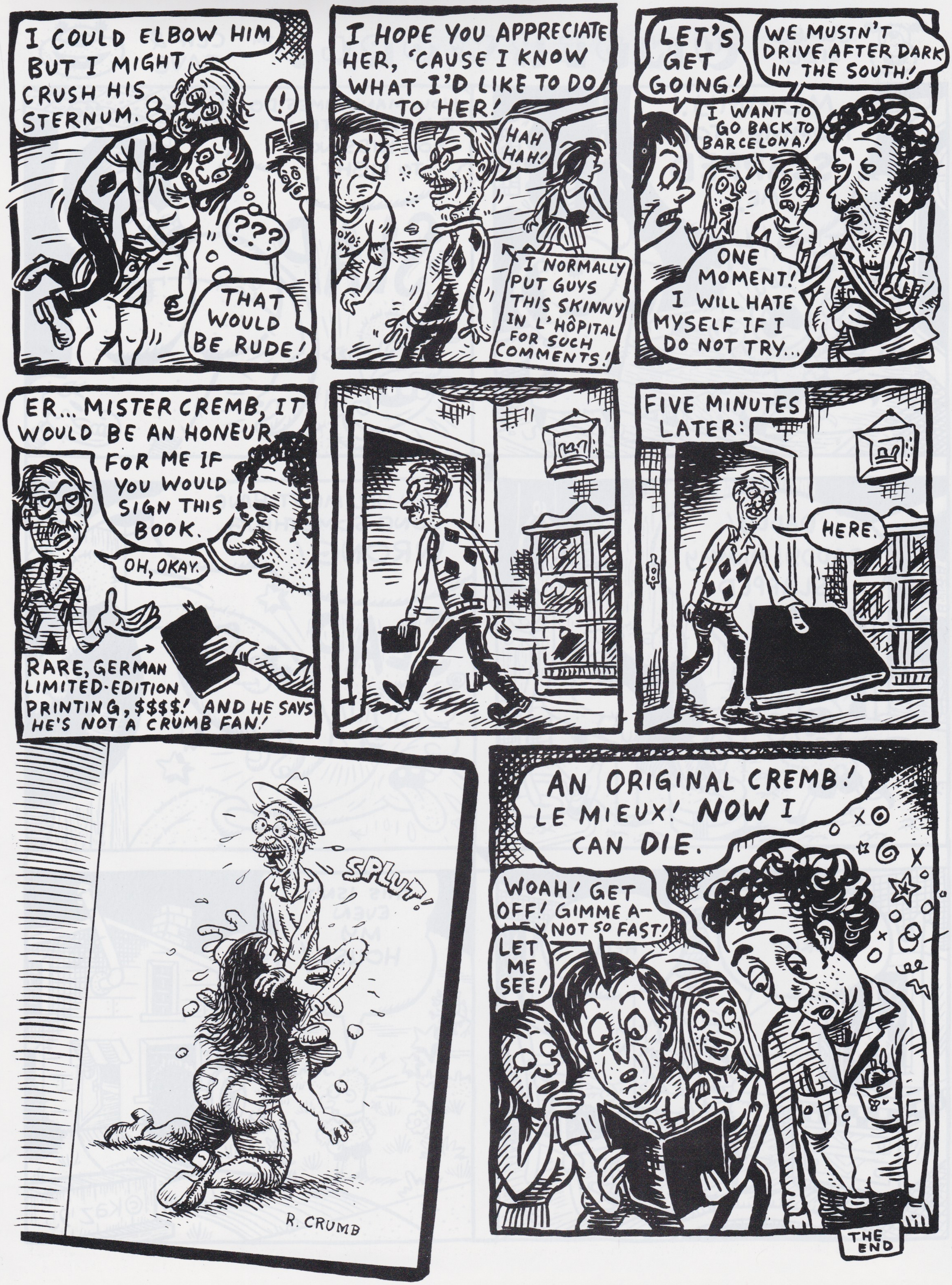

DANGLE ON CRUMB
CRUMB
DOLBY
SONY
COULD I HAVE BEEN A GENIUS IF MY PARENTS WEREN'T SO NORMAL?
SHOULD I JUMP OFF A BRIDGE?
I NEED ADVILS!
CAN A MAN CREATE HIS OWN MORAL UNIVERSE?
WHY SUCH MISOGYNY?
IS IT TOO LATE TO GET SUSHI?
WHEN I LEFT THE BERKELEY DEBUT OF "CRUMB," I WAS NOT TROUBLED OR PERPLEXED BY THE ISSUES THAT SO AFFECTED THE FILMGOING PUBLIC. YET, ONE QUESTION DID PLAGUE ME....
HOW THE HELL AM I GOING TO MAKE SOME MONEY OFF THIS CRUMB PHENOMENON?!
DISTURBING
CRUMB
"WEIRD"
NOW SHOWIN
AFTER ALL, LIKE ALL AMERICANS, I AM A MEDIA EVENT JUST WAITING TO HAPPEN—AND I'LL DO ANYTHING TO BE FAMOUS! THE NEXT DAY I GOT MY CHANCE.
LLOYD? THIS IS DAN NUBIAN FROM THE CHRONICLE! WE'RE DOING OUR CRUMB STORY, BUT NOBODY HERE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT COMICS...
I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP!

©1995, BY LLOYD DANGLE


I HAD HEARD ENOUGH ART SPIEGELMAN INTERVIEWS TO KNOW WHAT TO DO. NO MATTER WHAT THEY ASK, TALK ABOUT YOURSELF!
ART
ICTIONA OF BULLSHI
ART HIST
CRUMB? WHY YES, I COINED A TERM FOR HIS TYPE OF COMIC! MY WORK CAN BE SEEN AS A FULFILLMENT OF THOSE EARLY EFFORTS........
MY "STREET CRED" WAS SO IMPRESSIVE, THE WRITER SHOWED UP AT MY STUDIO.
GIVE IT TO ME FROM THE BEGINNING.
OKAY.
I ONCE WORKED AT A CAMPUS BEER STORE MANAGED BY "HEADS." I HAD TO KNOW COMIX LINGO IN ORDER TO PERFORM MY JOB!
YOU ZIPPY! I SAID SNOID, NOT OLD POOPEROO!
?
WHEN THEY FOUND OUT THAT I LIKED TO DRAW, THEY ELEVATED ME TO A POSITION WHERE I COULD STUDY THE GREAT COMIX ALL DAY LONG. I READ EVERYTHING ROBERT CRUMB HAD EVER DONE.
HA! HA HA!
Stroh's
Stroh
I MOVED TO SAN FRANCISCO YEARS LATER. THE CRUMBS HAD MOVED AWAY, BUT THE PARTY DRAGGED ON.
JIM
I GOT THEIR ADDRESS FROM A GOTH GIRL WHO SAID I SHOULD SUBMIT MY STUFF TO "WEIRDO," EDITED BY ALINE KOMINSKY, ROBT. CRUMB'S WIFE.
THANKS
MRFF.
I SENT IT, AND THOUGHT I SHOULD CALL TO FOLLOW-UP, BUT I WAS SCARED. THE IDEA OF CRUMB ANSWERING THE PHONE TERRIFIED ME.
CRUMB'S HATRED FOR DOPEY FANS WAS LEGENDARY. MY CHIHUAHUA-SIZED SELF-ESTEEM COULDN'T RISK IT.
HELLO?
HELLO?
CHICKENING OUT
BUT WHEN I FINALLY GOT UP THE NERVE:
DANGLE? ALINE GOT YOUR PACKAGE. YEAH, IT'S GREAT STUFF. REALLY GREAT STUFF.


AMAZINGLY, I WAS EVEN INVITED TO VISIT THEM AT THEIR HOUSE IN THE CENTRAL VALLEY!
HI LLOYD. HEY, RAH-BUT, THIS IS LLOYD DANGLE!
OH, HI.
RAH-BUT, DIDYA' SEE WHAT LLOYD BROUGHT? IT'S A COMIC FOR WEIRDO! IT'S FUNNY!
YEAH, I SEE IT. LLOYD'S A FUNNY GUY.
THIS WAS A DEFINING MOMENT FOR ME. I'D NEVER RECEIVED MY PARENT'S APPROVAL FOR DRAWING COMICS, BUT NOW I HAD THE APPROVAL OF GOD!
CRUMB WAS ALWAYS NICE AND FRIENDLY TO ME, BUT...
SOMEHOW I FELT HE SAW ME AS THE TYPE OF WELL-ADJUSTED, HANDSOME SCHMUCK HE DESPISES.
I DIG YER TOONS- ROB!
YEARS LATER, HAE AND I WERE IN FRANCE, VISITING FRENCH CARTOONIST FRIENDS.
FLIP
HEY, WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO VISIT THE CRUMBS! WANNA COME?
CREMB IS OKAY. EEE'S NOT MY FEVOURITE OR ANYPHING, BUT WE WILL GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE.
SO THE NEXT MORNING WE PILED INTO THEIR CAR AND...
OKAY!
LET'S GO AND SEE THE MASTEUR!

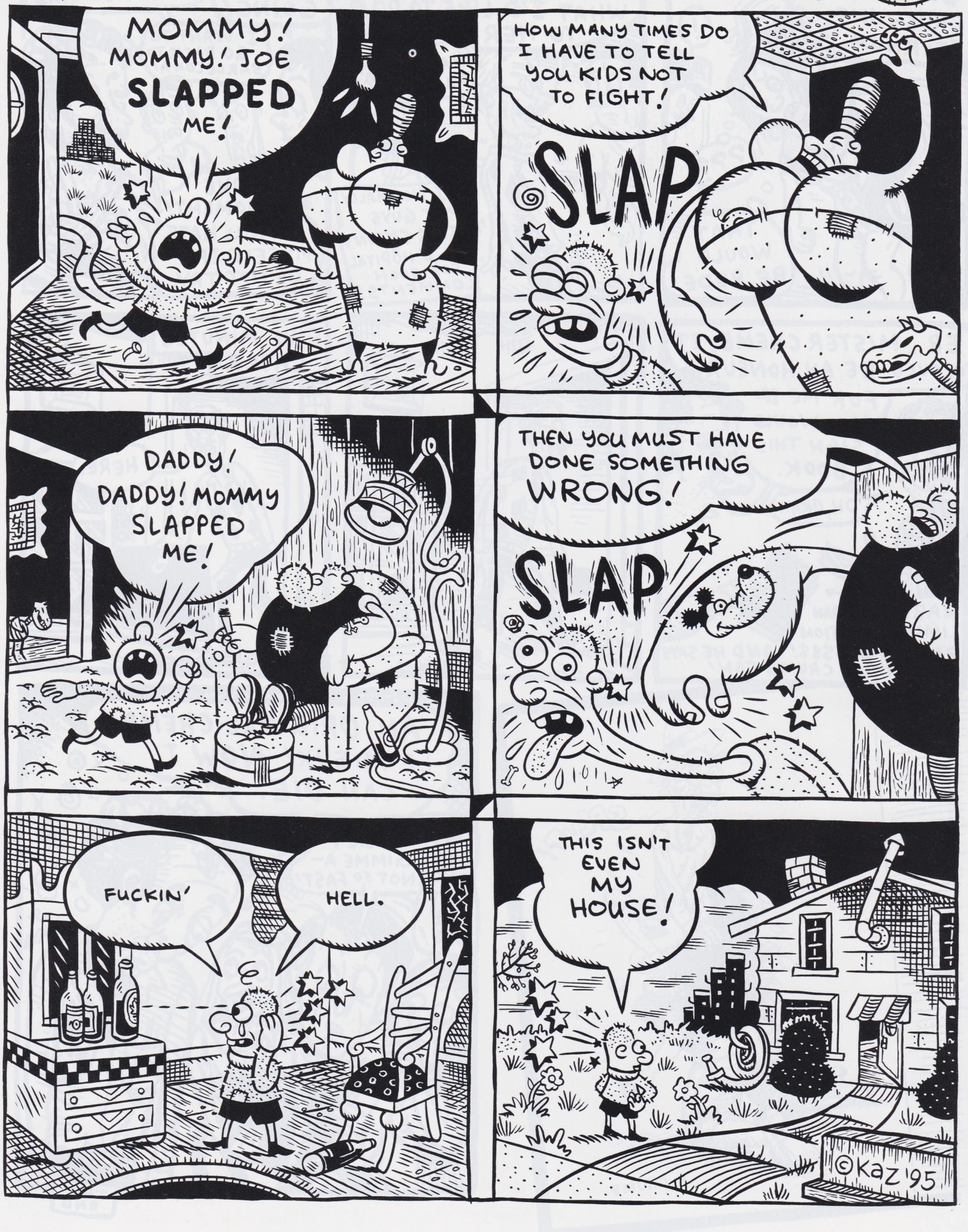

WE PASSED THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE THAT SO INSPIRED POUSSIN, VUILLARD, CEZANNE, MONET, RENOIR, VAN GOGH...
...AND NOW CRUMB!
THIS DAY IT SEEMED CRUMB HAD WOKEN-UP ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BED.
WHY THE HELL ARE FRENCH WOMEN SO SKINNY?
ALINE! I HATE THIS STUFFED AVOCADO THING! CAN'T WE HAVE REGULAR FOOD?
SHUT UP, RAHBIT!
YOU! YOU'RE TYPICAL OF FRENCH WOMEN! WHADYA' DO? STARVE YOURSELVES?
C'EST UN BONHOMME DÉSAGRÉABLE!
ALINE WAS GIVING US THE TOUR WHEN THE GREAT MAN NOTICED HAE'S LARGE CALVES.
HAE! YOUR LEGS ARE INCREDIBLY STRONG! DO YOU WORK OUT?
I... YEAH. I GUESS SO.
BIG STRONG LEGS!
OH MAN! STRAIGHT OUT OF HIS COMICS!
POW!


I COULD ELBOW HIM BUT I MIGHT CRUSH HIS STERNUM.
!
???
THAT WOULD BE RUDE!
I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE HER, 'CAUSE I KNOW WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO TO HER!
HAH HAH!
I NORMALLY PUT GUYS THIS SKINNY IN L'HÔPITAL FOR SUCH COMMENTS!
LET'S GET GOING!
WE MUSTN'T DRIVE AFTER DARK IN THE SOUTH!
I WANT TO GO BACK TO BARCELONA!
ONE MOMENT! I WILL HATE MYSELF IF I DO NOT TRY...
ER... MISTER CREMB, IT WOULD BE AN HONEUR FOR ME IF YOU WOULD SIGN THIS BOOK.
OH, OKAY.
RARE, GERMAN LIMITED-EDITION PRINTING, $$$$! AND HE SAYS HE'S NOT A CRUMB FAN!
FIVE MINUTES LATER:
HERE.
SPLUT!
R. CRUMB
AN ORIGINAL CREMB! LE MIEUX! NOW I CAN DIE.
WOAH! GET OFF! GIMME A— HEY NOT SO FAST!
LET ME SEE!
THE END

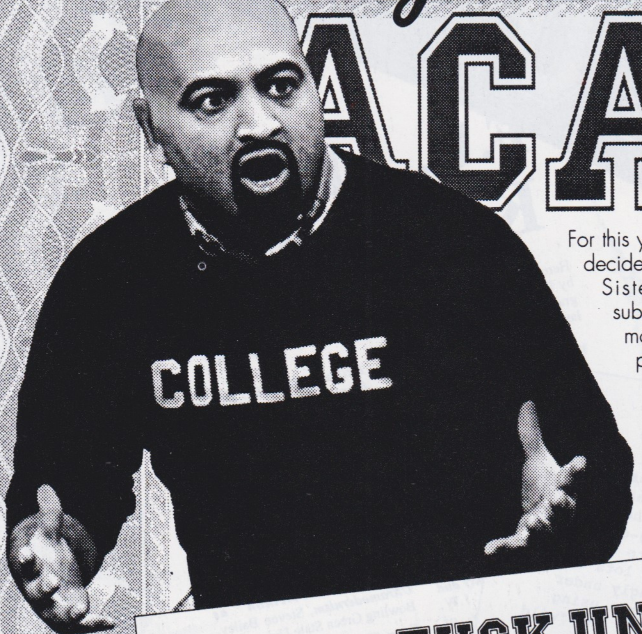
JUMBO SIZE

UNDERWORLD™

CLIP & SAVE


MOMMY! MOMMY! JOE SLAPPED ME!
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU KIDS NOT TO FIGHT!
SLAP
DADDY! DADDY! MOMMY SLAPPED ME!
THEN YOU MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING WRONG!
SLAP
FUCKIN'
HELL.
THIS ISN'T EVEN MY HOUSE!
©Kaz '95

Don't Cry For Me ACADEMIA



For this year's edition of MOTORBOOTY's obligatory back-to-school feature, we decided to forego our usual sex-on-campus exposé and Women of the Seven Sisters pictorial in favor of bringing you something a bit more substantial: a survey of the protean intellectual climate of Fuck U., America's most forward- thinking institution of higher learning. A model for the campus of the 21st century, Fuck U. has tailored its curriculum to meet the whims of today's hip, stylish, and discerning education consumers and empower the faculty to better fulfill their mission of putting the "liberal" into liberal arts. So whether college is a distant memory, an oppressive reality, or an impossible dream, you'll surely learn something from our revealing tour of the flagship of the new academia.

FUCK UNIVERSITY

"Looking forward to the intellectual stimulation?"

Of course you are. That's why you've chosen Fuck U., America's hippest and most happening institution of higher learning.

At Fuck U., we recognize that students like you are an increasingly sophisticated bunch, often incredibly discriminating in your selection of everything from non-carbonated fruit beverages to computer software. You are, as they say, "your own dogs," far too independent and media savvy to believe the hype about this week's corporate cure-all and far too full of fire and vision to be the hapless "slackers" of popular myth. Beneath those tattoos, nose rings, plastic barrettes, and baggy pants lurk the true heirs of Emerson's creed of American individualism.

Since you're not content to follow the herd at the cash register, we figured that you shouldn't have to follow them at the bursar's office either. That's why the administration and faculty of Fuck U. have designed a classroom and campus experience to fit your needs: you can design your own major, make your own rules, and be your own worst enemy. We've redefined the curriculum so you can concentrate on mastering the three Rs: Rock, Rebellion, and (Ir)Responsibility.

"So what can a poor boy do, 'cept to sing for a rock and roll band?"

So queried Rolling Stones singer/London School of Economics dropout Mick Jagger in 1968's "Street Fighting Man." Today, it's clear that Jagger's proverbial poor boy would find his horizons limited in the rock world. Like the rest of the economy, the fields of rock and cultural production require more specialized training and education than ever before.

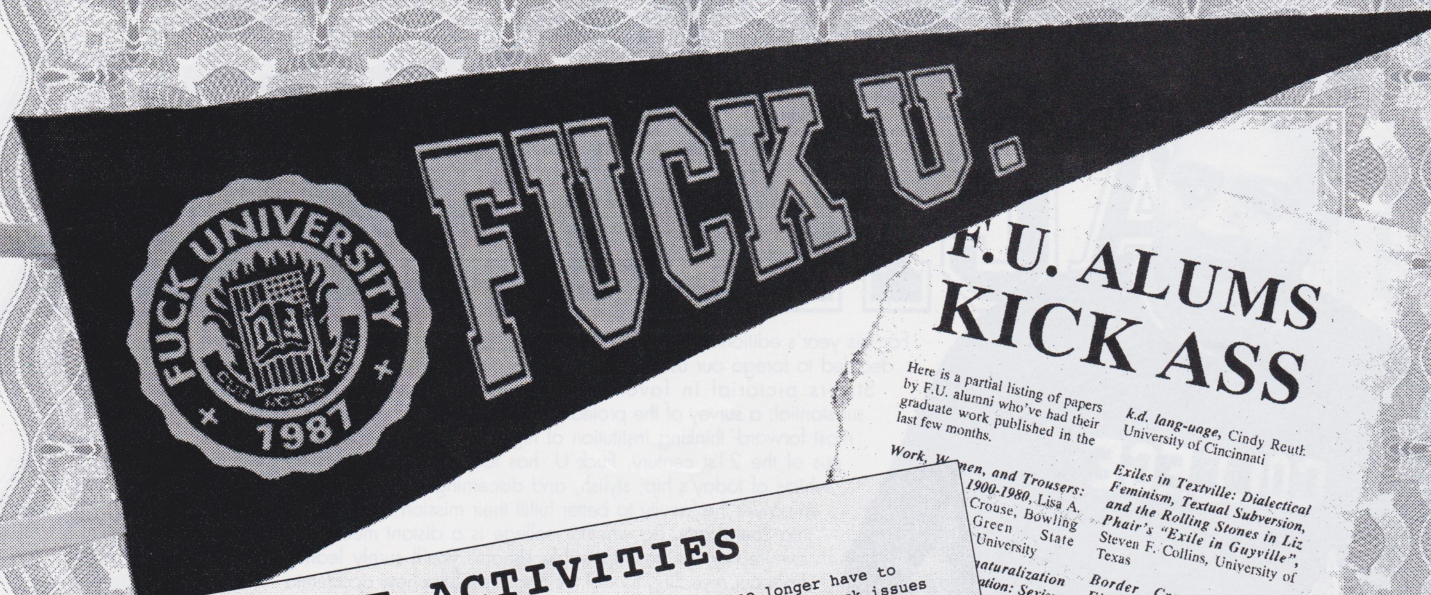
Indeed, you'll notice that many of today's top rock acts and personalities are products of some of America's finest colleges and universities. Could Jon Spencer have perfected his ingenious neo-Jolsonian "blues" concept without his semiotics training from Brown University? Without her training at the Oberlin College finishing school, could Liz Phair have so successfully fashioned her coquettish yet transgressive sexual method-acting? Fuck U. will give you the training and the skills to join these and other leaders of the cultural production field, the fastest growing sector of the world economy and America's leading export industry.

At Fuck U., we want the world inside our classrooms to be just as exhilarating and exciting as the world outside them. That's why our classes use the latest in imported analytical techniques and tools to assess today's cultural landscape. Don't be afraid if some of the linguistic and syntactical approaches sound a bit intimidating at first. After all, how radical could a concept be if ordinary people could understand it? Once you've studied under Fuck U.'s world class faculty, you'll be able to stun your parents, friends, and loved ones with your ability to analyze just about anything, especially those everyday things that you used to naively assume were meaningless.

"No more Class Civ, no Great Books, just Ted Adorno and bell hooks!"

Yes, we may not play by the rules, but that doesn't mean you won't get what you pay for here at Fuck U. You'll study side by side with cool people from every walk of life, meeting friends you'll cherish forever and lovers whose names you'll never learn. At Fuck U. we've created just the correct environment to help you become the free-thinker you were meant to be.

There's no doubt about it: at Fuck U., school's "in" forever.



F.U. ALUMS KICK ASS

Here is a partial listing of papers by F.U. alumni who've had their graduate work published in the last few months.

Work, W… …men, and Trousers: … 1900-1980, Lisa A. Crouse, Bowling Green State University

…aturalization … …ation: Sexism … …rams, Ellen … …nd Thomas … …sity

… Tours: … …elty and … J.W. … …y of

…C5, …e

k.d. lang-uage, Cindy Reuth, University of Cincinnati

Exiles in Textville: Dialectical Feminism, Textual Subversion, and the Rolling Stones in Liz Phair's "Exile in Guyville", Steven F. Collins, University of Texas

Border Crossings: AIDS, Figureskating, and the Canadian Nation, Sammi King, University of Illinois

Space, Time, and Jerry Lewis: The MDA Telethon as Ultramodernism, Steven Bailey, Bowling Green State University

From "Daisy Bell" to Queen: A Century of Bicycling in Popular Song, William L. Schurk, Bowling Green State University

Yabba Dabba Doo: "The Flintstones" as a Case Study of Innovation in Television Programming, Pamela Colby O'Brien, Indiana University

…rom College to Coasters: …lklore of Theme Park …ployees, Lori Tomlinson, …ling Green State University

…g Asparagus, Tunis …ches, and "Moidering" …g's English: Puns, …-Words, and Mala- … in Three Stooges' …ter B. Seely, Illinois …College

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Hip-Hop Language Club
Why front when you can represent? Why be wack when you can talk black? If you've already gotten the 411 from Contemporary Urban Dialect 101, then you should step to the Hip-Hop Language Club, where you can fully immerse yourself in B-boy banter 24-7. After hanging with the G's in the Language Club posse, you'll have the skills to chill the Jills and the knowledge to rock the college. So don't let your studies get in the way of your education; if you have to drop Science to have the time to drop science, so be it. But there's more to the club than just coolin' at the crib: activities also include field trips to Beastie Boys concerts and house parties, as well as Sunday afternoon drives through the inner city. (Don't worry about getting jacked; the windows are always rolled up and the doors are always locked.) So don't let the skin you're in stand in your way; get off your dead ass and get on the hip-hop tip today.

Cybersex Club
Tired of the uncertainty of the college dating scene? Having trouble meeting that "special anyone?" The Cybersex Club offers you the perfect opportunity to be the attractive, suave, sensual individual that genetics, parental guidance, and life experience have kept you from actually being. Bask in the romantic glow of VDT radiation as you exchange risqué missives with persons of unknown appearance, demeanor, and sexual identity. Best of all, cybersex is the safest safe sex there is, as it not only protects you from pregnancy and disease, but from the inevitable annoyances of intimacy, commitment, and genuine emotion as well. Let's go private.

Performance Art Club
We fart, swear, and bleed all the time, but for most of us these are just empty gestures. For example, a burp is just a belch without the proper dramatic context, but properly staged, it can become a barbaric yawp, an agonized purging of the player within. Applaud, don't heckle your inner thespian, and reveal yourself to the public with the Performance Art Club. All the world's a stage as you confront your peers in the library, the lecture hall, or the lavatory, making them face the messy, brutal reality of our meaningless existence. Express the darkness you feel inside by delivering a street-corner monologue in costume, building a sculpture out of garbage on the steps of the student union, or just pulling a burning flag out of your ass. The Performance Art Club lets you take full advantage of the First Amendment while you still can.

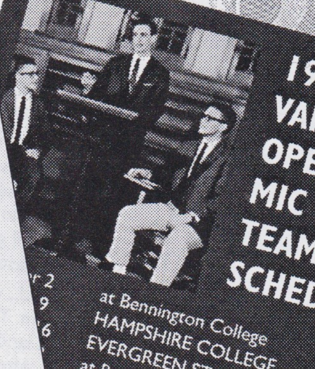
Gearhead Club
Who cares if the closest you've ever come to working on your car is calling AAA? Now, thanks to the Gearhead Club, you no longer have to limit yourself to thumbing through back issues of *Hot Rod* when you're looking for the grimy and macho *je ne sais quoi* of working-class life. You'll put the garage back into garage rock as you hang out in the parking lots of vintage-style diners, gazing longingly under the hoods of street-illegal dragsters, using terms like "blower," "roller rocker," and "wild cam," all while listening to the nostalgic sounds of eight-cylinder throwbacks like Gas Huffer, Devil Dogs, and '68 Comeback. Swap notes on shop-rat chic with guys named "Gus," "Bud," or "Al" (depending on which personalized work shirt they're wearing that day), ogle Betty Page pinups, and look just like an undergraduate Pep Boy, all without having to worry about getting grease anywhere but in your hair.

Punk Greek System
Time was, someone like you wouldn't be caught dead in a fraternity or sorority. With your alternative thinking, crazy hairstyle, and offbeat musical tastes, they wouldn't have you, and God knows, you wouldn't have wanted them: how could you be a Deke when at heart you were a freak? But since you still longed for the camraderie and companionship of like-minded and like-attired chums, you would have had to settle for the casual hygiene and felonious highjinks of a typical punk rock crash pad.

Well at Fuck U., those days are over. We've reinvented our fraternities and sororities in order to better serve the needs of today's rebellious student population; indeed, the traditional Greek system has gone the way of the ancient Greek classics. Hazing and public humiliation have been replaced with piercing and genital mutilation, "Keep 'Em Separated" is the new "Louie Louie," and moshing has replaced rushing as the test of dedication and commitment to your brothers and sisters. Fuck U.'s vibrant Panhellenic scene has much to offer young neo-bohemians in their search for friendship, group identity, and valuable affiliations that can open doors later in life. Come out and play.

On-campus houses include: Delta Gramma Blo, Lambada Theta Chi, Kappa Kappa Slamma, Busta Kappa Sucka, Stigma Stigma Stigma, Hehu Smelta Delta, Iota Felta Thi, Omega Gouda Feta, and Sigma Nu Wave

Skateboarding Team
Nothing energizes the student body like the high-flying exploits of our electrifying skateboarding team, Fuck U.'s number one spectator sports attraction. Watch Coach Tony Alva's varsity squad defend their NCAA Division II national title as they "thread the needle," "Schneider the halfpipe," and "rim the drifter" in heated competition against other top streetsurfing institutions.



1995 VARSITY OPEN MIC TEAM SCHEDULE:

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9
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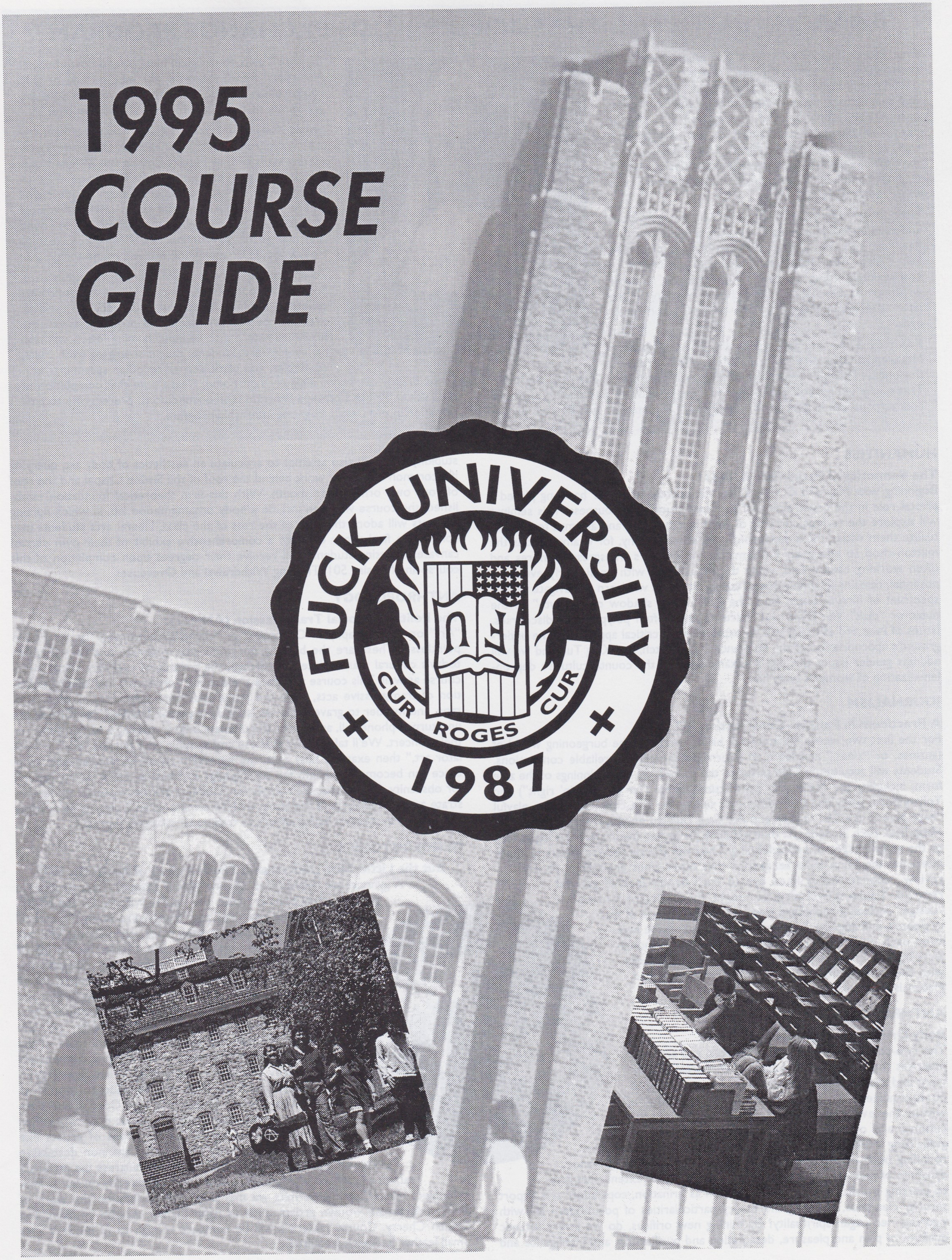
at Bennington College
HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE
EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE
at Reed College
SIMON'S ROCK/BARD COLLEGE
at Rhode Island School of Design
CENTER FOR CREATIVE STUDIES
ARSON'S INSTITUTE
Oberlin College (Homecoming)
KLEE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
gene Lang College
ling Green State University
RD COLLEGE
Cooper Union
YALE UNIVERSITY

1995 COURSE GUIDE

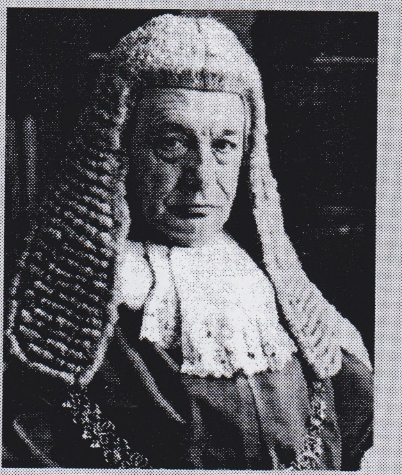


FUCK UNIVERSITY

CUR ROGES CUR

1987

ANARCHY IN THE U.K. THE FUCK U. BRITISH EXCHANGE PROGRAM



Even Patrick Henry would agree that England—a small, developing island nation in the North Atlantic—has played a pivotal role in the creation of underground attitudes, styles, and commodities. Our semester abroad program provides an unequaled opportunity to immerse yourself in British alternative culture and understand the constantly changing world of English new wave aesthetics. After a brief course in the peculiar British dialect, students will participate in a challenging multidisciplinary curriculum that explores every major aspect of the U.K. scene.

Hair What would British punk be without innovative and revolutionary haircuts? Our program lets you dive headfirst into the cutting-edge demimonde of English hair design. After completing observational field work at a series of raves, concerts, and nightclubs, students will intern at the salon of their choice, watching as the latest tonsorial objets d'art are created before their eyes.

Fashion Whether it was David Bowie, Malcom McLaren, or that one guy from Blur, whoever coined the phrase "clothes make the man" surely had Union Jacks on the brain. That's why we let you spend four full weeks mastering the latest in English countercouture. As part of an ethnographic field mission you'll stroll through Camden Town, Kensington Market, and down historic Portobello Road, following the mad parade of U.K. youth culture fashion and attempting to put your finger on the restless inseam of England's latest pant.

Music You'll spend your last afternoon in Britain trying to comprehend just what records the clever, tastemaking staffs of *New Musical Express* and *Melody Maker* are frothing over this week. On your way to Heathrow you'll stop off at the Rough Trade store, where you can purchase the latest critical favorites tariff-free, investing in music that will no doubt sound just as good tomorrow as Frankie Goes to Hollywood, EMF, and Skunk Anansie sound today.

To ensure the authenticity of your English experience, Fuck U. encourages students to leave the following toiletries behind: toothpaste, dental floss, and all over-the-counter dermatological products. Given the British climate, sunscreen and tanning lotion will also be unnecessary. Students caught smuggling fresh fruits, vegetables, and black pepper or other seasonings into Great Britain will be immediately sent home. Please note that completion of the Fuck U. British Exchange Program is an unconditional prerequisite to participation in our *Details* magazine internship program.

HUMANITIES

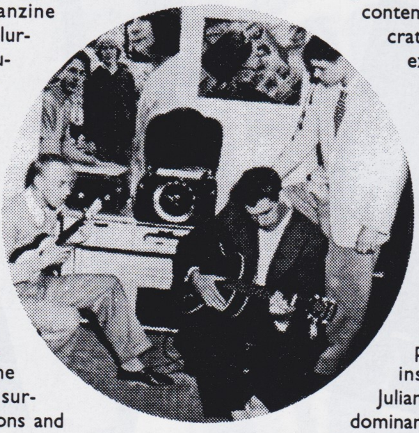
The Semiotics of Facial Hair (HU 311)

Beginning with Maynard G. Krebs' beatnik goatee, facial hair has long played a pivotal role in the construction of countercultural consciousness. This seminar will explore the various currents of facial hair typology and attempt to contextualize them within the independent rock schema. Why, for example, does the mutton-chop so effectively emblematize the outlaw's transgressive mores and often working class milieu, while the moustache, with its similarly evocative potential, remains an underground taboo? Students will learn to navigate the full spectrum of hirsute texts, from the five o'clock shadow or "growth" to the pubic or "dick" Van Dyke and articulate their often polyphonous discourses. Issues of race and ethnicity will be explored via a critical appraisal of the underground's appropriation of the Fu Manchu, soul patch, and King Tut, and we will address gender issues through an examination of the counterculture's deproblematization of womyn's body hair.

JOURNALISM

A Practicum in Fanzine Construction (JO 317)

For the first two weeks students will be immersed in the burgeoning world of fanzines, or "zines," and learn to internalize the genre's reliable conventions. Students will acculturate themselves to the theoretical underpinnings of the zine form, including the Meltzerian contraction school ("yr drn friggin' right") and Yohannonian party-line orthodoxy, and survey the zine continuum, from playful "hate zines" like *The Stalker* and *Fat Greg Dulli* to atavistic upstart mags like *Happyland*. Each student will then produce his or her own zine, adhering strictly to the stylistic rules of self-publishing. They will smugly answer letters, dutifully interview the same indie sensations that other zines are talking to, and review records with a keen eye to each band's lack of general renown. Students will also be taught the basics of fanzine "design," including haphazard text placement, the use of blurry photos, and stapling. Final grades are based on the evaluation each publication receives in *Factsheet 5*. Although Sniveling 201 is a prerequisite, only a passing familiarity with the fundamentals of written English is required. Materials fee: Kinko's card.



ANTHROPOLOGY/NURSING

Body Ornamentation (AN/NU 431)

This two-part course explores, celebrates, and actually practices the emerging vocabulary of corporeal adornment and modification. We will begin by attempting to contextualize today's explosion of the "dermal arts" within the ever-expanding array of exotic customs, cuisines, and other lifestyle options made available by the globalizing economy. We will then examine the taboos surrounding body ornamentation and appraise the implications and dynamics of their transgression. For example, to what extent does genital piercing ritualize prosaic activities, such as urination, copulation, and airport security clearance, investing the dreary particularities of postmodern life with vigorous neo-pagan spirituality? By mining new orifices, do we invert totemic dualities of pain and pleasure, desecration and purification, and intelligence and stupidity? We will also attempt to articulate an aesthetics of body art, querying if a common muse is at work behind the roof of the Sistine Chapel and the roof of your own ornamented mouth. With this firm theoretical foundation established, the course will then include a body ornamentation lab, in which nursing students will adorn the flesh of the rest of the class. Liberal arts students may complete a final paper or stage a comprehensive exhibit of their own dermal canvases. Nursing students will receive their degrees upon completion of this course and Nursing 501: Treating Withdrawal and Overdoses.

ANTHROPOLOGY

The Politics of Social Transgression (AN 411)

"Art" or "pornography"? "Obscenity" or "cliche"? "Subversive" or "just plain pointless"? These are the burning questions that resonate not only through today's cultural marketplace but through the politics of everyday social intercourse as well. This course will trace the popular conception and shifting definition of transgressive acts, from the more pedestrian degradations of assault, rape, and murder to graver offenses, such as the weak "fishlike" handshake, the unreturned phone call, and finally, the ultimate taboo: wearing a band's t-shirt to their concert. We'll take a look at those craftspeople who put the "vile" in "violator art," then examine how even the humdrum rituals of late-capitalist existence can become a medium for cutting-edge expression and a testing ground for obscenity. By the course's completion, students will be expected to demonstrate a cogent analysis of the issues and determine when a cigar is just a cigar and when it becomes a daring affront to traditional olfactory mores.

GENDER STUDIES

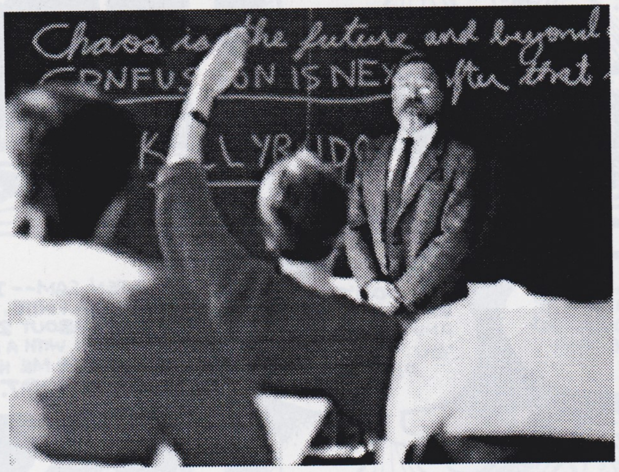
But the Little Girls Understand: The Herstory of Rock (GS 258)

A gynocentric reevaluation of how gender identity is constructed in contemporary popular music, this course will unpack the phallocratic texts and practices that marginalize womyn's musical experiences and devalue their rock expressions. We will also attempt to herstoricize the current flowering of womynist "alternative rock," emphasizing transtemporal webs of sisterly connectivity. How, for example, do the medieval liturgies of Abbess Hildegard von Bingen and Tori Amos' postmodern religious meditations commonly decenter male articulations of the God(dess)head? Are the portentious choruses of the maenads or nymphs heard in the brave and empowering voices of today's riot grrrls? We will engage in close readings of the work of such influential womyn as Patti Smith, Chrissie Hynde, and Kim Gordon and pose provocative and timely questions about their work. For instance, do the coy and waif-like tropes of artists like Juliana Hatfield and Velocity Girl's Sarah Shannon destabilize dominant signifiers of "girlhood" or merely buttress the metanarratives of patriarchy? Although it does not bear directly on our primary subject matter, if time permits we may also touch briefly on the work of African-American womyn artists, such as Ruth Brown, Aretha Franklin, and Neneh Cherry. Course materials will be compact enough to fit inside a very small leather backpack (required).

SOCIOLOGY

Putting the "Hernt" in the "Hernt De Dernt": The Redneck Aesthetic in the Underground Imagination (SO 171)

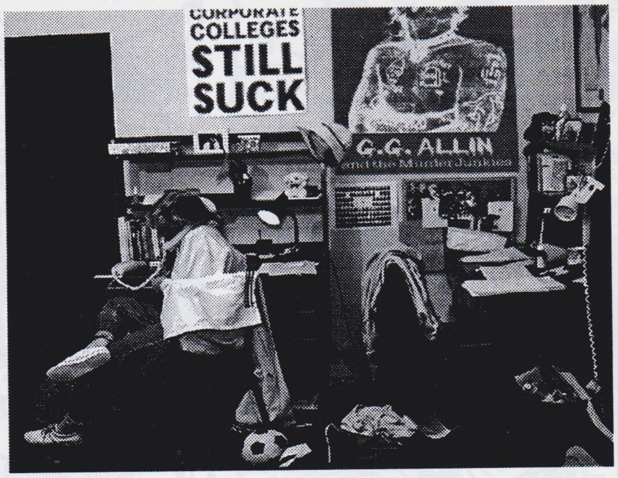
Since the early 1960s, the "redneck" or "hillbilly" has remained an oppositional figure, an embodied critique of the hegemonic bohemian ethos of religious agnosticism, gender non-essentialism, and ethnic heterogeneity. This course will explore how this critique has been domesticated and manipulated through various underground appropriations of hillbilly identity. We will examine the complex series of tropes whereby indie rock acts' hyperbolized signification of hillbilly dress, music, and manners doubles back on itself, revealing an ingenious subtext of knowing contempt and creating a species of class and regional minstrelsy. We will also address how projections of hillbilly otherness can be used to enable reactionary political, racial, and gender discourses, performing an erasure of countercultural consciousness behind a willed mask of "white-trash" subjectivity. This "outhouse kabuki," as affected by such "new sour mash in old bottles" acts as the Rev. Horton Heat, the Supersuckers, and Southern Culture on the Skids, will raise important psychological and cultural issues for class discussion. We will also focus on important source materials that have shaped redneck cultural mythology, such as *Deliverance*, *The Dukes of Hazzard*, *The Beverly Hillbillies*, and the fiction of Flannery O'Connor and Harry Crews.


Chaos is the future and beyond
CONFUSION IS NEXT after that

POP PSYCHOLOGY

Senior Seminar: Modern Maturity in a Postmodern World (PP 628)

Why pledge allegiance to "tastes great" when you might later opt for "less filling"? Why tie yourself down as a "Pepper" when you may one day blossom as a member of the Pepsi Generation? These and other timely and provocative questions will be answered by Dr. Libertine Gatos, author of *The Grass is Always Greener on the Upper East Side: A Survivor's Tale of Coping with Spoiled Child Syndrome,* as she delivers lectures from her new book, *Who, Me?: Tactics and Strategies for Avoiding Commitment and Responsibility in Interpersonal Relationships*. Dr. Gatos will explore how our evolving multiplicity of consumer choices can provide a liberating paradigm for building individual identity and handling romantic engagements, teaching us how to most effectively keep our options open. She will also examine how the oppressive notion that choices should have lasting consequences has led to auto-victimization and low self-esteem. Space is limited so registrants must be vigorous free-thinkers who are prepared to explore the indeterminacy of identity and the interchangeability of jobs, friendships, and orientations. This course is ideal for students who want to confirm their belief that empowered individuals should not be pinned down by outmoded, patriarchally imposed expectations of monogamy, marriage, and "love."



HISTORY

Introduction to Rock Criticism (HI 101)

Few figures have had less commercial and social significance than the rock critic, yet he remains an enduring presence in both the culture industry and academia. Taking stock of the integral personas of this continually evolving discipline—from *Creem*'s latter-day approximation of the Algonquin Round Table to the incorrigible young turks of the fanzine school—this course will offer a general survey of the major critical streams of thought. We'll examine the posthumous canonization of Bangs, Christgau's rejection of rockist methodology, Eddy's contrarian embrace of all things inane, and query why the British just don't make sense. We'll listen to perennial critical favorites like American Music Club, Sebadoh, and the Mekons, and attempt to understand why writers find them endlessly fascinating when no else can stand them. Requirements: a big record collection, a thesaurus, and a pair of glasses.

The Poppy in Pop Culture Consciousness (HI 243)

For over a century, heroin has been utilized as a surrogate for the artist's muse. The prospect of being physically dependent on a narcotic—to the point of embracing petty larceny, moral and aesthetic prostitution, and artistic impotence—has entranced generations of bohemian adventurers. This course will trace the history of heroin's underground mystique, from the opium den to the writer's colony to the musician's dressing room. We'll examine the ways authors and artists have glorified this illicit drug and test the validity (and the addictive appeal) of their morphine-induced claims. For example, should William Blake's description of the artistic state as a "total derangement of the senses" be used as a rallying cry for chemical dependency? Literary texts will include the "works" of Samuel Coleridge, William Burroughs, Jim Carroll, and Denis Johnson, as well as "wise-use" publications like *Rig* and *Pretty Decorating*. We'll take a look at the cinematic evolution of "junk," from *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *Panic in Needle Park* to *Pulp Fiction* and *Killing Zoe*. Our musical survey will take us from the subtextual confessions of Charlie Parker (as well as almost every other significant bop-era jazz musician) to the reportorial first-person testimonials of Lou Reed to the implicit advocacy of Jane's Addiction. Lab fees will be "market price."

VELVET UNDERGROUND

Velvet Underground 621: *Squeeze*

(Prerequisites: Intro to the Velvets 101; VU 206: *Velvet Underground with Nico*; VU 311: *White Light White Heat*; VU 474: *Velvet Underground*; VU 503: *Loaded*; and VU 586: *Live at Max's Kansas City*)

In this advanced seminar (part of the VU core curriculum) we'll reevaluate *Squeeze*, the Velvet Underground's tragically underappreciated swansong, and come to understand it as Doug Yule's *Sister Lovers*. Upon completion of this course, students may elect to take VU 674: The Posthumous and Unreleased Recordings/Intro to the Feelies as a tutorial.

POLITICAL SCIENCE

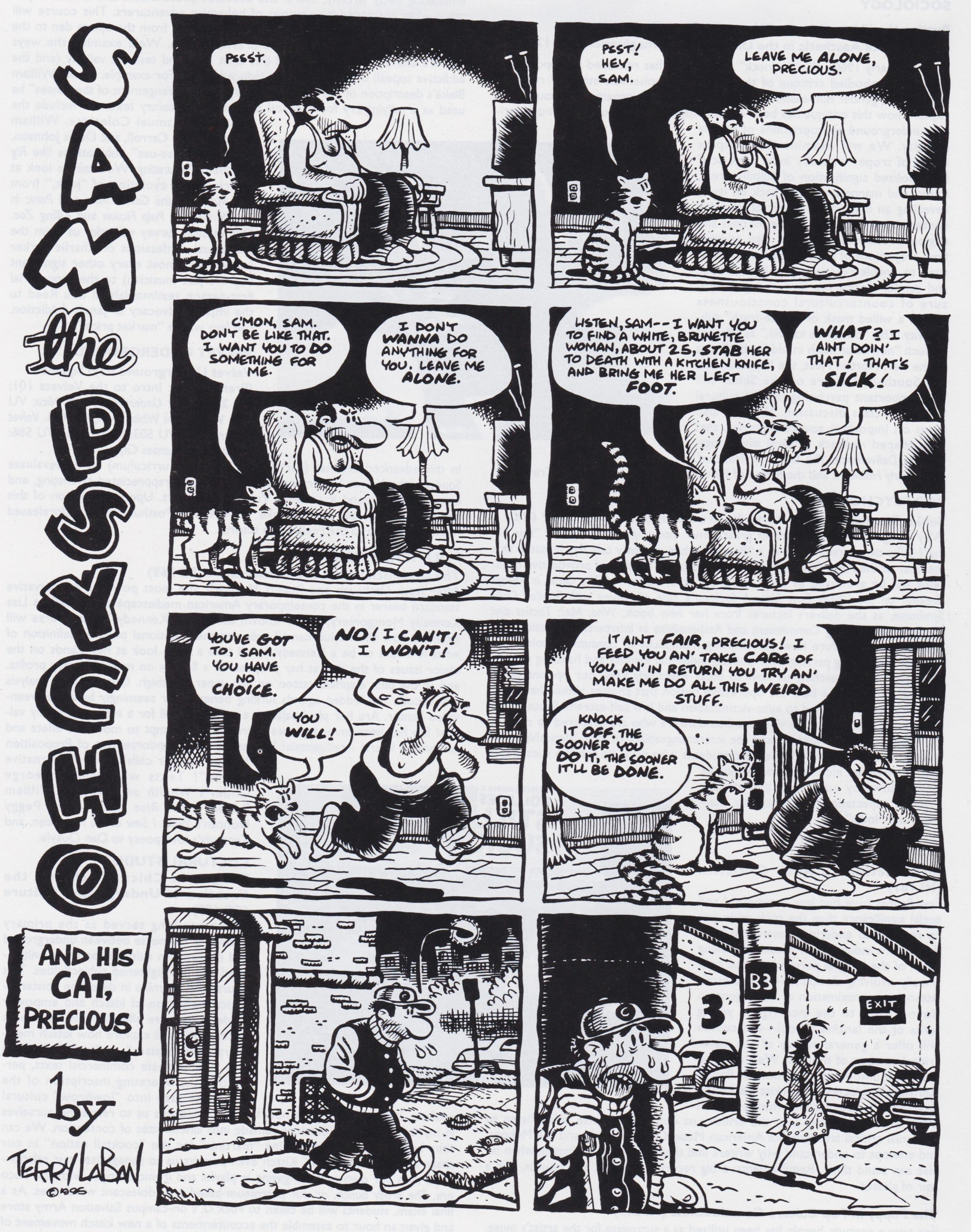
The Unconsciousness of a Conservative (PS 369)

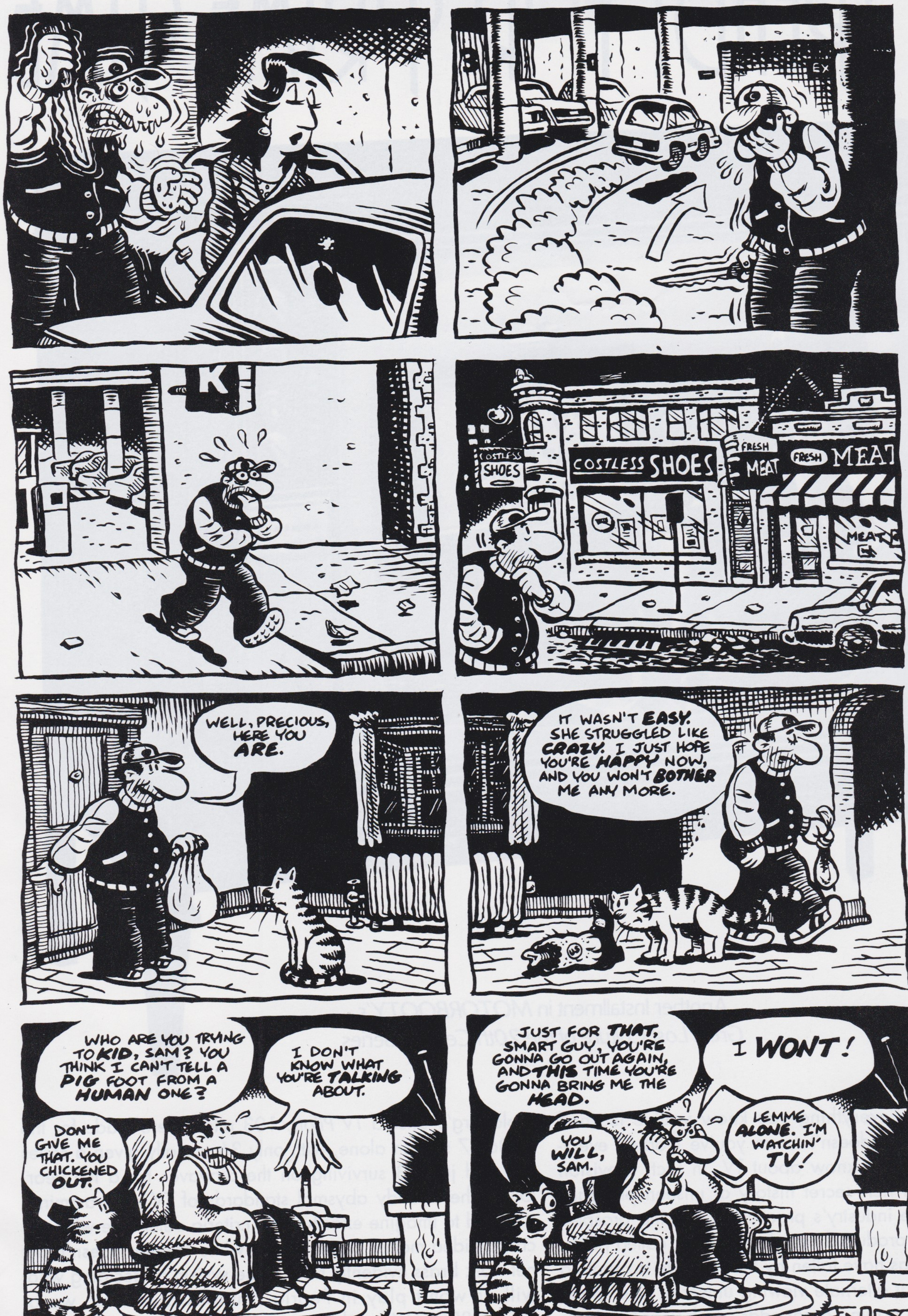
After Rush Limbaugh and Rupert Murdoch, the most powerful conservative standard bearer in the contemporary American mediascape could well be Lisa Kennedy Montgomery, better known as "MTV's Kennedy." This course will examine how the Republican VJ subverts the traditional political definition of what it means to be a Kennedy. We'll take a close look at her stands on the major issues of the day, at her proposal of a flat tax on music industry profits, and at the pink elephant tattoo on her upper left thigh. Our semiotic analysis will decode the hidden agenda lurking beneath her seemingly banal between-video banter. Are her plaid pajamas a subliminal call for a return to family values? Do her hornrimmed glasses represent an attempt to mock the effete and outmoded liberal intelligentsia? Is there a covert endorsement of Proposition 187 behind her calls for an "Alternative Nation"? Texts will include George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty*, William Rusher's *The Rise of the Right*, Peggy Noonan's *What I Saw at the Revolution*, and Kennedy's love poesy to Dan Quayle.

CULTURAL STUDIES

Tongue in Chic: Kitsch and the Creation of Underground Culture (CS 409)

Kitsch has long served as the primary enabler of discourse between underground and mainstream cultures, between enlightened and unenlightened subjectivities. This course will examine in detail the epistemological operation of kitsch and empower students to more effectively manipulate its lexicon. We will explore how kitsch metamorphoses "square" or "tacky" signifiers into indeterminate commercial texts, permitting the liberating inscription of the bohemian gaze into "lowbrow" cultural artifacts. We will investigate how kitsch emancipates us to reimagine ourselves in myriad guises, our identities remade into kinetic sites of contention. We can thus become "swingers" mixing "martinis" for the "cocktail nation" in our space-age "bachelor pads." Kitsch even permits us to renegotiate our relationships with our own pasts, engaging in playful and ironic dialogue with the disco era, *The Brady Bunch*, or our petroleum-based pre-adolescent wardrobes. As a final exam, students will be taken to Fuck U.'s on-campus Salvation Army store and given an hour to assemble the accouterments of a new kitsch movement of their own creation.


SAM the PSYCHO AND HIS CAT, PRECIOUS
1
by TERRY LABAN ©1995
PSSST.
PSST! HEY, SAM.
LEAVE ME ALONE, PRECIOUS.
C'MON, SAM. DON'T BE LIKE THAT. I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME.
I DON'T WANNA DO ANYTHING FOR YOU. LEAVE ME ALONE.
LISTEN, SAM-- I WANT YOU TO FIND A WHITE, BRUNETTE WOMAN, ABOUT 25, STAB HER TO DEATH WITH A KITCHEN KNIFE, AND BRING ME HER LEFT FOOT.
WHAT? I AINT DOIN' THAT! THAT'S SICK!
YOU'VE GOT TO, SAM. YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.
NO! I CAN'T! I WON'T!
YOU WILL!
IT AINT FAIR, PRECIOUS! I FEED YOU AN' TAKE CARE OF YOU, AN' IN RETURN YOU TRY AN' MAKE ME DO ALL THIS WEIRD STUFF.
KNOCK IT OFF. THE SOONER YOU DO IT, THE SOONER IT'LL BE DONE.
B3
3
EXIT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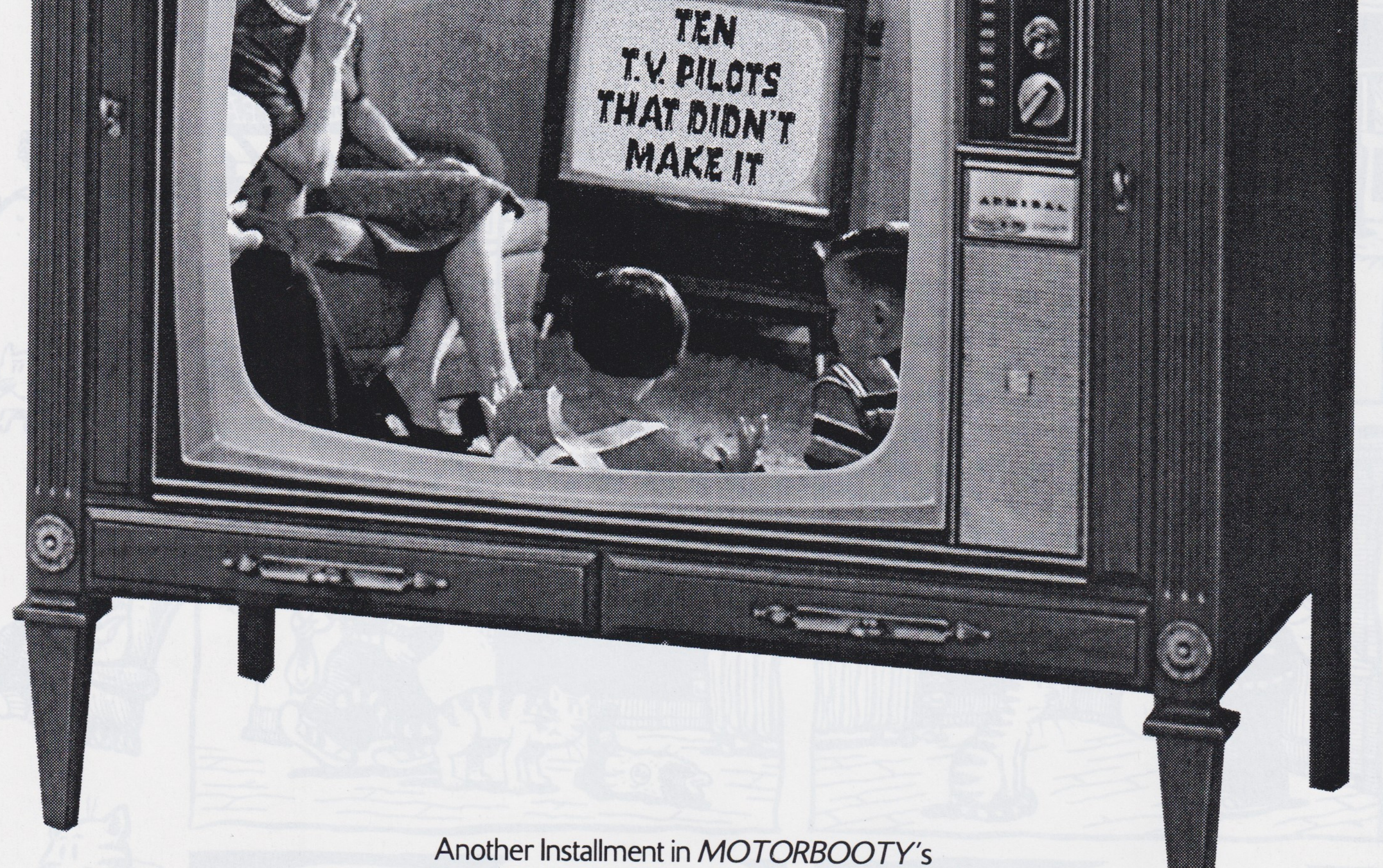
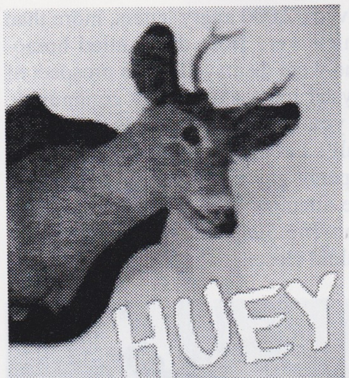
EX
K
COSTLESS SHOES
COSTLESS SHOES
FRESH MEAT
FRESH MEAT
MEAT
WELL, PRECIOUS, HERE YOU ARE.
IT WASN'T EASY. SHE STRUGGLED LIKE CRAZY. I JUST HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY NOW, AND YOU WON'T BOTHER ME ANY MORE.
WHO ARE YOU TRYING TO KID, SAM? YOU THINK I CAN'T TELL A PIG FOOT FROM A HUMAN ONE?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
DON'T GIVE ME THAT. YOU CHICKENED OUT.
JUST FOR THAT, SMART GUY, YOU'RE GONNA GO OUT AGAIN, AND THIS TIME YOU'RE GONNA BRING ME THE HEAD.
I WONT!
YOU WILL, SAM.
LEMME ALONE. I'M WATCHIN' TV!
END

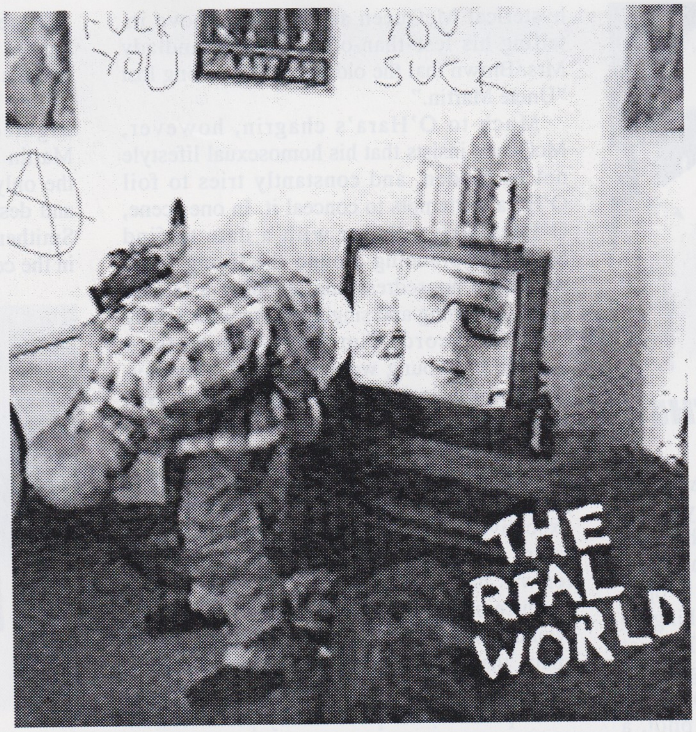
NOT READY FOR PRIME TIME

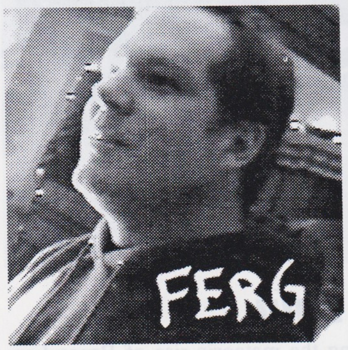


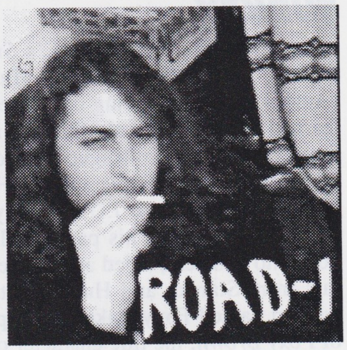
Another Installment in *MOTORBOOTY*'s
Great Lost Culture of the 20th Century Series

Just because everything you know you've learned from television doesn't mean you've learned everything there is to know about TV. In fact, television possesses a rich secret history of unseen programming. Thanks to the industry's practice of pitching prospective shows via fully produced sample episodes, called pilots, enough bizarre ideas have fallen by the wayside to create a spectacularly offbeat alternate viewing universe. Like sperm swimming upstream against great odds, each year hundreds of pilots are proposed, scripted, and shot, only to be aborted in the proverbial third trimester. According to Lee Goldberg's *Unsold TV Pilots*, 103 pilots were made for the 1986-87 season alone, with only 36 actually given a series run and just 13 surviving on the airwaves for a full year. Given the already abysmal standards of TV programming, it's hard to imagine exactly what criteria determine why one crappy idea makes it onto the air while another doesn't, but net-work brass evidently have some system of deciding what will or won't play in Peoria. Curious ourselves, we at *MOTORBOOTY* used our extensive industry contacts to investigate the many and multifold joys of TV's reject pile and chronicle the top ten pilots that didn't make it.









THE REAL WORLD: KALAMAZOO

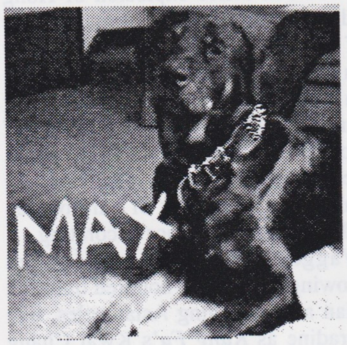
Filmed in early 1994 and intended as the fourth installment of MTV's highly successful "slice of life" docudramedy series, *The Real World: Kalamazoo* was the subject of heated internal controversy among executives at the music video network before being indefinitely shelved for being "too real."

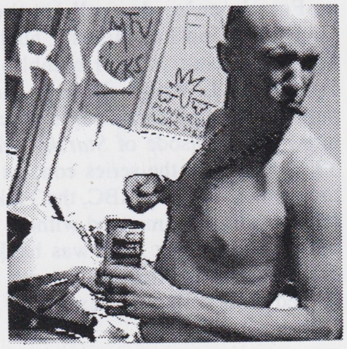
According to a source at MTV who spoke to MOTORBOOTY on the condition of anonymity, Kalamazoo, Michigan—best known as a rest stop between Detroit and Chicago—was chosen to "offset the previous three seasons' *Bright Lights, Big City* pretensions by showcasing a less affluent Midwestern sensibility." Unfortunately, the personal interactions of the show's all-straight, all-male, all-white cast failed to provide the kind of multicultural melodrama that had become the show's trademark.

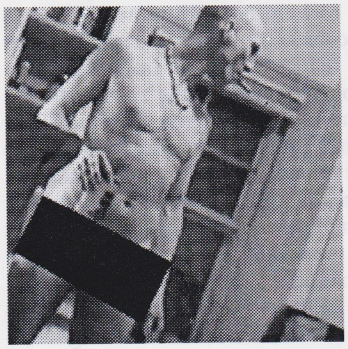
Frustrated after taping hundreds of hours of what the source described as "drunk, horny, unemployed slobs doing nothing but arguing over phone bills, sleeping with underaged girls, and sitting around watching porn while belching loudly," *TRW* producers instructed the video crew to instigate rivalries among the roommates, a tactic which had proved highly effective with the New York and Los Angeles casts. However, instead of resulting in dramatic physical confrontations and candlestick tossing, a heartfelt house meeting, or the expulsion of one of the roommates, this ploy simply irritated the *Real World*ers to the point of rebellion. Several cast members would not allow themselves to be filmed, while others refused to wear clothes for the duration of the shooting schedule and spoke only in a secret code composed entirely of unbroadcastable cusswords and racial epithets. Eventually the crew was refused entry to the house and their equipment was either demolished or sold.

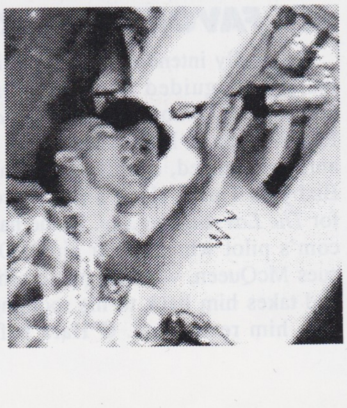
Upon viewing the final edit, MTV brass was so aghast that they nearly cancelled the series altogether, but eventually decided to stall for time by rerunning episodes of *Lip Service* while they hired a new crew, auditioned for new cast members, and moved the entire production overseas. According to an interoffice memo, series co-creator Mary-Ellis Bunim was extremely disappointed when MTV shelved *The Real World: Kalamazoo*, complaining to network executives that it was the truest to her original vision, whereas the previous seasons were little more than "disturbingly materialistic fantasylands where ambitious but talentless children from advantaged backgrounds lived in swanky apartments in fabulous cities rent-free."

Although the source at MTV insists that the final edit was destroyed, a disgruntled and still unpaid former crew member smuggled out a few cassettes of raw footage and sent them to MOTORBOOTY.









HUGGY BEAR'S

HUGGY BEAR AND THE TURKEY

In this spinoff from ABC's *Starsky and Hutch*, jive-talking snitch Huggy Bear (Antonio Fargas), having concluded that he's learned enough about sleuthing from his pale-faced plainclothes colleagues, decides to open his own ghetto detective agency. Hooking up with hopeless square J.D. "Turkey" Turquet (Dale Robinette) as his partner, Huggy Bear goes into business, aided and abetted by referrals from Starsky and Hutch. In the pilot, a woman named Foxy Baker (perhaps a cousin of *Foxy Brown*, the title character of the 1974 Pam Grier vehicle which also featured Fargas as Foxy's ne'er-do-well brother) enlists Huggy to find her missing husband. Stan Shaw costarred as their bumbling assistant Leotis and LaWanda Page as the irascible neighborhood madam Lady Bessie. The pilot aired as an episode of *Starsky and Hutch* in 1977, but when the series concept was given the thumbs down by ABC, the Turkey character was simply eliminated without any explanation and Huggy Bear was back dropping dimes and swapping favors with the duo in the red Ford Torino the next week.

MY FAVORITE FAIRY

Originally intended as an ambitious if ultimately misguided attempt to break TV's homosexual taboo, *My Favorite Fairy* starred Ray Walston as Martin McQueen, a flamboyant, opinionated, openly gay man, with Bill Bixby as Tim O'Hara, a strait-laced reporter for *The Los Angeles Sun*. In the half-hour sitcom's pilot which never aired, O'Hara rescues McQueen, who has just crashed his car, and takes him back to his rooming house to help him recuperate. O'Hara befriends the hysterical McQueen and lets him move in, telling his less-than-open-minded landlady Mrs. Brown that the older man is his long lost "Uncle Martin."

Much to O'Hara's chagrin, however, McQueen insists that his homosexual lifestyle not be hidden, and constantly tries to foil O'Hara's attempts to conceal it. In one scene, O'Hara arrives home with a date to find McQueen prancing around the living room wearing a housedress and wielding a feather duster, cleaning and singing along with a Judy Garland record. Tim feebly attempts to assuage the young woman's outrage by saying that Martin is his Aunt Emma from San Francisco, but she doesn't buy the story and flees the house in tears.

Despite the pretense of comedy, the pilot provoked shock and outrage among CBS executives, who feared that sponsors would refuse to back the show. Martin's gay character was hastily rewritten as a Martian, with producers figuring that the American public would more readily accept a man from outer space than an out-of-the-closet homosexual. Featuring the same cast and essentially the same premise, the pilot finally premiered in 1963 as *My Favorite Martian.* The show finished tenth in the Nielsen ratings its first season and enjoyed considerable success until it was eventually cancelled in September 1966.

The character of Martin McQueen may have been groundbreaking and daring for the time, seven years before Stonewall, but it was actually little more than a clichéd, middle-American stereotype of a gay man. Given the character's clumsy, obvious name and his mincing, limp-wristed antics, it seems unclear today whether the show was feebly attempting to portray the homosexual lifestyle or simply making fun of it.

Unfortunately, the difficulty the producers encountered with the character, combined with the overwhelming success the show enjoyed in its watered-down form, set a disturbing precedent among network programmers, who continued to alter or suppress any gay characters in ensuing projects. Obvious instances of gay characters made straight include Felix Unger (played by Tony Randall on ABC's *The Odd Couple*), Randy Robinson (played by Charles Nelson Reilly on CBS's *Arnie*), and Paul Simms (played by Paul Lynde on ABC's *The Paul Lynde Show*). Less obvious characters such as Gomer Pyle (played by Jim Nabors on CBS's *Gomer Pyle U.S.M.C.*), Laverne and Shirley (played by Penny Marshall and Cindy Williams on ABC's *Happy Days* and *Laverne & Shirley*), Monroe Ficus (portrayed by JM J. Bullock on ABC's *Too Close for Comfort*), and Jonathan Bower (played by Danny Pintauro on ABC's *Who's the Boss?*) were also originally intended to be either homosexual or bisexual until network executives and sponsors intervened and demanded revisions.

It wasn't until the debut of ABC's *Soap* that an openly gay character (Jodie Dallas, played by Billy Crystal) was to appear on prime time network TV. But even in 1977 (during the so-called "season of sex"), the show was highly controversial. Before the show ever aired, ABC received 32,000 angry letters, more than half of which were from disgruntled homosexuals who were dismayed at the prospect of having Crystal represent the gay community. Eighteen years later, little has changed: Martin Mull's Leon Carp on *Roseanne* is still the only openly gay character in prime time, and despite attempts by ACT-UP to out him, Smithers on *The Simpsons* remains securely in the celluloid closet.

FENG SHUI

Following the meteoric rise of Bruce Lee, the worldwide box-office explosion of Hong Kong-produced "chop socky" films, and the success of ABC's *Kung Fu* and *Hong Kong Phooey*, in 1974 NBC saw the ratings potential for an hour-long drama about a roving practitioner of Oriental mysticism. Because of network concerns about violence, however, a more peaceful approach was selected: *feng shui*, the ancient Chinese art of harmonious furniture placement and interior decorating.

Lyle Waggoner portrayed protagonist Wang, following in the time-honored tradition of non-Asian actors playing Asian roles, like David Carradine as *Kung Fu*'s Kwai Chang Caine. Wang aimed to harness the power of *feng shui* to help his fellow man but was forced to constantly battle General Tso (Pat Morita), a renegade disciple from the academy who sought to undo Wang's work and use the art to ruin people's lives. (Morita would later star in another failed pilot, ABC's *The Thais That Bind*, a heartwarming drama about an immigrant family running a Thai restaurant called Bangkok of the Walk.) Tso would break into the homes of unsuspecting citizens and disrupt the zen and unity of their surroundings: credenzas were haphazardly juxtaposed with divans, armoires were thoughtlessly crowded with settees, and dining room chairs were cobbled into massive and obscene sculptures. Wang would then have to find the troubled dwelling, rearrange the furniture, dispel the bad spirits, impart a faux-Confucian one-liner, and disappear into the sunset, all within the span of an hour.

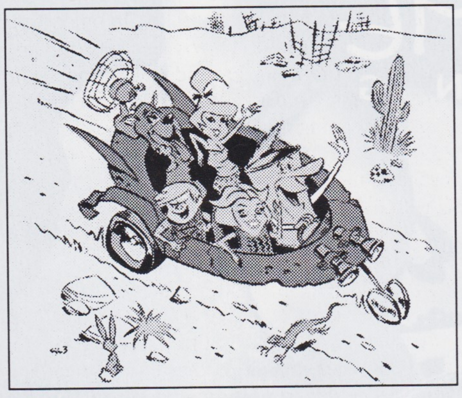
Although producers updated *Kung Fu*'s Old West setting to present-day Los Angeles, they did little else to distinguish *Feng Shui* from its predecessor, even to the point of including gratuitous flashbacks of the shaven-headed Wang with his blind mentor. "Not only is your placement wrong, but your taste is miserable," imparts master to pupil. "Not until you have created a functional conversation area and preserved an unobstructed view of the television may you leave the temple." Unfortunately, the pacifistic *Feng Shui* was not in harmony with NBC's action-packed 1974 fall lineup (which featured *Adam 12, Police Story, Police Woman*, and *The Rockford Files)*, and left test audiences providing the answer to the age-old riddle,"What is the sound of no hands clapping?"

S.T.R.E.S.S.

Critics constantly complain that TV is too violent, but in the case of ABC's 1973 hour-long police drama *S.T.R.E.S.S.*, the whining was actually right on the money. Set in Detroit and based on the Detroit Police Department's controversial "Stop the Robberies, Enjoy Safe Streets" program, *S.T.R.E.S.S.* dealt with the adventures of a special unit of law-enforcement officers given the mandate by the mayor to make the city crime-free "by any means necessary." Naturally, this directive allowed the officers to take outrageous liberties with suspects' constitutional rights: the undercover team of decoys always met their quota of arrests, even if it meant planting evidence or extracting false confessions. Led by hard-as-nails Lt. Ron August (George Peppard), the S.T.R.E.S.S. team included borderline psychotic Sgt. Robert Paille (James B. Sikking) and hot-headed rookie officer David Senak (Max Gail), crusading cops united by their fervor for Babylonian justice and their contempt for bureaucratic restrictions.

This no-holds-barred war on crime had its downside, however. *S.T.R.E.S.S.*'s brutal proceedings resembled a cop show as realized by Sam Peckinpah, as August's battle-hardened troops were eager to fire away indiscriminately at loiterers, truants, or innocent bystanders. According to one horrified writer who saw an advance tape of the pilot, the show was the "bloodiest ever made for television": cops killing pimps, cops killing perps, and even cops killing other cops. By the episode's final credits, the body count totalled 71. Additionally, the action was not only violent but racist: August's squad were all-white, while nearly all of their victims were black.

Although *S.T.R.E.S.S.* was intended as Hollywood's effort to support President Nixon's call for law and order, vitriolic condemnations of the show by those few scribes who previewed it led ABC to hurriedly scrap the series. Despite the outraged critical reaction, though, the concept was restructured by ABC just one year later and given new life in 1975 as *S.W.A.T.*, reducing the casualty list but otherwise mimicking *S.T.R.E.S.S.*'s ballistic approach right down to the driving, wah-wah-heavy theme song.



THE JETSAMS

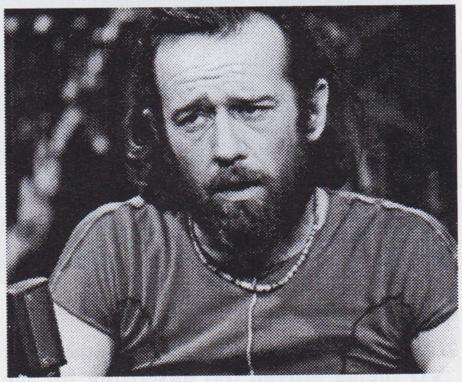
Possibly one of the stupidest ideas ever proposed for television, CBS' animated disaster attempted to ride the fleeting coattails of the Garbage Pail Kids phenomenon. A parody of Hanna Barbera's *The Jetsons*, the show concerned a nuclear family composed entirely of poorly drawn refuse: father Jetsam was a tin can, mom was an old tire, the teenaged daughter was a curvy cigarette butt, the mischievous son was a piece of driftwood, and the family dog was a half-eaten frankfurter. Needless to say, the idea was promptly scrapped.

GET OFF MY CLOUD

This 1993 sitcom was Fox's first crack at a post-MTV updating of *The Odd Couple*, with Richard Grieco and Jon Cryer starring as a mismatched pair of New York hipsters forced by circumstances to share a tiny East Village coldwater flat. Grieco played J.B., the lead singer of Pesto, an up-and-coming "alternative rock" band, and Cryer played his unlikely roommate Eric Freeloder, a struggling rock critic for the local shill sheet *The Village Idiot*. Uptight Eric was fussy and neat, while the stuporous J.B. slept on the couch and took pride in his unkempt appearance. Eric was jealous of J.B.'s ease with women, while J.B. treated the writer with open contempt, referring to him simply as a "Gerard."

In the pilot, Eric comes home to discover that his entire CD collection is missing and frantically dials 911. When J.B. returns to the apartment, he's not only sporting a flashy new leather suit and carrying a shopping bag full of "goodies," but he's also accompanied by the teenage riot grrrl Eric has a monumental crush on. When the cops (special guest-stars Chris Farley and David Spade) arrive, they have no clue about the break-in but notice that the duo have been pirating cable and arrest Eric because his name is on the lease. The show ends with J.B. and the badly beaten Eric leaving the police station. When Eric asks how J.B. came up with the bail money, J.B. admits, "I borrowed your CDs, forgot they were yours, and sold them," then nods off.

If any series deserved to fail, it was this one, but in the rare case of a rejected pilot getting a second chance, *Get Off My Cloud* resurfaced on Fox in the fall of 1995 after substantial revisions as *Partners*, still starring Cryer (now an architect). This time around, Fox writers threw a woman into the mix, something that of course never would have happened had Cryer's character remained a rock critic.



HAIGHT-ASHBURY FREE CLINIC

Seeking to reproduce the massive success of CBS's *Medical Center* and their own *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, ABC hatched this hour-long medical drama in 1972. In a bid for countercultural relevance, the program was based on the real-life exploits of the dedicated medical professionals of the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic. The staff was a sort of *Mod Squad* with stethoscopes, led by a committed young physician known only as Dr. Robert (John Davidson), his black nationalist partner Dr. Lacey X (Ted Lange), and the sexy and compassionate Nurse Zenta (Kay Lenz). The overworked team spent their time treating the city's hippie community, talking down acid casualties with a mixture of pop-psych nostrums and flower power gobbledygook or soothing those free spirits paying the painful price of free love. The patients' ailments were all topical, as were most of the ointments that were prescribed to treat them: in fact, three-quarters of the pilot's storylines concerned cases of VD.

Although intended as compelling drama, *Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic* was good primarily for unintentional laughs. George Carlin, who was the only celebrity guest willing to appear on the pilot, did yet another riff on his hippie-dippie weatherman schtick, adding some dubious subcultural credibility to the goings-on. Despite promised sponsorship

5708 WOODWARD, DETROIT, MI 48202
313-875-9280 7 DAYS 11-8PM
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313-886-6288 THURS, FRI & SAT 12-7PM

from the pharmaceutical industry, the frank VD theme proved too unsettling for the show's proposed early Sunday evening time slot. Today, the pilot is notable mainly for Carlin's memorable exclamation, "It burns, it burns, oh God, how it burns!"

YOU AND ME AGAINST THE WORLD

Loosely based on the 1984 Martin Bell documentary *Streetwise*, this 1992 half-hour Fox sitcom about the wacky misadventures of seven punk rockers squatting in a condemned house prefigured *Friends* with its easygoing ensemble interaction. Since none of the characters were gainfully employed, they filled their time with exciting activities like begging for change, giving themselves home tattoos, and attempting suicide.

The six guys and one girl represented the gamut of punk and new wave personas, coexisting in a manner only possible in the world of TV: rockabilly rebel Ace (Matthew Perry), the de facto leader of the bunch; semi-retarded mohican Jack Boots (Corey Haim); well-mannered rude boy Buster (Todd Bridges); sullen and introverted goth Poe (Corey Feldman); snotty skinhead Spike (Adam Rich); a nameless Ant person (Anthony Michael Hall); and tough punkette Ann R. Key (Soleil Moon Frye), plus her pet rat Sid.

In the pilot, the crew face a crisis when, after an evening of barefoot dumpster-diving, Jack's undressed mumbletypeg wound threatens to become gangrenous. In a panic, the gang realizes that Buster is the only roommate with insurance, and thus Jack will have to assume his identity if his foot is to be saved. After some hackneyed hospital highjinks (including a high-speed gurney chase), the recovered patient and his mates celebrate by eluding the bouncers at a local nightclub and sneaking into a concert by "punk band" Ned's Atomic Dustbin.

Although the above ingredients seemed to be the recipe for a surefire smash, in another massive miscalculation Fox execs failed to greenlight the show, figuring that "punk" was "dead." In the wake of the 1994 punk nostalgia explosion, rumors have circulated that the show may be revived for the 1996 season.

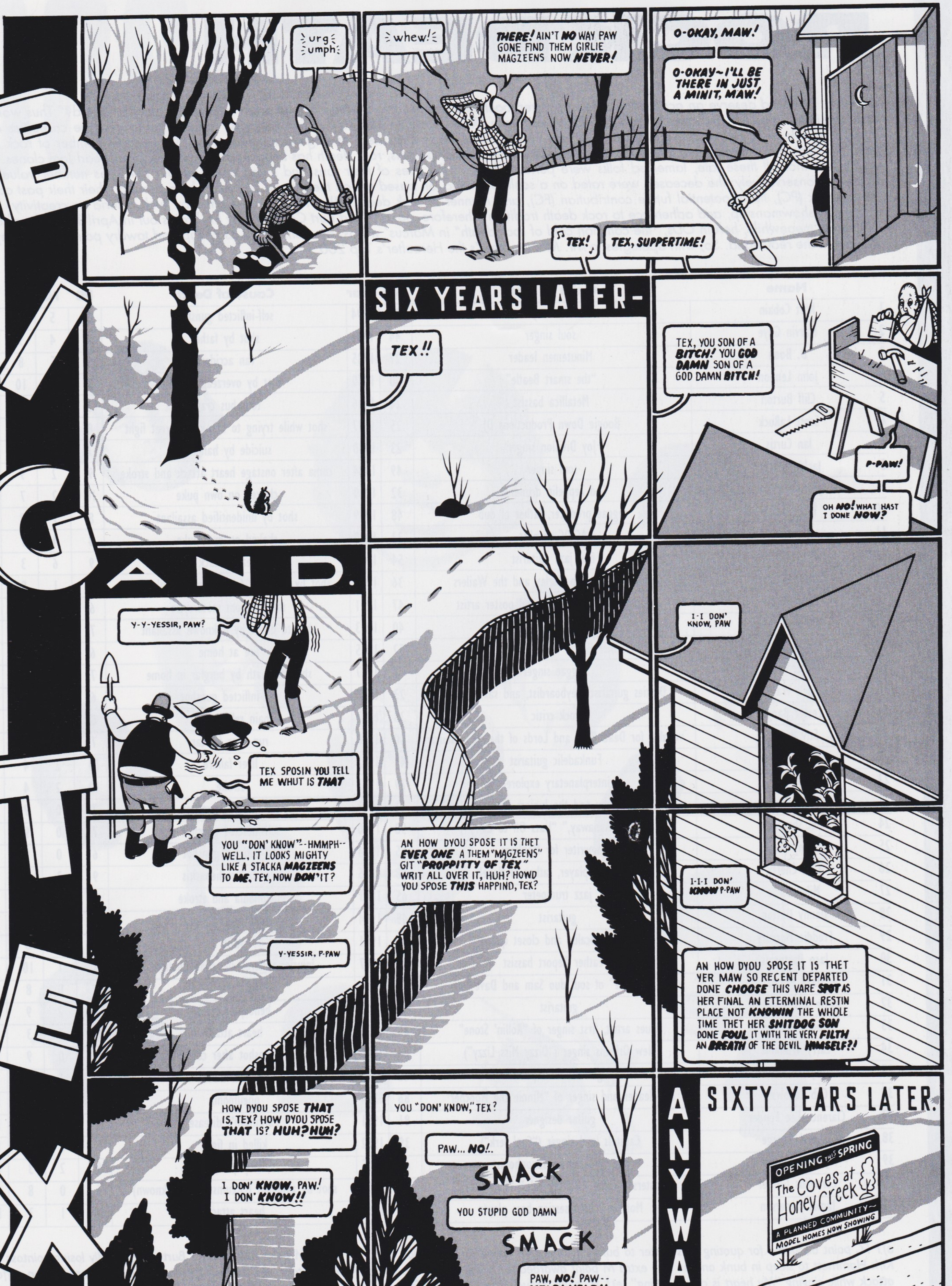
METRO TIMES

Fox initially hoped for a show that would win over the *Northern Exposure* audience, but instead ended up with *Metro Times*, an insipid combination of *WKRP in Cincinnati* and *Lou Grant*. This hour-long dramedy chronicled the travails of the staff of a struggling *Village Voice*-like alternative newsweekly in a depressed, culturally barren Midwestern city. Gary Sandy starred as publisher Don Wilson, a former '60s activist attempting to reconcile his old political beliefs with his upwardly mobile lifestyle and trying to live with the fact that he runs an "underground" publication where most of the articles are reprints from other newspapers and the overriding editorial policy is to not offend the advertisers.

In the opening moments of the unaired pilot, Wilson announces to his colorful, intern-screwing, drug-addled staff that the *Metro Times* needs to be made hipper in order to compete with a rival paper published by aging punk rocker Joey Puke (Andrew Dice Clay). News of the makeover adds an element of chaos to the paper's already volatile stew of interoffice romance and jealousy, as the weekly's hippie holdovers like music critic Stu Franklin (Glenn Frey) are forced to join with the new influx of well-intentioned but hopelessly misguided Volvo liberals like Liz Kavan (Rhea Pearlman).

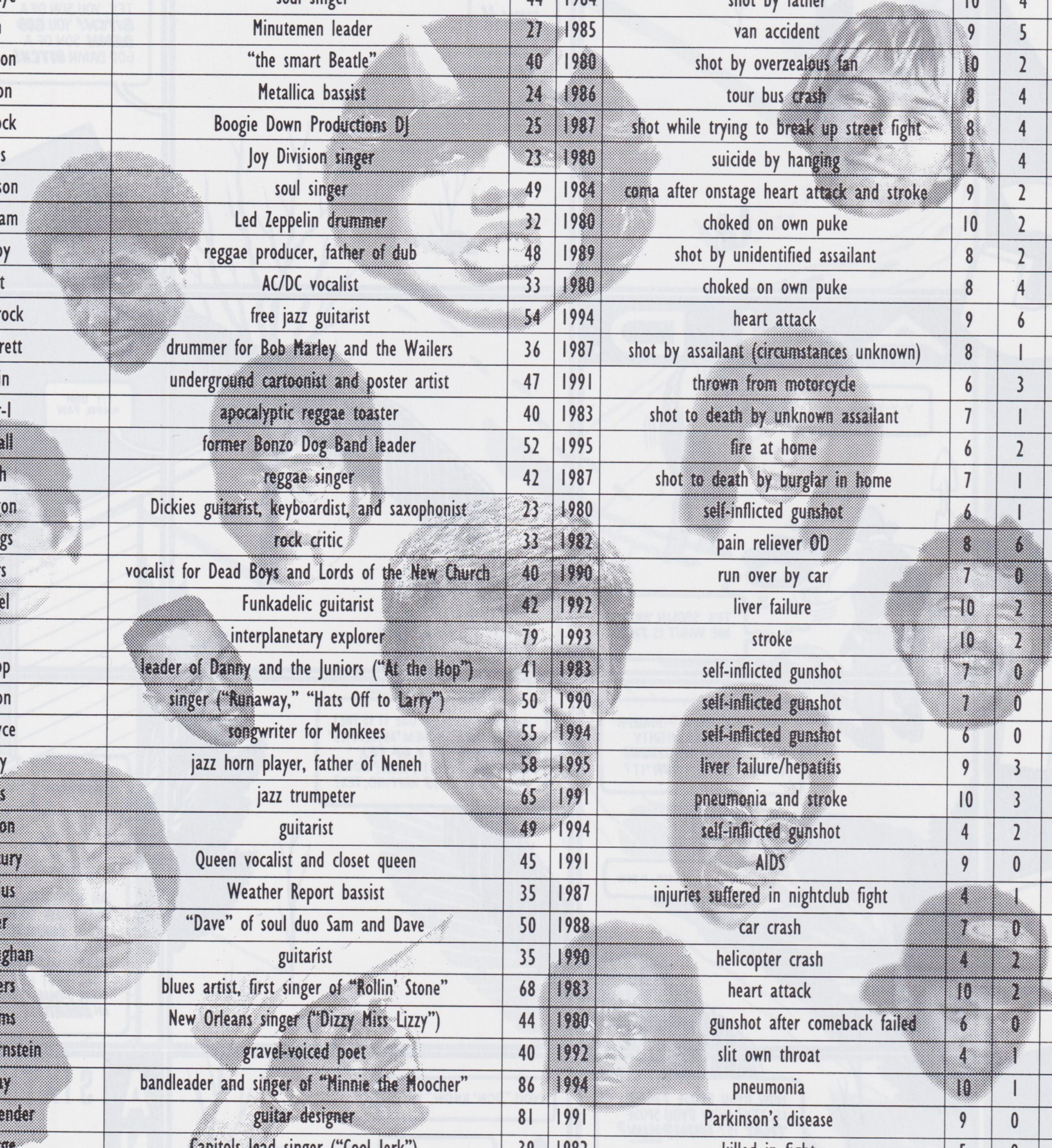
The show's comic relief was provided by the paper's pompous, overbearing arts editor C.J. (Louie Anderson) and his ambitious young protégé Dinghy (Joey Lawrence), who balances his journalistic career with hilariously inept moonlighting gigs as a musician, stand-up comedian, and junkie. In the pilot episode, the duo attempts to woo a visiting rock star using the cash they received from surreptitiously selling promotional copies of her records, but are thwarted by the sudden appearance of several of Dinghy's hysterical ex-girlfriends.

Storylines were slated to deal with the left's perpetual battle against the usual demon "isms," plus the paper's unique blend of plagiarism, nepotism, and favoritism. Ironically, just as the fictional publication failed to attract a substantial readership, the series failed to win over test audiences and network execs, who found the show and all its characters "too pretentious" and "too insignificant," and ultimately decided that except for concert listings and personal ads, no one cares about alternative papers anyway. ■


B
I
G
AND.
T
E
X
urg umph
whew!
THERE! AIN'T NO WAY PAW GONE FIND THEM GIRLIE MAGZEENS NOW NEVER!
O-OKAY, MAW!
O-OKAY~ I'LL BE THERE IN JUST A MINIT, MAW!
TEX!
TEX, SUPPERTIME!
SIX YEARS LATER-
TEX!!
TEX, YOU SON OF A BITCH! YOU GOD DAMN SON OF A GOD DAMN BITCH!
P-PAW!
OH NO! WHAT HAST I DONE NOW?
Y-Y-YESSIR, PAW?
TEX SPOSIN YOU TELL ME WHUT IS THAT
I-I DON' KNOW, PAW
YOU "DON' KNOW"?--HMMPH-- WELL, IT LOOKS MIGHTY LIKE A STACKA MAGZEENS TO ME, TEX, NOW DON'T IT?
Y-YESSIR, P-PAW
AN HOW DYOU SPOSE IT IS THET EVER ONE A THEM "MAGZEENS" GIT "PROPPITTY OF TEX" WRIT ALL OVER IT, HUH? HOWD YOU SPOSE THIS HAPPIND, TEX?
I-I-I DON' KNOW P-PAW
AN HOW DYOU SPOSE IT IS THET YER MAW SO RECENT DEPARTED DONE CHOOSE THIS VARE SPOT AS HER FINAL AN ETERMINAL RESTIN PLACE NOT KNOWIN THE WHOLE TIME THET HER SHITDOG SON DONE FOUL IT WITH THE VERY FILTH AN BREATH OF THE DEVIL HIMSELF?!
HOW DYOU SPOSE THAT IS, TEX? HOW DYOU SPOSE THAT IS? HUH? HUH?
I DON' KNOW, PAW! I DON' KNOW!!
YOU "DON' KNOW," TEX?
PAW... NO!..
SMACK
YOU STUPID GOD DAMN
SMACK
PAW, NO! PAW-- HELP! HELP!!
SMACK
ANYWAY
SIXTY YEARS LATER.
OPENING THIS SPRING
The Coves at Honey Creek
~A PLANNED COMMUNITY~
MODEL HOMES NOW SHOWING

ROCK DEATH 200

"Do not the dead deserve an accounting at least as irreproachable as the survivors receive with each week's edition of Billboard*?" Thus wondered critic Greil Marcus in his landmark 1979 Village Voice piece "Rock Death in the '70s: A Sweepstakes," an attempt to give the casualties of pop music's lifestyle wars just such a tally. In the 15 odd years since Marcus published his original tabulation, an even greater number of rock figures have shuffled off this mortal coil; now that rock is at least as old as your parents, rock death has become as commonplace as Pearl Jam clones. While we're sure that all these late, lamented folks were perfect "10"s in the eyes of their fans and loved ones, for our purposes number values were assessed conservatively: the deceased were rated on a scale of one to ten based not on their worth as human beings but on their their past contribution to rock (PC), likely potential future contribution (FC), and manner of rock death (M), which was weighed by such criteria as creativity, timing, spectacle, showmanship, and adherence to rock death tradition. Therefore, not only did Kurt Cobain blow his brains out in April 1994, he also blew our curve; meanwhile, heroin ODs, "the common cold of rock death" in Marcus' words, are considered as cheap and tawdry pointwise as they actually are in the real world. So, with apologies to Mr. Marcus, here's the Hereafter's Top 200.*

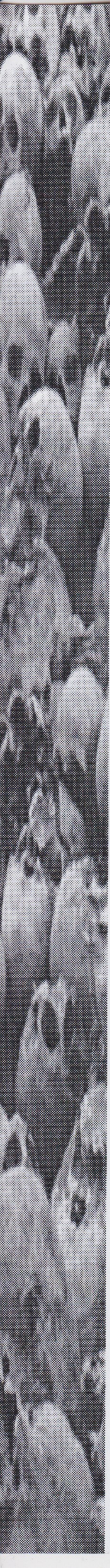


	Name	Claim to Fame	Age	Year	Cause of Death	PC	FC	M	Total
1	Kurt Cobain	sensitive Pisces Jesus man	27	1994	self-inflicted gunshot	9	5	10	24[a]
2	Marvin Gaye	soul singer	44	1984	shot by father	10	4	9	23
3	D. Boon	Minutemen leader	27	1985	van accident	9	5	8	22
4	John Lennon	"the smart Beatle"	40	1980	shot by overzealous fan	10	2	10	22
5	Cliff Burton	Metallica bassist	24	1986	tour bus crash	8	4	9	21[b]
6	Scott LaRock	Boogie Down Productions DJ	25	1987	shot while trying to break up street fight	8	4	9	21
7	Ian Curtis	Joy Division singer	23	1980	suicide by hanging	7	4	9	20[c]
8	Jackie Wilson	soul singer	49	1984	coma after onstage heart attack and stroke	9	2	9	20[d]
9	John Bonham	Led Zeppelin drummer	32	1980	choked on own puke	10	2	7	19[e]
10	King Tubby	reggae producer, father of dub	48	1989	shot by unidentified assailant	8	2	9	19
11	Bon Scott	AC/DC vocalist	33	1980	choked on own puke	8	4	7	19
12	Sonny Sharrock	free jazz guitarist	54	1994	heart attack	9	6	3	18
13	Carlton Barrett	drummer for Bob Marley and the Wailers	36	1987	shot by assailant (circumstances unknown)	8	1	8	17
14	Rick Griffin	underground cartoonist and poster artist	47	1991	thrown from motorcycle	6	3	8	17[f]
15	Prince Far-I	apocalyptic reggae toaster	40	1983	shot to death by unknown assailant	7	1	9	17
16	Viv Stanshall	former Bonzo Dog Band leader	52	1995	fire at home	6	2	9	17[g]
17	Peter Tosh	reggae singer	42	1987	shot to death by burglar in home	7	1	9	17
18	Chuck Wagon	Dickies guitarist, keyboardist, and saxophonist	23	1980	self-inflicted gunshot	6	1	10	17[h]
19	Lester Bangs	rock critic	33	1982	pain reliever OD	8	6	2	16
20	Stiv Bators	vocalist for Dead Boys and Lords of the New Church	40	1990	run over by car	7	0	9	16[i]
21	Eddie Hazel	Funkadelic guitarist	42	1992	liver failure	10	2	4	16
22	Sun Ra	interplanetary explorer	79	1993	stroke	10	2	4	16
23	Danny Rapp	leader of Danny and the Juniors ("At the Hop")	41	1983	self-inflicted gunshot	7	0	9	16
24	Del Shannon	singer ("Runaway," "Hats Off to Larry")	50	1990	self-inflicted gunshot	7	0	9	16
25	Tommy Boyce	songwriter for Monkees	55	1994	self-inflicted gunshot	6	0	9	15
26	Don Cherry	jazz horn player, father of Neneh	58	1995	liver failure/hepatitis	9	3	3	15
27	Miles Davis	jazz trumpeter	65	1991	pneumonia and stroke	10	3	2	15[j]
28	Danny Gatton	guitarist	49	1994	self-inflicted gunshot	4	2	9	15
29	Freddie Mercury	Queen vocalist and closet queen	45	1991	AIDS	9	0	6	15
30	Jaco Pastorius	Weather Report bassist	35	1987	injuries suffered in nightclub fight	4	1	10	15
31	Dave Prater	"Dave" of soul duo Sam and Dave	50	1988	car crash	7	0	8	15
32	Stevie Ray Vaughan	guitarist	35	1990	helicopter crash	4	2	9	15
33	Muddy Waters	blues artist, first singer of "Rollin' Stone"	68	1983	heart attack	10	2	3	15
34	Larry Williams	New Orleans singer ("Dizzy Miss Lizzy")	44	1980	gunshot after comeback failed	6	0	9	15
35	Steven Jesse Bernstein	gravel-voiced poet	40	1992	slit own throat	4	1	9	14
36	Cab Calloway	bandleader and singer of "Minnie the Moocher"	86	1994	pneumonia	10	1	3	14
37	Clarence Leo Fender	guitar designer	81	1991	Parkinson's disease	9	0	5	14
38	Samuel George	Capitols lead singer ("Cool Jerk")	39	1982	killed in fight	5	0	9	14
39	John Gilmore	Sun Ra Arkestra saxophonist	63	1995	emphysema	9	2	3	14
40	Cornelius Gunter	Coasters vocalist ("Yakety Yak," "Poison Ivy")	51	1990	shot by assailant (circumstances unknown)	6	0	8	14
41	James Jamerson	Motown studio session bass player	45	1983	heart attack	10	1	3	14

a) 1 FC point deducted for quoting "It's better to burn out than fade away" in his suicide note b) 1 extra M point awarded for Burton reportedly losing cointoss with Kirk Hammett to sleep in bunk on bus c) 1 extra M point awarded for killing self on eve of first American tour d) 2 extra M points added for rumor Wilson suffered attack while singing "My heart is crying, crying" e) 1 FC point deducted for being the father of Jason Bonham f) 2 PC points subtracted for having done album art for Grateful Dead g) 2 M points added for Stanshall being too drunk to flee burning house h) 1 extra M point awarded for report that Wagon killed himself rather than face his mother's reaction after he totaled her car i) 2 extra M points awarded for initially walking away from accident, only to die later from injuries j) 2 M points deducted for not dying as he wished, with his hands wrapped around a white man's throat

	Name	Claim to Fame	Age	Year	Cause of Death	PC	FC	M	Total
42	Phil Lynott	Thin Lizzy leader	34	1986	drug-related heart attack	8	1	5	14
43	Professor Longhair	New Orleans piano player	61	1980	respiratory complications	8	2	4	14
44	Buddy Rich	drummer and legendary asshole	69	1987	heart attack	10	1	3	14
45	Sylvester	disco singer	41	1988	AIDS	7	0	7	14
46	Mia Zapata	Gits vocalist	27	1993	strangled by unknown assailant	2	3	9	14
47	11 Who fans	Who fans	various	1979	trampled in stampede at Cincinnati concert	0	4	10	14k
48	Brook Benton	soul songwriter, singer ("Rainy Night in Georgia")	56	1988	spinal meningitis	7	1	5	13
49	Clifton Chenier	zydeco accordionist	62	1987	kidney failure/complications from diabetes	7	2	4	13
50	Willie Dixon	blues songwriter	86	1992	heart failure	10	0	3	13
51	Damon Edge	Chrome cofounder	45	1995	heart condition	9	1	3	13
52	Jerry Edmonton	Steppenwolf drummer	47	1993	car crash	5	0	8	13
53	Tom Evans	Badfinger bassist/vocalist and songwriter	36	1983	suicide by hanging	4	0	9	13l
54	John Hammond	producer and label exec	76	1987	natural causes	10	0	3	13
55	Keith Hudson	reggae producer and vocalist	38	1984	lung cancer	8	3	2	13
56	Steve Marriott	leader of Small Faces and Humble Pie	44	1991	fire in home	5	0	8	13
57	Memphis Slim	blues pianist	72	1988	kidney failure	8	1	4	13
58	Felix Pappalardi	Mountain bassist and producer	44	1983	shot by wife	4	0	9	13
59	Randy Rhoads	Ozzy Osbourne guitarist	25	1982	plane crash	2	1	10	13m
60	Fred 'Sonic' Smith	MC5 guitarist	45	1994	heart attack	10	0	3	13
61	Georgeanna Tillman	Marvelettes singer ("Please Mr. Postman")	35	1980	lupus	7	0	6	13
62	Rob Tyner	MC5 vocalist	46	1991	heart attack	10	0	3	13
63	Robert White	Motown studio session guitarist	57	1994	complications from open heart surgery	10	0	3	13
64	Dennis Wilson	Beach Boys drummer	39	1983	drowned while drunk	5	0	8	12
65	Darby Crash	Germs vocalist and punk role model	22	1980	heroin OD	9	2	1	12n
66	Lee Dorsey	singer ("Working in the Coal Mine")	61	1986	emphysema	8	0	4	12
67	Martin Hannett	Factory Records producer	50	1991	drug-related causes	8	2	2	12
68	Ted Hawkins	singer and songwriter	58	1995	stroke	4	3	5	12
69	Lightnin' Hopkins	blues guitarist	69	1982	cancer	9	1	2	12
70	O'Kelly Isley	member of Isley Brothers	48	1986	heart attack	8	1	3	12
71	Richard Manuel	Band pianist	42	1986	suicide by hanging	4	0	8	12
72	Bob Marley	reggae singer, NORML poster boy	36	1981	cancer	8	2	2	12o
73	Sean McDonnell	Surgery leader	29	1995	asthma attack	4	1	7	12
74	Amos Milburn	pianist and songwriter ("Bad, Bad Whiskey")	52	1980	drinking-related ailment	8	0	4	12p
75	Sterling Morrison	Velvet Underground guitarist	53	1995	cancer	8	0	4	12q
76	Jim Nash	founder of Wax Trax store and label	47	1995	AIDS	5	1	6	12
77	Jerry Nolan	drummer of New York Dolls and Heartbreakers	45	1992	pneumonia	8	0	4	12
78	Roy Orbison	singer, songwriter	52	1988	heart attack	9	0	9	12
79	Doc Pomus	songwriter ("Viva Las Vegas")	65	1991	lung cancer	9	1	3	12
80	Selena Quintanilla-Perez	Tejano crooner	23	1995	shot by fan club president	1	1	2	12
81	David Ruffin	Tempations singer	50	1991	cocaine OD	9	1	10	12
82	Merle Travis	designer of first solid-body electric guitar	65	1983	heart failure	9	0	2	12
83	Big Joe Turner	singer ("Shake, Rattle, and Roll")	74	1985	heart attack	9	0	3	12
84	Earl Van Dyke	Motown studio session keyboardist	62	1992	prostate cancer	10	0	3	12
85	Ricky Wilson	B-52's guitarist	32	1985	AIDS	6	2	2	12r
86	Phillipe Wynne	vocalist for Houseguests and Spinners	46	1984	heart attack	7	2	4	12
87	Roy Brown	blues shouter, writer of "Good Rockin' Tonight"	55	1981	heart attack	8	0	3	11
88	David Cole	composer and member of C+C Music Factory	32	1995	spinal meningitis	3	2	3	11
89	Albert Collins	blues guitarist	61	1993	cancer	7	2	6	11
90	Melvin Franklin	original member of Temptations	52	1995	heart failure	8	0	2	11
91	Bill Haley	singer of original *Happy Days* theme	55	1981	heart attack	8	0	3	11
92	Micki Harris	Shirelles singer ("Will You Love Me Tomorrow?")	42	1982	heart attack	8	0	3	11
93	Brian Hudson	Pagans drummer	33	1992	heart attack while driving	8	0	3	11
94	Barbara Lee Jones	Chiffons singer ("He's So Fine")	48	1992	heart attack	8	0	3	11s

k)4 FC points added for bad PR that ultimately caused ban on festival seating l)1 extra M point awarded for being second member of Badfinger to hang himself, after singer Pete Ham in 1975 m)crashed Osbourne's private Piper Cub while doing stunts for the amusement of the tour bus below n)add 2 extra M points if you believe rumor Crash deliberately OD'ed in homage to Sid Vicious o)add 2 M points if you're one of those people who believe the rumor that the government gave Marley cancer p)2 extra M points added for consistency q)2 extra M points added for Morrison's death mercifully putting the kibosh on any future VU reunions r)2 M points deducted for cause of death being covered-up for several years s)1 PC point awarded for successful plagiarism lawsuit against George Harrison



	Name	Claim to Fame	Age	Year	Cause of Death	PC	FC	M	Total
95	Eddie Kendricks	singer with Temptations	52	1992	lung cancer	8	1	2	11
96	Albert King	blues guitarist	69	1992	heart attack	7	1	3	11
97	Rick Nelson	singer, Ozzie and Harriet enthusiast	45	1985	plane crash	2	0	9	11[t]
98	Tracy Pew	Birthday Party bassist	40	1986	liver failure	8	0	3	11
99	Razzle	Hanoi Rocks drummer	26	1984	car accident in vehicle driven by Vince Neil	1	0	10	11
100	Johnny Thunders	guitarist of New York Dolls and Heartbreakers, junkie	38	1991	heroin OD	9	0	2	11[u]
101	Carl White	lead singer of the Rivingtons ("Papa-Oom-Mow-Mow")	48	1980	complications from priapsism	5	0	6	11
102	Arthur Alexander	R&B singer	53	1993	heart attack	6	1	3	10
103	Raymond Belknap, James Vance	oversensitive and underdeveloped Judas Priest fans	18, 23	1985	gunshot suicide pact	0	0	10	10[v]
104	Karen Carpenter	pop singer and kitsch superstar	32	1982	heart failure related to anorexia	3	0	7	10
105	John Cipollina	Quicksilver Messenger Service guitarist	45	1989	respiratory failure	4	0	6	10[w]
106	Gene Clark	original Byrds guitarist	46	1991	natural causes	7	0	3	10
107	Tom Fogerty	Creedence Clearwater Revival guitarist	48	1990	respiratory failure	6	0	4	10
108	Albert Grossman	manager of Bob Dylan	59	1986	heart attack on airplane	5	1	4	10
109	Jimmy Hodder	Steely Dan drummer	42	1990	drowned in own swimming pool	1	0	9	10
110	Nicky Hopkins	session keyboardist with Beatles, Rolling Stones, etc.	50	1994	stomach illness	5	1	4	10
111	Kit Lambert	Who manager	45	1981	fell down stairs	3	0	7	10
112	Major Lance	soul singer	55	1994	heart disease	7	0	3	10
113	Crash Morgan	Big Sugar drummer	35	1995	aneurism suffered onstage	0	0	10	10[x]
114	Bobby Nunn	original Coasters vocalist ("Riot in Cell Block 9")	61	1986	heart attack	7	0	3	10
115	Kyu Sakamoto	singer ("Sukiyaki")	43	1985	plane crash	1	0	9	10[y]
116	Raymond Scott	composer of music used in *Looney Tunes*	85	1994	pneumonia	7	0	3	10
117	Mort Shuman	songwriting partner of Doc Pomus ("Little Sister")	52	1991	cancer	8	0	2	10
118	Big Mama Thornton	R&B belter, first to record "Hound Dog"	57	1984	consumption	7	0	3	10
119	Sonny Til	Orioles lead singer ("Crying in the Chapel")	56	1981	heart attack	7	0	3	10
120	Steve Peregrine Took	Tyrannosaurus Rex percussionist	31	1980	choked on own lunch	4	0	6	10
121	Conway Twitty	country singer and mayor of Twitty City	59	1993	burst blood vessel in abdomen	3	0	7	10
122	June Tyson	singer with Sun Ra's Arkestra	56	1992	cancer	7	1	2	10
123	Phillip Woldemariam	Ethiopian emigré and By Yerself Hustler gang member	20	1993	shot from jeep driven by Snoop Doggy Dogg	0	0	10	10[z]
124	Sammy "B.O." Barnes	road manager of Bronx rap duo Show & A.G.	32	1995	shot in Bronx laundromat	0	0	9	9[A]
125	Joe Cole	Black Flag roadie and Rollins muse	30	1991	shot by muggers	0	0	9	9
126	Nathan Daniel	creator of Danelectro and Silvertone guitars	82	1994	heart attack	6	0	3	9
127	Tennessee Ernie Ford	country singer ("Ballad of Davy Crockett," "16 Tons")	72	1991	liver failure	6	0	3	9
128	Doug Hopkins	former Gin Blossoms guitarist	32	1993	self-inflicted gunshot	0	0	9	9
129	Henry Mancini	composer, author of "Theme from *Peter Gunn*"	70	1994	cancer	7	0	2	9
130	Jimmy Miller	Rolling Stones producer	52	1994	liver failure	6	0	3	9[B]
131	Jacques Morali	Village People creator and producer	44	1991	AIDS	3	0	6	9
132	Klaus Nomi	space-age opera singer	51	1983	AIDS	1	0	8	9[C]
133	Mick Ronson	David Bowie guitarist and Ian Hunter collaborator	46	1993	cancer	7	0	2	9
134	Richard Sohl	Patti Smith Group pianist	42	1990	heart failure	5	1	3	9
135	Chuck Vallee	Murphy's Law drummer	30	1994	stabbed in L.A. street argument	0	0	9	9
136	Jeff Ward	Low Pop Suicide drummer	30	1993	suicide by carbon monoxide poisoning	0	0	9	9[D]
137	Harry Chapin	annoying singer ("Taxi")	38	1981	taxi crash	0	0	8	8[E]
138	Rockin' Dopsie (Alton Rubin, Sr.)	zydeco musician	61	1993	heart attack	3	2	3	8[F]
139	Easy-E	rapper, producer, not a lover but a pimp	31	1995	AIDS	2	1	5	8
140	Esquerita	Little Richard manqué	54	1986	AIDS	2	0	6	8
141	Keith Godchaux	Grateful Dead keyboardist	32	1980	car crash	0	0	8	8[G]
142	Dan Hartman	Edgar Winter Band singer and disco producer	43	1994	AIDS	2	0	6	8
143	Burl Ives	folk singer and goatee pioneer	85	1995	heart failure/mouth cancer	4	0	4	8
144	Morris Levy	label exec, tried to copyright the term "rock 'n' roll"	62	1990	cancer	6	0	2	8
145	Roger Miller	country singer ("King of the Road")	56	1992	cancer	6	0	2	8
146	The Singing Nun (Jeanine Deckers)	singing nun ("Dominique")	52	1985	pill overdose	3	0	5	8[H]
147	Snakefinger (Phillip Lithman)	guitarist	39	1987	heart failure	4	1	3	8

t) 1 M point added for rumor that plane crashed after a freebasing fire broke out on board u) 1 M point added for predictability v) Belknap died immediately, but Vance lived until 1988 despite shooting off most of his face w) add 2 extra M points for belief that lifetime of pot smoking caused his death x) 1 extra M point awarded for dying while performing "Dear Mr. Fantasy" y) crash also killed 519 normal people z) subtract 3 M points if you believe that Snoop bodyguard pulled the trigger in self-defense A) 2 extra M points added for the arrest of Show & A.G. themselves for Barnes' murder B) 1 M point subtracted for being mentioned in "You Can't Always Get What You Want" C) 2 M points added for novelty of being first high-profile AIDS death D) 3 M points added for irony E) 2 M points added for poetic justice F) 2 PC points subtracted for not using real last name G) 2 M points added for carrying on dead Grateful Dead keyboard player tradition, established by Pigpen H) 2 extra M points added for iniquity I) add 2 extra M points if

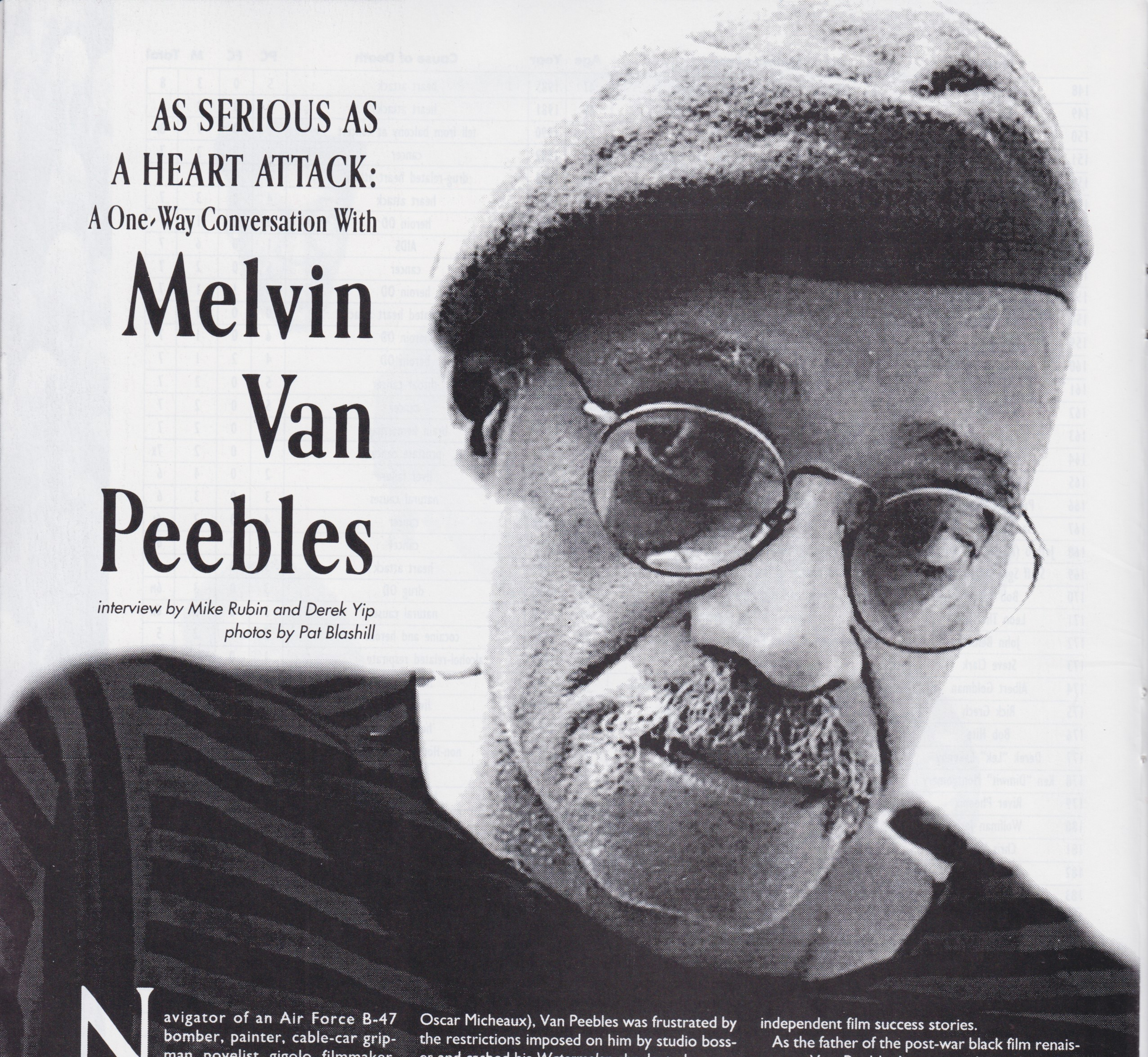
	Name	Claim to Fame	Age	Year	Cause of Death	PC	FC	M	Total
148	Ian Stewart	Rolling Stone keyboardist/hanger-on	47	1985	heart attack	5	0	3	8
149	Joe Tex	soul singer ("Ain't Gonna Bump No More")	49	1981	heart attack	5	0	3	8
150	Trouble T-Roy	one of Heavy D's Boyz	22	1990	fell from balcony at concert	1	0	7	8I
151	Neil Bogart	record label exec, booster of Kiss and Parliament	39	1982	cancer	5	0	2	7
152	Pete Farndon	Pretenders bassist	29	1983	drug-related heart attack	4	0	3	7
153	Alex Harvey	leader of Sensational Alex Harvey Band	47	1982	heart attack	4	0	3	7
154	James Honeyman-Scott	Pretenders guitarist	25	1982	heroin OD	5	1	1	7
155	Craig Lee	music critic, guitarist for Bags and Catholic Discipline	38	1991	AIDS	1	0	6	7
156	Murray the K	New York radio DJ and "fifth Beatle"	60	1982	cancer	5	0	2	7
157	Malcolm Owen	Ruts singer	26	1980	heroin OD	5	1	1	7
158	Jeff Porcaro	Toto drummer	38	1992	drug-related heart attack	0	0	7	7J
159	Will Shatter	Flipper bassist	31	1987	heroin OD	6	0	1	7
160	Hillel Slovak	Red Hot Chili Peppers guitarist	25	1988	heroin OD	4	2	1	7
161	Steve Wahrer	Trashmen drummer ("Surfin' Bird")	47	1989	throat cancer	5	0	2	7
162	Mary Wells	Motown singer ("My Guy")	49	1992	cancer	5	0	2	7
163	Ron Wilson	Surfaris drummer ("Wipe Out")	45	1989	brain hemorrhage	5	0	2	7
164	Frank Zappa	father of Dweezil and Moon Unit	52	1993	prostate cancer	5	0	2	7K
165	Michael Clarke	original Byrds drummer	49	1993	liver failure	2	0	4	6
166	Papa John Creach	Jefferson Airplane violinist	76	1994	natural causes	3	0	3	6
167	Sammy Davis, Jr.	Pack rat and candy man	64	1990	cancer	4	0	2	6L
168	Jethro (Kenneth C. Burns)	mandolin player in neo-bumpkin icons Homer & Jethro	69	1989	cancer	4	0	2	6
169	Staff Sgt. Barry Sadler	spoken word pioneer ("The Ballad of the Green Beret")	49	1989	heart attack	3	0	3	6
170	Bob Stinson	original Replacements guitarist	35	1995	drug OD	3	0	3	6M
171	Leon Theremin	inventor of the theremin	97	1994	natural causes	3	0	3	6N
172	John Belushi	member of Blues Brothers and Killer Bees	33	1982	cocaine and heroin	2	1	2	5
173	Steve Clark	Def Leppard guitarist	30	1991	alcohol-related respirato	1	0	4	5
174	Albert Goldman	Elvis biographer, practitioner of cultural genocide	66	1994	heart failure	0	0	5	5O
175	Rick Grech	bassist with Family and Blind Faith	45	1990	liver failure	2	0	3	5
176	Bob Hite	Canned Heat singer	36	1981	heart attack	2	0	3	5
177	Derek "Lek" Lekenby	Herman's Hermits lead guitarist	51	1994	non-Hodgkins lymphoma	1	0	4	5
178	Ken "Dimwit" Montgomery	Subhumans and D.O.A. drummer	36	1994	heroin OD	4	0	1	5
179	River Phoenix	Aleka's Attic guitarist	23	1993	bunk dope OD	0	0	5	5P
180	Wolfman Jack	DJ, actor, Hollywood Square	57	1995	heart attack	2	0	3	5
181	Chris Wood	Traffic saxophonist	39	1983	liver failure	2	0	3	5
182	Lee Brilleaux	Dr. Feelgood singer	41	1994	cancer	0.5	0	4	4.5Q
183	Jerry Garcia	career hippie, tie designer	53	1995	heart failure	3	0	1	4R
184	Bill Graham	concert promoter	60	1991	helicopter crash	-5	0	9	4S
185	Paul Butterfield	blues bandleader and harmonica player	44	1987	natural causes	1	0	3	4
186	Eric Carr	drummer for post-makeup KISS	41	1991	cancer	2	0	2	4
187	Harry Nilsson	singer and composer	52	1994	heart disease	1	0	3	4
188	Bert Convy	singer with the Cheers ("[Bazoom] I Need Your Lovin'")	52	1991	brain tumor	1	0	2	3
189	Andy Gibb	singer ("Shadow Dancing"), brother of Bee Gees	30	1988	heart failure	0	0	3	3
190	Brent Mydland	Grateful Dead keyboardist	37	1990	drug OD	0	0	3	3T
191	Kurt Neimand	Six Finger Satellite bassist	24	1995	heroin OD	2	0	1	3
192	George Scott III	Contortions bassist	26	1980	drug OD	2	0	1	3
193	Charlie Ondras	Unsane drummer	27	1992	heroin OD	1	0	1	2
194	Kristen Pfaff	Hole bassist	26	1994	heroin OD	1	0	1	2
195	Stefanie Sargent	7 Year Bitch guitarist	24	1992	heroin OD	1	0	1	2
196	Andrew Wood	preening Mother Love Bone singer	24	1990	heroin OD	1	0	1	2
197	Dwayne Goettel	Skinny Puppy keyboardist	31	1995	heroin OD	0	0	1	1
198	Shannon Hoon	Blind Melon singer	28	1995	heroin OD	0	0	1	1
199	Hewhocannotbenamed	Dwarves guitarist	32	1993	stabbed to death	0	0	9	0U
200	G.G. Allin	"singer," "performance artist"	36	1993	heroin OD	-100	-1000	0	-1100V

you believe he was pushed J)5 extra M points added for news reports Porcaro died in bizarre gardening accident K)5 PC points awarded for Beefheart association L)4 PC points added for being the original one-eyed black Jew M)2 extra M points added for rumor Stinson was in drag at time of death N)2 PC points subtracted for theremin being used on "Good Vibrations" O)2 M points added for revelation that Goldman possessed a heart P)4 extra M points added for initial rumors of Valium OD; add 3 M points if you believe that Gibby Haynes shot up Phoenix's final fix Q)2 M points added for irony R)2 M points deducted for announcement that Garcia died of "natural causes" at a rehab center S)5 PC points deducted for his lasting negative influence on the industry T)2 M points added for carrying on dead Grateful Dead keyboardist tradition U)subtract 9 M points for discovery that "death" was actually an elaborate prank to cover Hewho's departure from the band V)1 M point deducted for not committing suicide onstage as promised

AS SERIOUS AS A HEART ATTACK:
A One-Way Conversation With
Melvin Van Peebles

interview by Mike Rubin and Derek Yip

photos by Pat Blashill



Navigator of an Air Force B-47 bomber, painter, cable-car gripman, novelist, gigolo, filmmaker, musician, composer, actor, playwright, Wall Street options trader—Melvin Van Peebles has worn enough hats successfully to have one hell of a swelled head. Born Melvin Peebles in Checkerboard City 64 years ago, the eminence greasy of the independent film community doesn't have a particularly large skull, but he'll be the first to tell you that his achievement-laden career is simply the result of always doing exactly as he pleases.

Van Peeble's 1967 debut feature *Story of a Three Day Pass* won him the Critic's Award at the San Francisco Film Festival and landed him a job at Columbia Pictures directing *Watermelon Man*, starring Godfrey Cambridge. Although the movie earned him the honor of being the first-ever black director of a Hollywood film (not counting prolific 1930s "race film" director Oscar Micheaux), Van Peebles was frustrated by the restrictions imposed on him by studio bosses and cashed his *Watermelon* checks to become his own boss.

"Dedicated to all the brothers and sisters who had enough of the Man," Van Peebles' self-financed 1971 film *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* was the incendiary salvo that lit the fuse of contemporary African American filmmaking. *Sweetback* was more of a raw experimental film than a work of "blaxploitation," which more correctly refers to movies starring black actors but produced and (most often) written and directed by whites. In contrast, Van Peebles was *Sweetback*'s producer, director, writer, composer, and star, while the film was a revenge fantasy about the radicalization of a whorehouse stud who kills two cops after he witnesses them brutally beat a young nationalist. Made by the seat of MVP's britches for $500,000, *Sweetback* went on to gross $14 million, one of the first great independent film success stories.

As the father of the post-war black film renaissance, Van Peebles' status is legendary, but fewer people know about his musical career. Beginning with *Brer Soul* in 1967, Van Peebles would go on to create nine albums, including five solo efforts, two film soundtracks, and two Broadway cast recordings. Rather than songs per se, Van Peebles' albums veer toward a spoken word approach that qualifies him as one of the forefathers of rap: theatrical vignettes, hysterical monologues, and lyrical soliloquies, all delivered in a gruff, tone-deaf bark that sounds like a drunken, funky uncle. Van Peebles' typically project-packed 1995 has already seen him write the screenplay for the film *Panther* (directed by son Mario), publish the novel the film was based on, return from a 20 year musical vacation with the album *Ghetto Gothic*, and finally allow *MOTORBOOTY* to corner him at his New York apartment.

MOTORBOOTY: What's your background?

MELVIN VAN PEEBLES: I'm from the South Side of Chicago. I left there in 1949 at 16 when I went away to college.

You went away to college at 16?

Yeah, but I wasn't smart enough not to stay out of ROTC, so 13 days after I was out of college I was in the Air Force. I was supposed to be in for 18 months, but they kept increasing the time I had serve because of 'national security,' so I ended up spending three and a half years in the service. Two weeks after I got out, my troop crashed, and the guy who was sitting in my seat was burned to cinders.

I had saved some money from the service, so I went Mexico, where my eldest son Mario was born. I thought retirement in Mexico would be great, but after three weeks of laying around I was ready to blow my brains out. I worked in my Dad's tailor shop every day from when I was ten until when I left Chicago, which didn't give me a work ethic so much as it gave me a work *routine*. It's just something you do; you don't even think about it. Leisure time wasn't something I had use for, so I never cultivated it. I remember once, many years later, Mario and I were playing basketball with a couple friends of ours, and Mario told me to get out there and threw me the ball and it bounced off my head. He said, 'Jesus, Dad! You're sagging!,' but I told him, 'Son, I don't know how to play. I never got to play!"

Ol' Mushroom Lid from *Dont Play Us Cheap*

At that time the greatest city was without a doubt San Francisco, so that's where I went. Even though I was a college graduate and I had all of these wings and medals, they didn't accept minorities in the cockpits of the airlines so I couldn't get a job there. Then I just asked myself, 'What would be the greatest job to have in San Francisco?'

A quake monitor?

Hmm, a quake monitor. I didn't think of that. No, I thought 'cable-car driver,' so I ended up driving cable cars. I noticed that they were a big tourist attraction, so I decided to write an article about it and get somebody to take pictures. Anyway the article turned into this whole little book, and then I sold the book. One day somebody got on the cable car and wanted to get his book signed and he told me the book was just like a movie. I thought, 'Hmm, I guess I wanted a movie.' So that's how I decided to do movies. That and the fact that I was not happy with the images I was always seeing. I saw this movie where yet again some guy is humming this spiritual and sweat is pouring down his nose while he's being lynched, and some liberal guy is saying 'Oh, America must change,' and I was like, 'Fuck this shit. I'm tired of seeing this. Kick the motherfucker's ass!' So that image and the cable car thing prompted me to get into movies.

I didn't know anything about making movies. It's hard to understand that today because now there are film schools and everybody talks about film, but back then it was sort of like alchemy, some medieval science that just a few people knew about—like a guild for carving rocks on gothic churches or something. I calculated that I could make a feature film in 16mm for $500. I had about that much in savings at that time, so I thought, 'Well, shit, I'm gonna do it.' I decided to divide it into three short films, because I thought I would do better keeping it small that way. However, there are other little things that I forgot all about. You've got to develop the film, you've got to get other copies, you've got to have another print made. I had to sell my car, I had to take on another job, and so on and so on.

Finally I finished the shooting on my first 30 minute film. I went down to the basement, and some guy gave me Eisenstein's *Film and Form* and showed me how to glue it together. That was the extent of my formal cinema education. Then I realized that I needed a soundtrack, but the musicians I knew were unreliable or unusable, so that's how I went into music. Since I couldn't play an instrument I got a kazoo. I played my soundtrack and hummed the other parts.

I went down to Hollywood with my three short films under my arm and said, 'I'd like a job.' They said, 'Fine, you can be an elevator operator.' I was like, 'No, you don't understand. I want to write and direct.' They kept giving me the runaround, until one guy took me aside and said, 'Look, we don't have any black people here, your people are not ready yet for the industry, and the industry's not ready for you'—you know, the whole separate but equal bullshit. But I insisted, so he offered me a job as a dancer. I left.

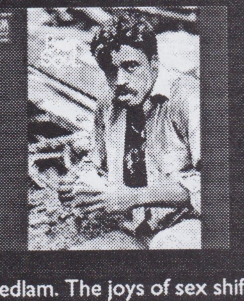
Broken-hearted, I went back to my second love, which was astronomy. I moved to Holland to gain my Ph.D in astronomy. Through luck, the Cinematheque in France saw my first three films and I got a postcard from France saying, 'You're a genius. What are you doing buried in astronomy?' I was like, 'Shit!' so I went to France. The French met me with a limo, took me to the Champs-Élysées, and then projected my films. They all 'oohed' and 'aahed' over me and kissed me, then they drove off. So there I was, in the middle of the Champs-Élysées with two wet cheeks, no money, and three cans of film. Still, I decided, 'Well, okay, I'm gonna make it. I'm gonna be a filmmaker.'

THE MUSIC OF MELVIN

by Derek Yip

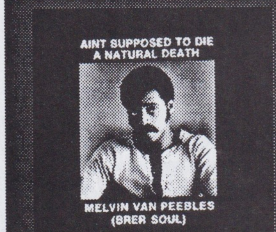
***Brer Soul* (A&M 1968)**

Van Peebles took advantage of the fact that A&M was a label without a significant roster of black artists to convince them to relinquish creative control to him. The result was a brilliant quasi-concept album of intricate theatrical narratives told from the viewpoints of various ghetto characters, all delivered over protean free-jazz rumblings that periodically get blown to pieces by barrages of dissonance. For example, the title subject of "Lilly Done the Zampoughi Everytime I Pulled Her Coattail" (partially based on an actual MVP sexploit), springs into an exuberant post-coital dance that cues the background jazz to suddenly burst into ensemble bedlam. The joys of sex shift quickly into "Hey Joe" territory, however, when Lilly is caught doing the "Z" with other menfolk, and the song evolves into a flutey-reverbed eulogy from her jealous lover/murderer. Elsewhere, "Catch That On the Corner" finds a blind pencil pusher entranced by the sweet smell of crossdress, leaving him all hot and bothered for a description of the ho. The bass mounts some serious JBs' rhythm and the horn section blows funereal tones before the album cathartically recedes in a horny dirge, the sightless man desperately imploring "Come on baby rap to me!" above the din. Altogether, *Brer Soul* expresses a variety of emotions, from the poetically poignant to the heatedly political (the author's "Free Huey" sentiment on the back cover would later be transposed onto thousands of campus buttons), plus a heaping helping of (literally) black humor almost as funny as the cover photo of Melvin's impersonation of a mudflap.



***Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death* (A&M 1969)**

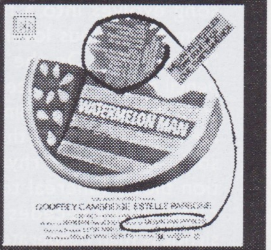
Its title cribbed from Frederick Douglass' famous aphorism "A slave ain't supposed to die a natural death" (translated into MVP's trademark apostrophe-eschewing style), *Aint* proffers up more impressionistic slices-of-ghetto-life in place of *Brer Soul*'s narrative cohesion. Electric harpsichord implodes the endorphin-inducing "Come On Feet Do Your Thing," with a bassline keeping time to the heartbeat of a sprinting brother about to be snuffed out by pig artillery; MVP would later recycle this workout to scintillating effect during *Sweetback*'s chaotic chase scenes. "Funky Girl on Motherless Broadway," an intentionally off-key interpolation of the traditional "Motherless Children," is buoyed by effervescent tuba as a transvestite harlot turns tricks and cracks wise ("You



know what balling is?/It's a poot in old death's face"), while "Put a Curse On You" ambles the hoodoo down over a solitary beat, abetted by horns and guitar, as the narrator casts a spell of ghetto deterioration on the vanilla 'burbs: "Put a curse on you/May all your children end up junkies too."

Sequence always being a priority for MVP, the redoubtable "Salamaggi's Birthday" closes out the album and envelops you in the claustrophobic ballad of a bad lieutenant. Lyrically one of the starkest songs ever about protecting and serving, the befunked indictment of officers both black and white forcing a streetwalker to give them complimentary suckoffs becomes more vicious as the cops get sardonic about it: "Smile brown sugar/Smile if you know what's good for you." With grimmer visuals than the bleakest headcracking moments of Ralph Bakshi's *Coonskin* strung together, this is from the hard-cocks school of dissent—most certainly not a Richie Havens protest song by a long shot.

Watermelon Man (soundtrack) (Beverly Hills 1970)



Though *Watermelon Man* was not his own creation, MVP insisted on producing his own soundtrack music. Departing from his usual recitation, MVP croons heartily, albeit futilely on the "Heard It Through the Grapevine" bastardization "Soul'd On You," where he yelps at his most tone-deaf extreme, with femme background vocal schmaltz, prominent rock guitar, and horns all pasted on for good displeasure. It's no surprise that this song was never used in the film, unlike "Love, That's America," the sarcastic lead number ("This ain't America/You can't fool me/This here's the land of the sheriff/Not the home of the free"). The wealth of guffaws stirred up from a viewing of *Watermelon Man* doesn't come close to the camp quotient of actress Estelle Parsons' quavering vocals trying to cut through "Where Are the Children," an atrocity that was actually MVP's idea. Despite having the poignant lyrics marred by cheesy background vocal arrangements (which sound like an afterthought added on to camouflage the songs' weak lead vocals), this is still an album to be sought out if only for its sheer outlandishness, as well as for 13-year-old Mario Van Peebles' almost psychedelic back-cover collage.

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song (Original Soundtrack) (Stax 1971)

SWEET SWEETBACK'S
BAADASSSSS SONG

Clips of the film's dialogue track, sparser than the hair on Bono's head, form the segues between the songs on this urban opera, starting with the squishy sounds of 14-year-old Mario Van Peebles as a precocious "Sweetback Losing His Cherry." (Part of an acting vanguard that later included Traci Lords, Mario showed his gratitude for the freebie by projecting Pops'

What kind of work did you do to make money, stuck there in France?

I became a beggar. I got a kazoo, so I'd stand there playing "Take This Hammer" and "La Bamba," holding out my hat. I learned to speak a little French, and like Blanche Du Bois, I've always counted on the kindness of strangers. There was a bull market for virile young men, so.... You could always meet up with some countess, but I never went with countesses because they didn't have have anything to do all day, so they'd drag you to an island in Greece or the ballet. I devised a system where I would go with a different working girl one day a week, and I would stagger each one's day off so I'd have the rest of the day free. I'd go at night and I'd have the rest of the day free to write all day. I'd see one girl the one day, the next girl the next day, and the next girl the next day. They were feeding me and giving me a place to sleep; that was all I needed.

There was a French law that said that a French writer could have a director's card, so I began to learn French, and I became one of the editors of a French humor magazine.

What is 'French humor'?

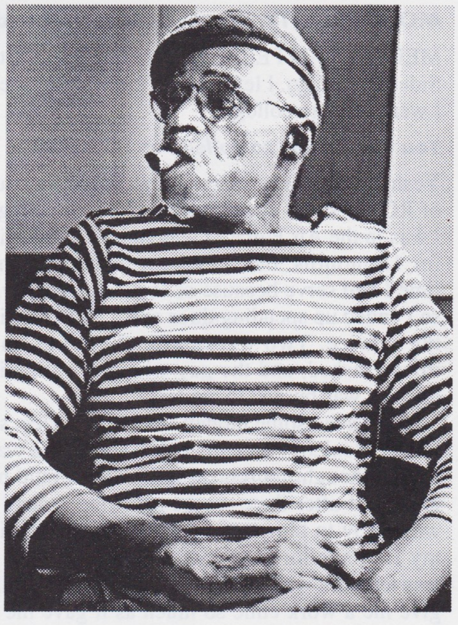
How the fuck should I know? It's the same as American, I guess. Listen, I published five novels in French, and then I went to the Cinema Center and said, 'I write in French, I'm a French writer, right? So give me my director's card, motherfucker.' I had written this one story, *La Permission*, and I managed to find the money to film it. To make a long story short, I came back to the States in 1967 as the French delegate to the San Francisco Film Festival. The festival didn't know I was an American, let alone a black guy. I was the first modern black guy to make a feature, and that caused a great deal of embarrassment to Hollywood. People were like, 'Why are you over there working? Why aren't you here?' I was like, 'Give me a break. Last time I asked you to give me a job, you wanted me to be an elevator operator. What the fuck are you talking about?' They were like, 'Well, there's been some changes, blah, blah, blah,' the usual bullshit.

So all of a sudden everybody in Hollywood was offering me a job. I refused, because if I had taken the jobs, they would have had the one black threat under wraps. In the meantime, I was living in New York on a park bench in front of the Women's House of Detention on Tenth and Greenwich. That's where the song "Tenth and Greenwich" on *Brer Soul* comes from: I would listen to people calling up to their girlfriends in the jail, and the whole song comes from the dialogue I overheard.

I eventually agreed to make *Watermelon Man* if they would let me shoot in Harlem, and I also managed to make a major break in the unions: I made them take on minority apprentices, or otherwise I wouldn't do the film.

You were already doing records at this time, right?

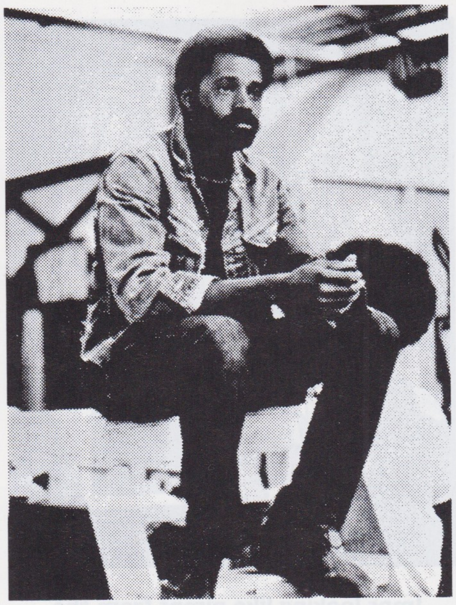
Right. Even though I couldn't read or write music I was pretty conversant in it because I had done the soundtracks for my short films. I invented my own composing technique by numbering the piano keys, humming notes, finding their place on the keyboard, and jotting down the corresponding numbers. Musicians then identified the notes—'Oh that's a D-sharp with a 13th minor, that's sneaky'—and wrote out the actual tabulation sheets. I was always saying, 'Play the words instead of the notes. Play the feeling of the words.' For example, 'Catch-that-on-the-cor-ner, bop-bop-bup-bip-baa-bop.' After the message of the words had been set up, it was okay to play the music without the message. They would still hear 'Catch-that-on-the-cor-ner.'


A daring affront to olfactory mores

When I was a kid, my mother decided I was going to take piano. I was doing "Chopsticks," and the teacher was like, 'Oh, he's doing so well, he ought to start composing music himself.' I came back the next week and did my little thing, and she was like, 'Give me a break, you've got to be able to do better than that.' The same thing happened the next week. The third week I played the same way, and she whacked me. The fourth week she went to my mother and said, 'I shouldn't have praised him. He's not doing his theory. He keeps playing this weird stuff.' My mother said, 'Oh no, no, no, he's been working very hard. He's always practicing at it.' The teacher said, 'Oh my God,' and she hugged me and apologized for having whacked me, but she told my mother, 'He's learning his lessons by rote. He's tone deaf, and I didn't realize it. He'll never be a musician so there's no need to keep wasting your money.' So that was the end of my formal music career.

Jump cut: Years later I walk in a bar and I almost started to cry. I heard what sounded to me like my first composition being played. It was "Little Rootie Tootie" by Thelonious Monk. The teacher assumed I was just fucking off, but I was hearing dissonance and that's what I was playing.

There's another story about my days on the piano. There was this girl named Betty—I won't reveal her last name in case the poor child might subscribe to MOTORBOOTY—



MVP circa 1973

and she was taking piano lessons at the same time, and I liked Betty and she liked me. But Betty had this terrible habit of whatever you said to her, she would repeat three times louder. So we'd be sitting there, with her parents in the other room, and I'd whisper, 'Hey Betty, how about a kiss?' And she'd go, 'How about a kiss? *How about a kiss?* HOW ABOUT A KISS?!' She got my ass kicked on a couple of occasions.

Anyway, when I came back to the States in 1967, in the middle of all this upheaval, I was surprised by the dearth of urban protest songs. Dylan was saying some things, but all the rest were 'lolli-pop,' singing about things like happy plantations, and I didn't find these songs grounded in reality. The forms that were available—straight blues or straight spirituals or ballads—didn't fit, so I invented another form, sort of like the German *sprechtsimme* where you chant and say these things. This was picked up by the Last Poets, then Gil Scott-Heron, and then later L.L. Cool J and on and on and on. That was the true origin of rap. Yet nobody except Grace Jones and Denny, the black guy from Sha Na Na, has ever covered any of my songs. I guess my delivery is a little too 'quirky' for them. If I had sung the songs sweetly, or in a more traditional manner, people could get caught up in the tradition of the words rather than what the words were saying, and I didn't want that. Also, I minimalized the music because I wanted people to focus on the message.

What was the public reaction to Brer Soul, considering there was no precedent for anything like it at the time?

'Wow!' Lyrical, spoken word, poetry, they didn't know what to call it. The repercussions of the style have far, far exceeded its sales, a thousand times coming.

Your records are more than just out-of-print; they're practically apocryphal.

They didn't publish Melville until after he was dead. *(Actually, most of Melville's works were published in his lifetime—ed.)*

Do you have any plans to reissue your albums?

I don't have any plans. At one stage A&M was talking about it, but right now you can't even find *Ghetto Gothic* because I had some problems with Capitol: the guy who's the head of promotions decided that he knew what black music was supposed to sound like, and my record wasn't what it was supposed to sound like. The iconoclast, whether he's black or white, is always given a hard time; that situation is only exacerbated by the fact that I'm black. It's not quite accurate to say that I'm a militant; I just want what the fuck I want. If you don't like it, fuck you.

Why did you stop making records after **What the....You Mean I Can't Sing?** ***in 1974?***

Nobody offered me a deal where they'd leave me alone.

Why did you choose to return now, and why did you choose Capitol?

They offered me a deal that would leave me alone, and as far as production went, I got exactly what I wanted. However, after that, things were different. It didn't fit into the urban niche that someone thought it should have, so it was ignored.

It seemed like Capitol only worked the record about two minutes. The person I spoke to at the record company said they 'weren't working the project anymore.'

'Anymore' is a euphemism. They never worked it. The press was good, but there was no airplay. The label acted embarrassed and didn't return my calls.

Did you have—

Let's talk about my movies. They told me, 'A black film has never made money.' I said, 'Well, how would you know? You've never made a black film. You've just made white fantasies that you think black people wanted to see.' So I set out on my own to make *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*.

First I needed a studio, but none of the normal studios would talk to me, so one morning I looked in the mirror while I was shaving and said, 'Melvin, you are now a studio.' I did it myself, and I had no partners in anything. Not because I was some great financial genius, but just because no one would come in with me. Years later, some little guy asked me, 'Mr. Van Peebles, how did you get to the top?' I told him the truth: 'No one would let me in at the bottom.'

Did your inspiration for Sweetback really come when you went out to the Mojave Desert and masturbated in the brush?

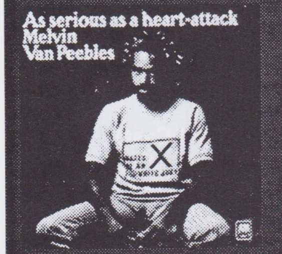
The specifics of the inspiration might have come then, no pun intended. I knew there were other ways of doing a film, and the realization ran out of me at that specific moment, in a spurt of genius.

No pun intended.

Whatever. So then I made *Sweetback*, which changed the whole landscape. Afterwards I was more or less blackballed, because what I was suggesting was very dangerous. If this

film on a video screen during a *New Jack City* sex scene.) From the Bobby Byrd kitchen of fatback-cooking comes "Hoppin John," a soul stew replete with "Groove" Holmes organ-pumping, and "Mojo Woman," a rambunctious nod to LaVern Baker, complemented by barrelhouse piano and Muscle Shoals rhythm. The soundtrack's crowning achievement, however, is etched into the seven-and-a-half minute banded grooves of the meditatively taut "Sweetback's Theme" by a then-embryonic Earth, Wind & Fire: a simmering soup of saxophones, handclaps, bass-keyboard pulse, and a funkafied trumpet sample of "Won't Bleed Me" (a call-and-response spiritual that also appears separately on this soundtrack). The theme was justifiably released as a single (now available on a Stax-Volt CD box), before being ultimately coopted for more whitebread consumption as the *Barney Miller* theme.

As Serious as a Heart-Attack
(A&M 1972)

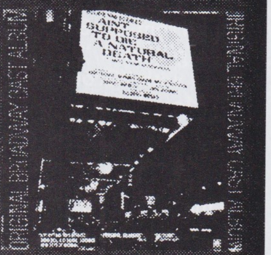


Although this is the album where the Brer Soul moniker was mothballed, Melvin was at this point living a lifestyle worthy of his alter ego. An atypical crash-pad vagabond, he would spend his days working in the offices of his theatrical producers, hang out with the likes of Cab Calloway at night, then wind up at the crib of one of any number of wealthy mistresses. It was nothing short of amazing then, that between the promotion of his musical and *Sweetback*, plus the scripting of *Dont Play Us Cheap*, he managed to knock off this album. Although there's the added feature of background vocals, *As Serious as a Heart-Attack* is MVP's most barrenly arranged record, almost completely dispensing with the jazz instrumentation. "Rufus & Ruby," scythes through the "Countryside" of the LP like *Sounder* gone amuck: percolating drums and pounding ivories barrel through the story of a slave sniping the plantation owner and his henchmen as they head down to fetch his girl, the owner's designated "new big house plaything."

The "Cityside" offers the scathing social sarcasm of "Just Dont Make No Sense," one blood's attack on vapid urban transportation ("I don't get me a seat the revolution is here/You step on these feet and the revolution is *right now*") and "Dear Mistuh P," a con's missive to Tricky Dick seeking equal robber-unity employment ("We're in the same business you see/You're just a little more successful than me"). MVP saves the heaviest hitter, "My Pal Johnny," for last. A hyper-Iceberg Slim scenario—wherein junkies get smoked by the song's narrator in a shooting gallery fronting for a Black Power HQ—it leaves the entire platter reeking of cordite before the needle glides off.

Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death
(Original Broadway Cast) (A&M 1972)

Subtitled "Tunes From Blackness" this theatrical version of Van Peebles' songs opened in 1971. Refusing to fold the show even as it was flopping from a black-press backlash in reaction to *Sweetback*, the playwright instigated a grass-roots promotion campaign—i.e., he stood outside the Ethel Barrymore Theatre wearing his "Rated 'X' by an All-White Jury" tee while passing out

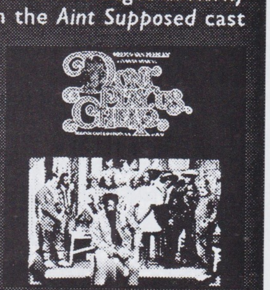

ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST ALBUM
AINT SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH

leaflets, at one point even corralling guest luminaries such as Ossie Davis, Nipsy Russell, and the Coz to perform in the show. Word-of-mouth spread, and the musical ended up netting a profit by the time it closed as the fifth-longest-running show on Broadway. In the words of the man himself: "*Fiddler* had better move over."

No song from *Brer Soul* and *Aint* (the A&M LP) was left uninterpreted on this two-record cast album. The arrangements are straight-up covers of the originals, and for the most part the tunes benefit from having different voices distinguishing each character, with some gender changes adding a wholly different take on songs like "Tenth and Greenwich," where a lesbian hollers to her incarcerated lover. The polish of the playing on "Salamaggi's Birthday" just doesn't jibe with the rawness of the topic. Ditto the flushed arrangement of "Lilly Done the Zampoughi Everytime I Pulled Her Coattail," with a pre-*SNL* Garrett Morris' svelte voice being nowhere near as effective as Brer Soul's own gruff reminiscence. Still, to paraphrase Dylan, the geek handed Mr. Jones the naked bone, a *Three Penny Opera* of the urban black consciousness, and Mr. Jones nominated it for two Grammys in 1973, as producer and composer.

Dont Play Us Cheap (Original Cast) (Stax 1973)

An adaptation of MVP's novel *La Fete a Harlem*, *Don't Play Us Cheap* opened as a comedy musical on Broadway in 1972, while *Aint Supposed* the musical was simultaneously continuing its run a few blocks away. Having two musicals running on Broadway concurrently was the pinnacle of MVP's theatrical success, but the triumph was short-lived: *Dont Play Us Cheap* floundered and reputedly its self-taught playwright lost $100,000 on the project. Anticipating by a decade and a half Charles Burnett's *To Sleep With Anger*'s theme of family virtue in the face of outside evil, *Dont Play Us Cheap* follows two imps who have to win their horns from the devil by successfully crashing a Harlem party one uptown Saturday night.



The resulting double LP set of quirky gospel featured ensemble singing on every upbeat song, in marked contrast to the hard-edged austerity of the soliloquies on the *Aint Supposed* cast album. Joshie Jo Armstead belts out the celestial lead-off cut "You Cut Up the Clothes in the Closet of My Dreams," featuring Aretha-style pipes that blow all ecumenical proselytizing into next Tuesday. The rollicking B.B. King bluesy warmth on "The Book of Life" shuns the fantasy-is-reality concept to "take my lesson from the page of living," while Esther Rolle's good-timey hum-along spiritual on "It Makes No Difference" takes your overworked rump on an "Oh Happy Day" excursion that's pure dy-no-mite.

film became the highest-grossing independent film ever made, then a lot of these guys—who said that you had to have five dialogue coaches and twelve ass-techs or whatever—would be out of a fucking job. I had done it without them. Plus, there was the whole 'terrible militancy' of this new voice that had scared the shit out of everybody. Hollywood wanted the money but they didn't want the political implications, so that ushered in the blaxploitation era, which just took the more cartoonish elements and pushed them. They were fun cartoons, but they had a subliminal counterrevolutionary message.

People often refer to Sweetback as a blaxploitation film. What's your reaction to that?

Oh, it's not that at all. It ushered in the era, but it's not blaxploitation at all.

How would you define blaxploitation?

I wouldn't. I'm not required to.

What inspired your editing style in Sweetback? Some of the quick cutting looks like it was influenced by avant-garde films.

You mean MTV before MTV? The truth is that I just did what I liked. I always do what I like. There used to be a thing in *Mad* magazine called 'Scenes You'd Love to See in the Movies.' Anyway, when I was doing *Sweetback*, I put in that duel scene at the biker gang's headquarters where the bikers ask, 'Choose your weapon.' Usually guys would say 'ping pong' or 'knives' or 'a race' or something, but I was thinking, what would you just die to see Sweetback say? Then I'd have him do that. So the answer was: 'Fucking.'

I read that your girlfriend at the time of Sweetback broke up with you because you used Mario in the opening scene of young Sweetback losing his cherry. What was Mario's reaction?

He was a little nervous. I remember him asking me one day, 'Is this movie gonna be an "X" dad?' I said, 'Yeah, sure, it's gonna be an "X."' He said, 'Phew, 'cause I don't want the kids at school to see my butt.'

Did you have any shyness on the set shooting your own love-making scenes?

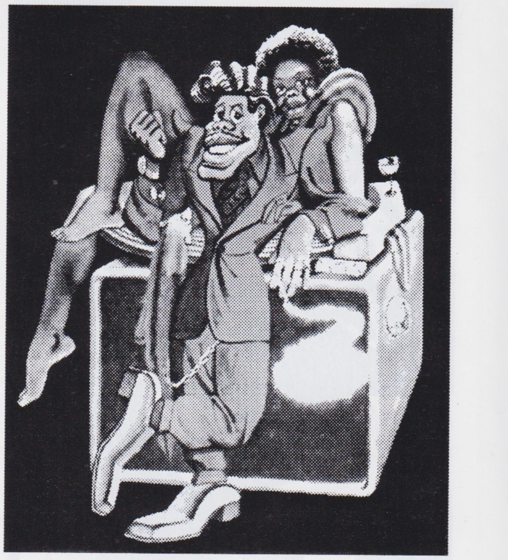
Shit, man, that was the least of my worries. Half of the guys didn't know what a fucking camera was, I had lookout guys with guns posted because of the union—the acting was the last of my fucking worries.

I heard that you actually got the clap on the set.

Yeah, and I applied for workmen's compensation, and you know what? I got it.

When you were making Sweetback, you got around the union rules by telling everyone in the industry that you were making a porn film. What was your reaction when the film actually came back with an 'X' rating?

One lie had nothing to do with the other. If it had been about Mary's little lamb, it still would have been an 'X.' That was the point I was bringing home. I refused to have the white jury judging what was fit for black viewers, and any film you didn't submit got an 'X'. It's difficult to explain with modesty the impact of what I've done. Now they've changed the makeup of the jury: you have Asians, women, blacks, Latinos, etc., and that stems directly from my saying, 'Fuck you, it's rated "X" by an all-white jury.' I still don't understand your question, though.



Imps looking like pimps from the cover of *Dont Play Us Cheap*

I just wondered about the irony of that scenario.

I don't deal in irony! I just deal in business.

Why did you choose to open Sweetback in Detroit?

Only two theaters in the United States would show the movie. One was in Detroit, and one was in Atlanta. You see this vest I have on? This vest comes from the Goldberg Twins, who ran the Grand Circus Theater in Detroit. I made them a bet that *Sweetback* was going to do better than any movie they'd had there before, and the payoff would be a new suit. This is the vest from that suit.

I know that you were down to your last $26 when Bill "No Toilet Talk" Cosby loaned you $50,000 to finish Sweetback. Did you ever get any feedback from him as to what he thought of the film?

That's not what I deal in. You're coming at life from a whole different place. You're coming at life saying, 'Why did this blah, blah, blah?' and 'Why did that blah, blah, blah?' I don't do that shit. If you bother me, I say, 'Leave me alone.' If you keep bothering me, I kick your ass. It's like when little kids used to ask me, 'When did you decide you wanted to be a playwright?' It had never dawned on me that I was a playwright. I was just trying to stay out of the post office. When you look at it from this end of the stick, this all makes complete sense. From the other end of the stick, it seems, 'My goodness, how could you have chosen that?'

Greetings from Florida

Letting the good times Rolle in *Dont Play Us Cheap*

Why was the Sweetback soundtrack album on Stax, since you still had another record on your A&M contract?

I went to A&M and they felt that the movie was anti-Semitic or something and they didn't want to be associated with it. You must understand, *Sweetback* was very shocking. Also, soundtracks weren't what they are now. That was a whole other thing that I had invented: the use of the soundtrack as a selling tool. I figured I could write a hit tune, get the tune played, and put people in the seats. Made sense to me, but that hadn't been done before. *Shaft* later used the same technique and the rest is history.

There's such a theatrical vibe to your songs, especially on Brer Soul, where each number is a little narrative vignette. Where did that come from? Were any of those characters people you knew, or was it all purely from your imagination?

I sang about all these other aspects of the urban experience that aren't allowed to surface commercially. It's not all just 'Hey let's fuck' or 'Hey I'ma beat you upside your head.' That's still the problem with rap and other urban music—the larger spectrum of life isn't being dealt with musically.

Would you like to see Dont Play Us Cheap or Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death brought back as a Broadway revival?

Of course I'd like that. But I own my own projects, so there's no boy's club to keep regurgitating my stuff. Talk about irony: I said I don't deal in irony, but it's still ironic that people have taught whole college courses on nothing but *Sweetback,* but the film still hasn't shown foreign, still hasn't been rereleased, etc., etc. People are just not in the habit of dealing with black people. When I finished *Sweetback*, I had to hire a white guy to pretend to be boss just to sell the damn thing. It's all very well to say 'Why don't you do this?,' but you cannot ignore the overriding white factors making many of these decisions. Which is very frustrating to many of the people without as many arrows in their quiver as myself, because then they're stymied.

Do you ever see a day when you might be welcomed back into Hollywood on a project?

It could happen, I guess.

What's your theory of Hollywood as a plantation?

The business of America, compounded with racist theories—subliminal racist theories—is just what Hollywood is. It's just what all of America is. People try to make distinctions between Hollywood and the military and the business world and this and that, but nyaah: it's all the same.

You were the first black trader on the floor of the American Stock Exchange. Do you consider that incongruous with your work as an artist and the public perception of you as being a radical?

Not at all. As a matter of fact, I never perceived myself as a radical at all. I just got a gun and shot the bullets, that's all.

Well, generally people consider Wall Street as being—

Fuck what people generally consider! And incongruous? If you put together the money from nothing to make a film in a language and a country that you don't even know about, well, then you know about finance.

What do you think about the way that Mario's films have large mainstream acceptance versus what you had to go through? He's got the huge commercial releases that you never had, with thousands of theaters opening his films simultaneously across the country.

I feel personally that I made a lot of that possible, and that's great.

Given your experience, is there any advice that you'd give to a young director coming up now?

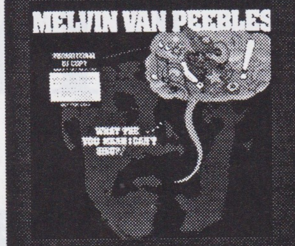
No. Learn your craft the best that you can. Luck is using an opportunity and meeting it with practice.

What inspired you to get the dotted-line tattoo around your neck?

Now, it's interesting that you continually use the word 'inspire.' With you guys, everything seems to spring forth from positive, golden vibes. . . shit, man. Anyway, I was at a point where I had a substantial amount of money, and you're usually intimidated by old wives' tales that money will change you. I was in the Dorchester Hotel in London and my chauffeur called me and said, 'Mr. Van Peebles, sign along the dotted line.' So I thought I would have this tattoo put around me where I could see it every morning and it would remind me of what I had gone through in case I ever turned mealy-mouthed. That's why I did it.

It's in both French and English?

Yes. It says 'lynch here' on this side, 'cut along the dotted line' in French on this side, and then on my ass, in a West African language called Bambara, it says 'Ni bessé': 'If you can, motherfucker.' ■



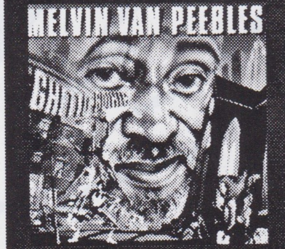
***What The....You Mean I Can't Sing?!* (Atlantic 1974)**

This album does not hold together as well as the others, being weighed down with the Bukowski-like drawls of "So Many Bars," and the two songs of loss on side two: the sap-fest of "Eyes On the Rabbit," about a breakup with a kindergarten teacher, and the endless "My Love Belongs to You," with a catatonic Mario repeating the rhythm vocal ad infinitum. The songs aren't terrible, just far too personal—hard to believe that the militant muthafucka a cowering status quo once threatened to assassinate is heard virtually sobbing his way through tunes in a manner that would have Natalie Merchant basting in jealousy. Much better are the overtly political "A Birth Certificate Aint Nothing But a Death Warrant Anyway," a poke in the pupils of Uncle Toms everywhere, the wah-wah funk of "Come On Write Me," and the tongue-in-cheek modest proposal "Save the Watergate 500" ("Long live immunity/dont give a stoolie a mic").

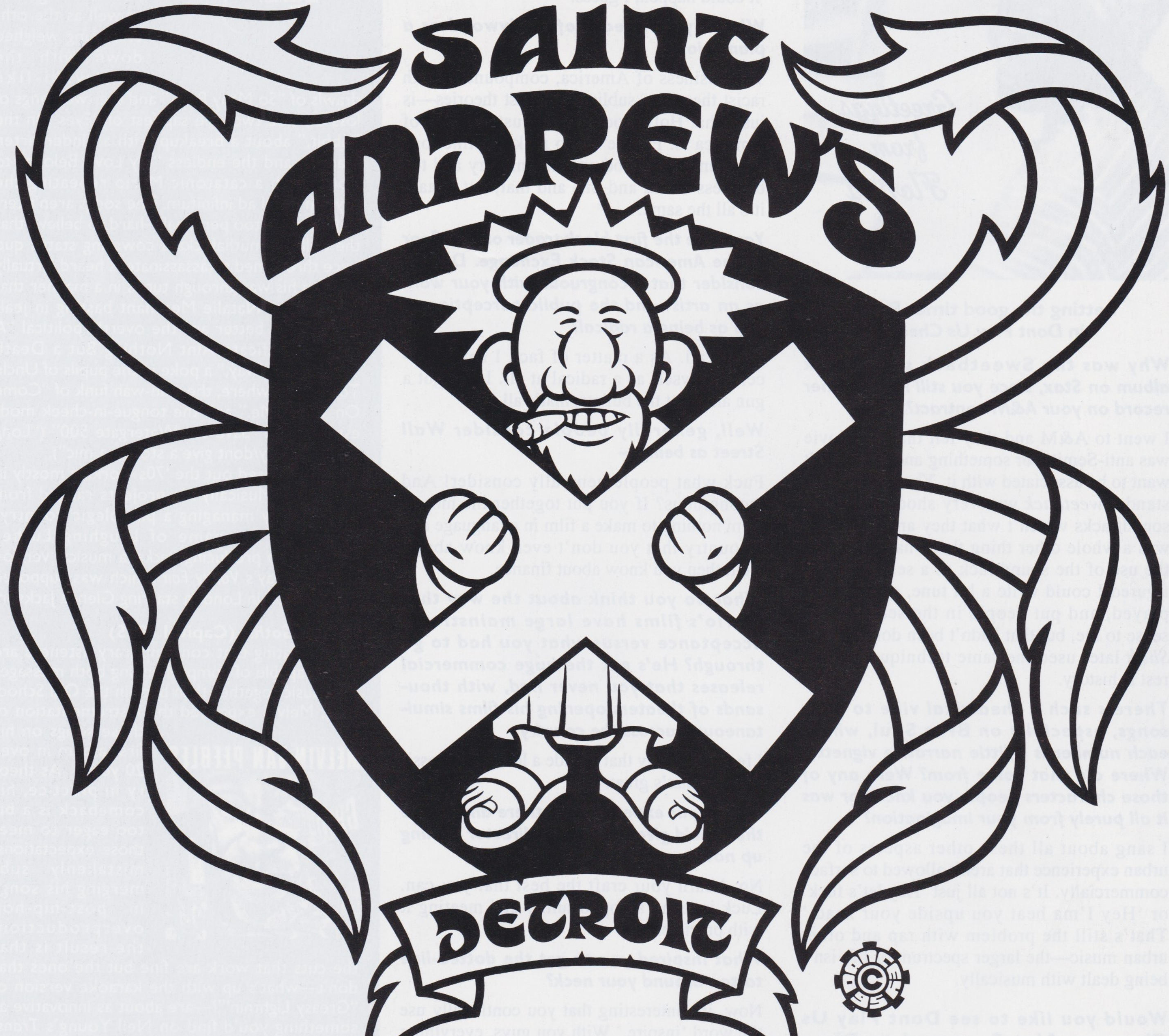
Melvin closed out the '70s working mostly in television. Musically his projects ranged from purportedly managing a paraplegic country-funker by the name of Laughing Luther Beauford to producing *Becky*, a musical version of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* which was supposed to be staged in London starring Glenda Jackson.

***Ghetto Gothic* (Capitol 1995)**

Postulating that contemporary listeners are more capable of comprehending both messages and music together than back in the Old School days, Melvin expanded the instrumentation of these songs on his first album in over 20 years. As theory in practice, his comeback is a bit too eager to meet those expectations, mistakenly submerging his songs in post-hip-hop overproduction; the result is that the cuts that work are fine but the ones that don't—what's up with the karaoke version of "Greasy Lightnin'"?—are about as innovative as something you'd find on Neil Young's *Trans*. Melvin, who once bemoaned the fact there were no mature songs embodying black life that didn't slip into "Oh, baby I love you" mode, here rasps "Aaaaawww babeeee" through the opening cut "Blinded By Your Stuff." The touching "On 115," a tune about hoop dreams gone the way of the big H, thankfully keeps the arrangement down to sax, piano, and guitar. Four other decent tracks work a similar effect, which is our way of saying that listeners should hit the fast-forward button four times fast; those anal enough to ignore this advice will be subjected to a reworking of "There," with MVP sounding so much like Redd Foxx in cardiac arrest mode you'll be left wondering whether he hasn't confused songs of lament with songs of Lamont. (Sanford, not Dozier.) Nevertheless, you gotta give old Van his props for getting the thing out at all when most of his peers are either content with bingo or just plain incontinent. ■



LIVE MUSIC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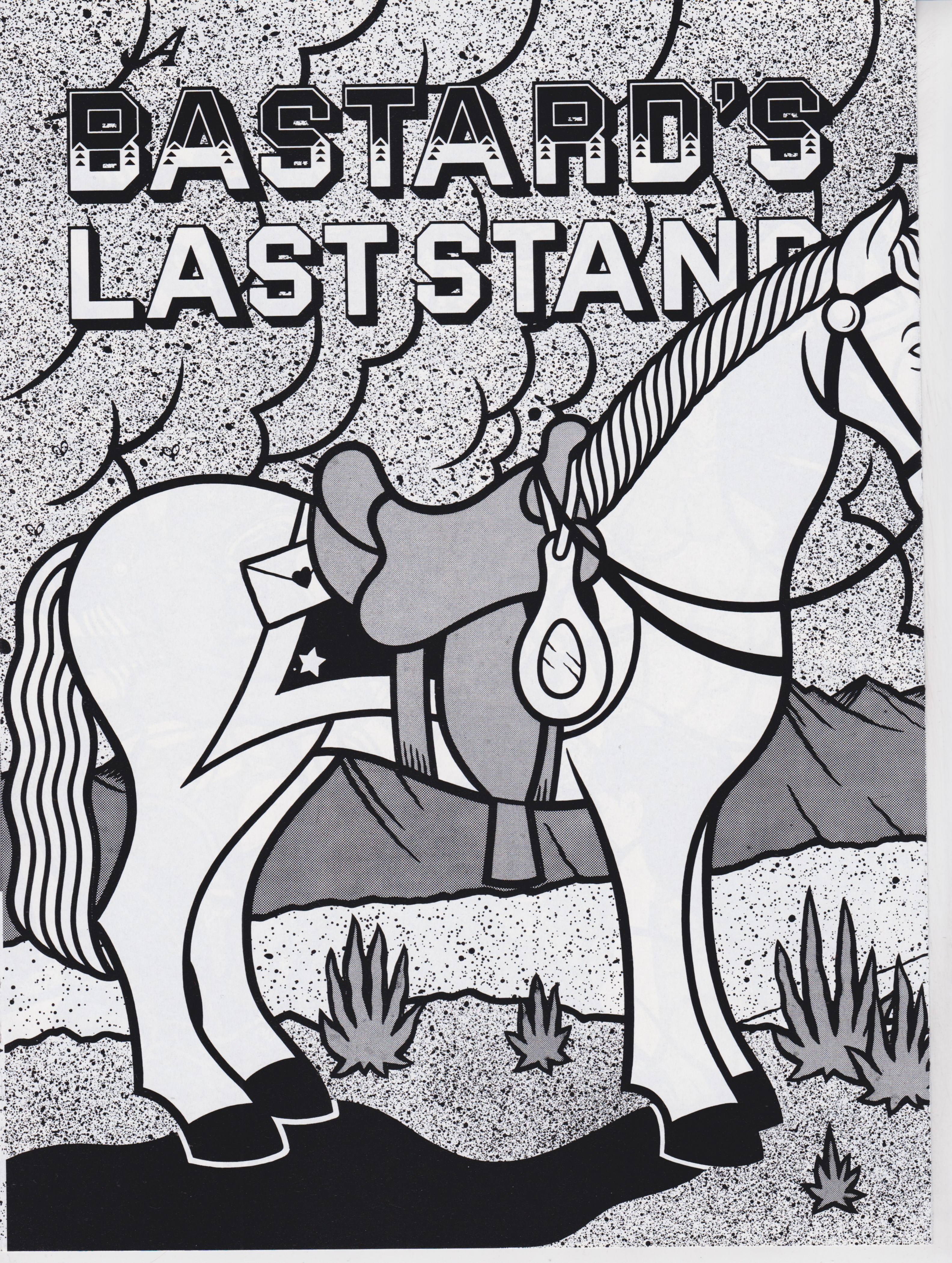
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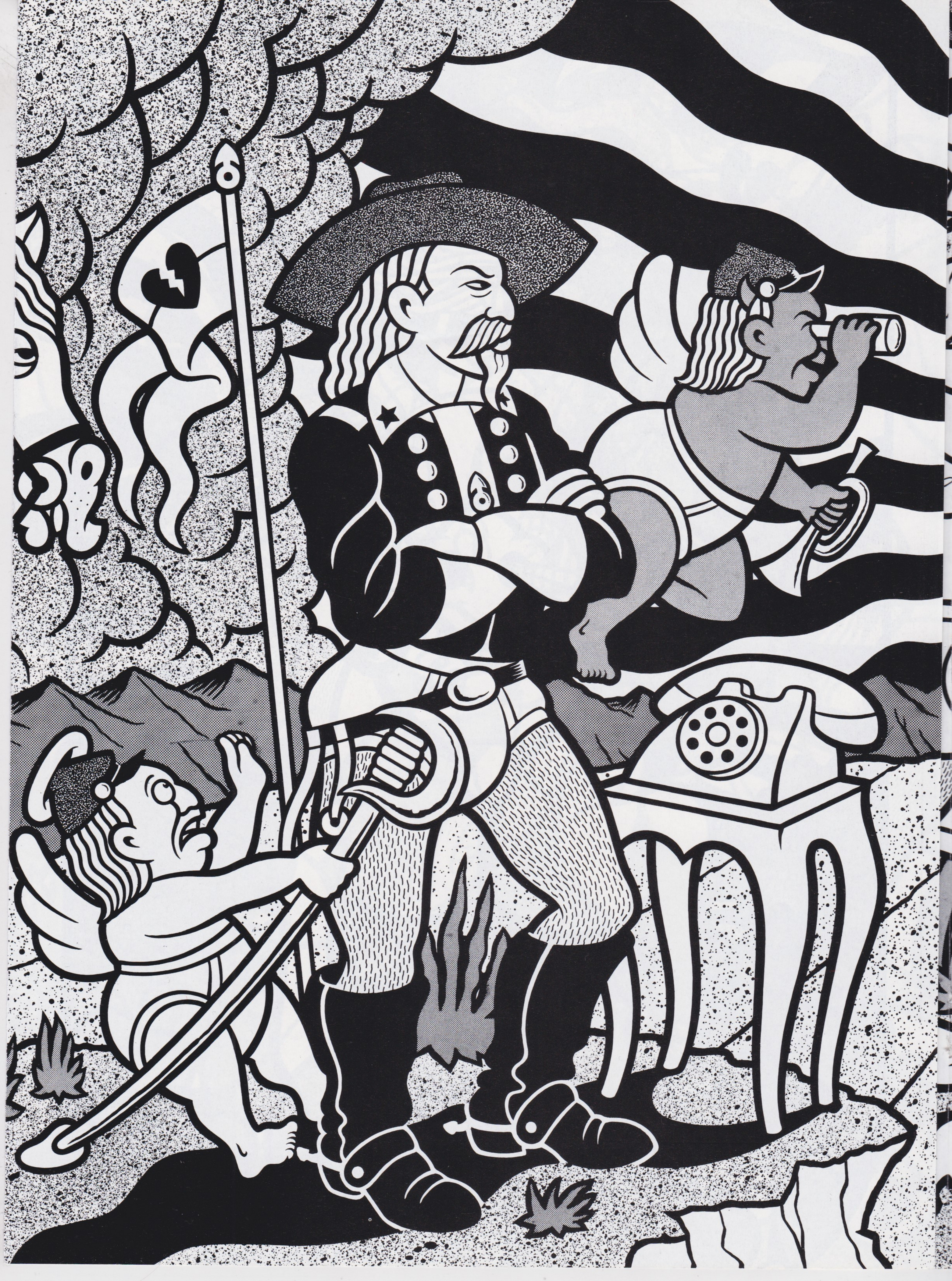

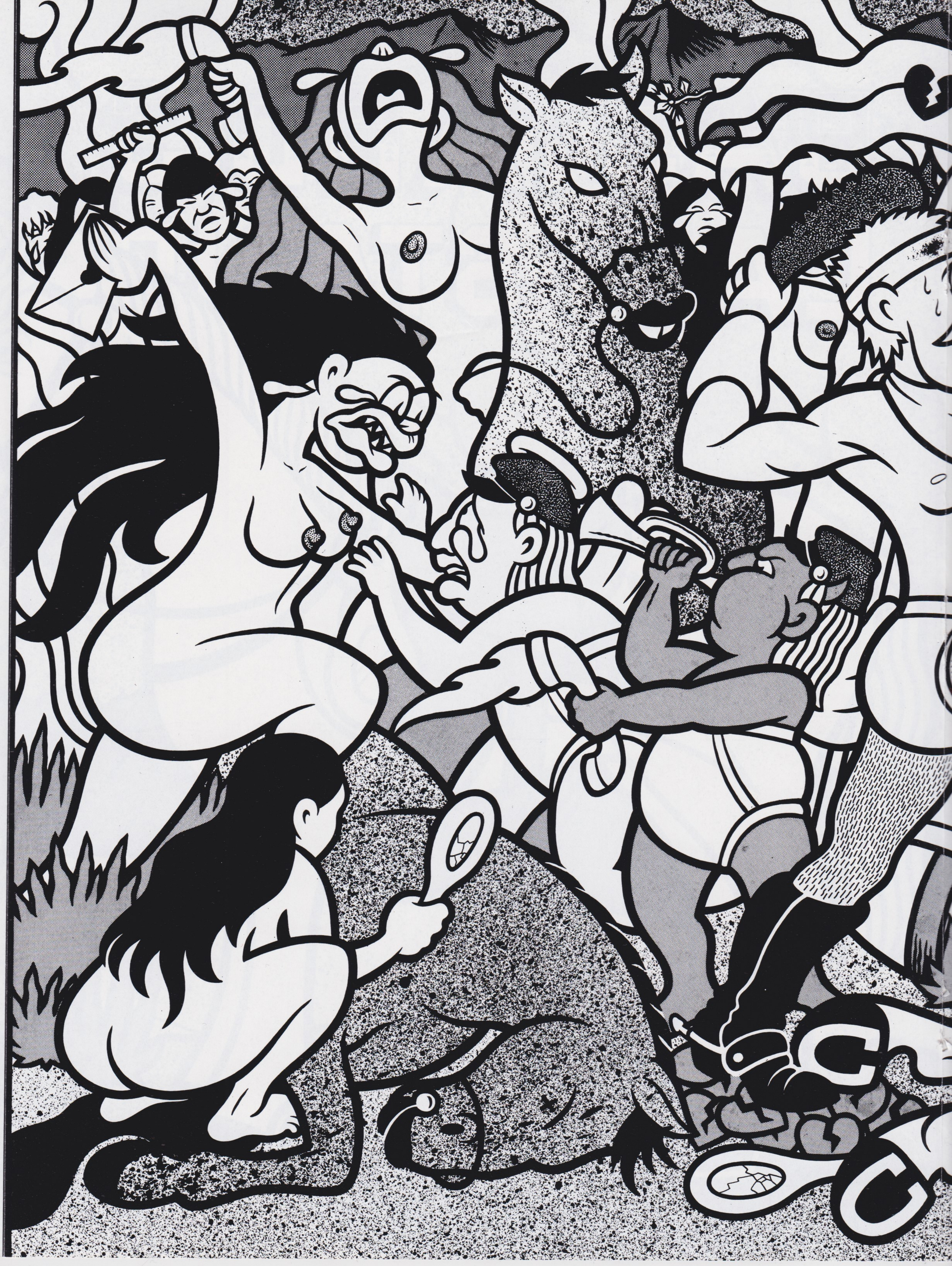

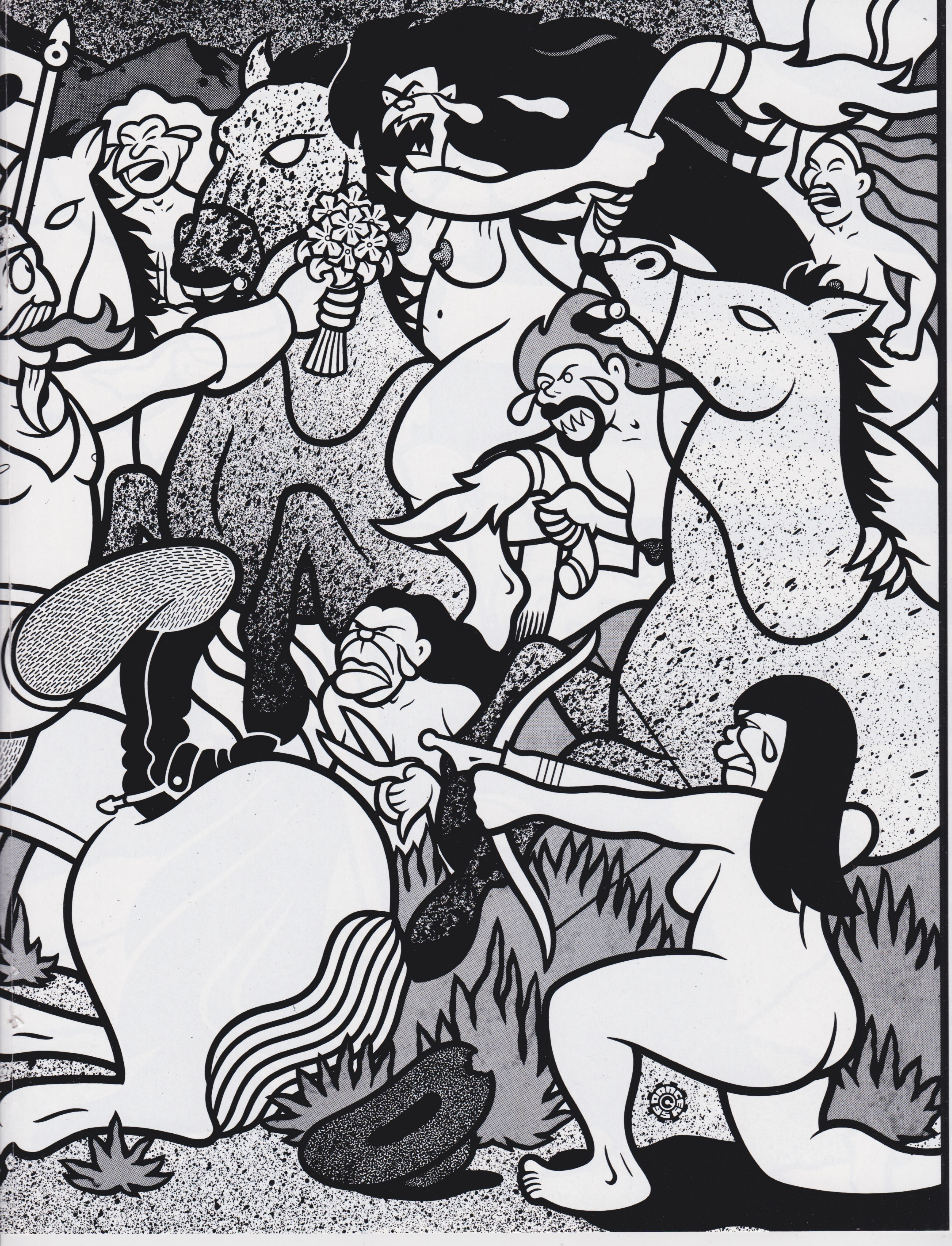

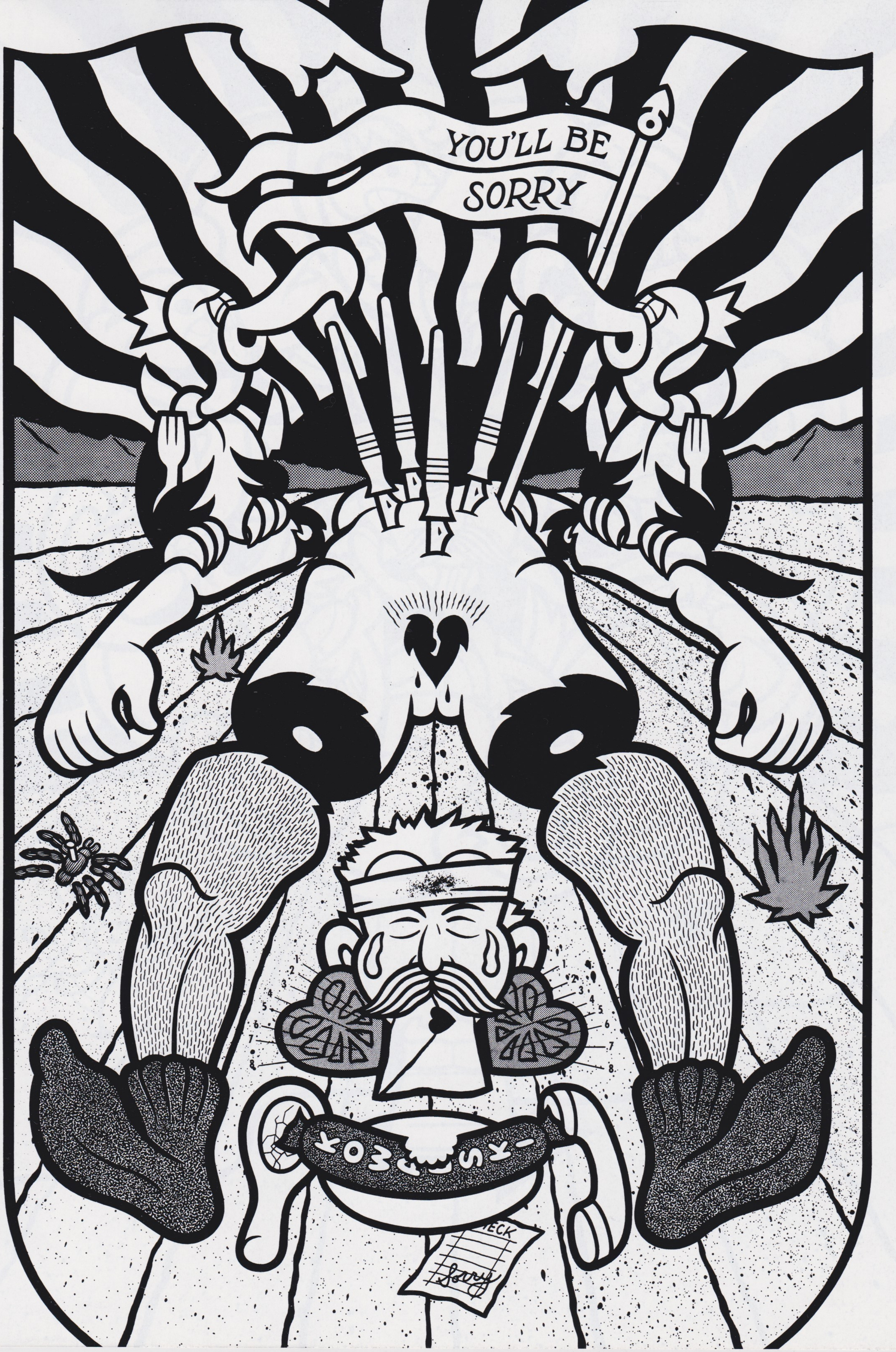
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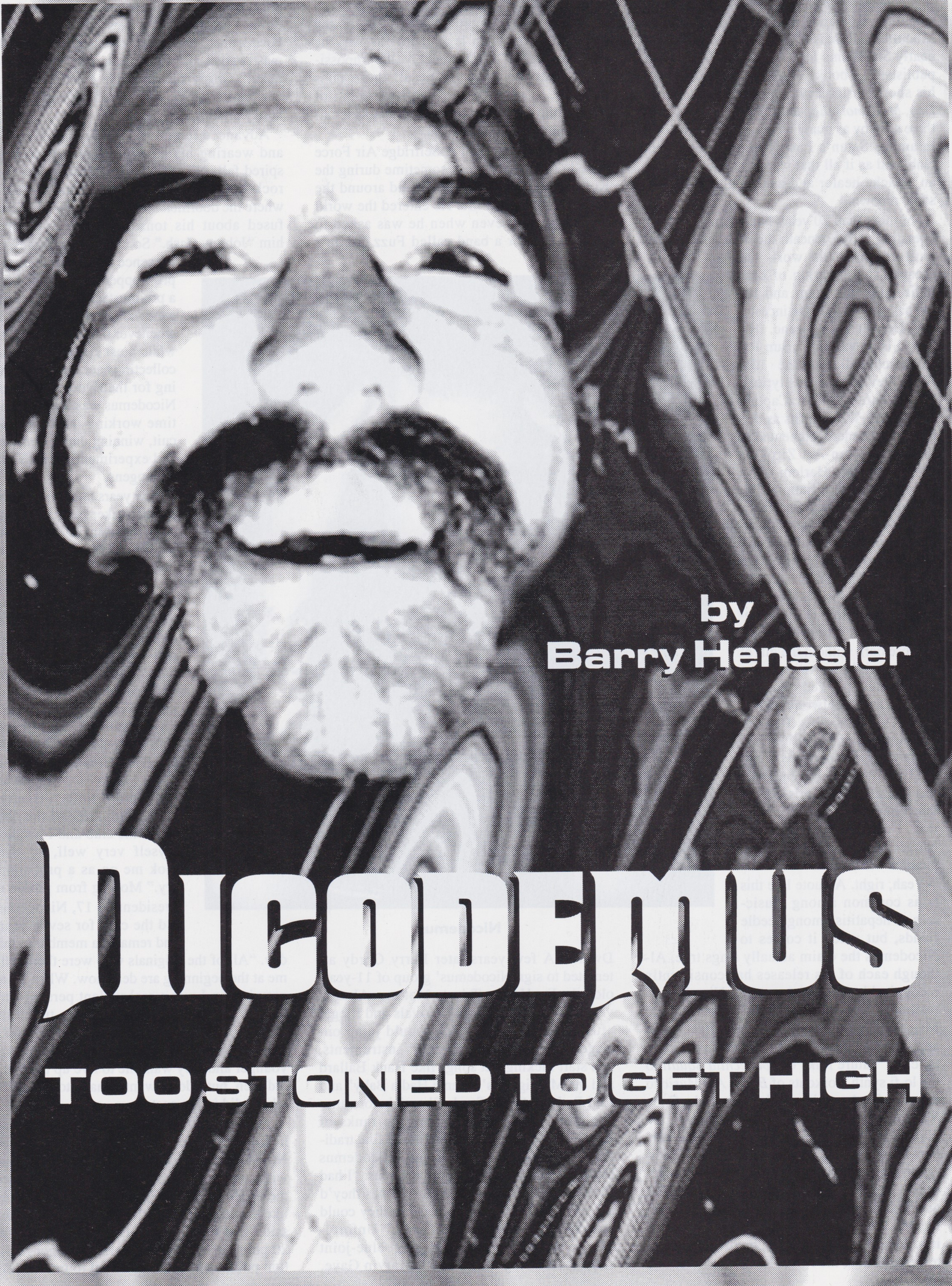


NICODEMUS

TOO STONED TO GET HIGH

by
Barry Henssler

Nicodemus, Detroit's self-proclaimed "web-spinning madman of wisdom and space," is a subcultural Renaissance Man. He's recorded nearly 50 albums for his own Zedikiah label, published 14 books of his poetry and art, and his short stories have appeared in *Woman's Day*, *Mademoiselle*, and *Easyrider*. He's sired three sons by as many wives, presided over the infamous Satan's Last Revenge motorcycle club, and as if all that weren't enough, is also an Apache healer and a surrealist painter of some renown.

For more than 20 years Nicodemus has been operating so far beneath the underground that until recently his work has escaped the attention of both indie collector scum and the eternal nobodies of the incestuous Detroit rock scene. His music is as varied as Sun Ra, as psychedelic as the 13th Floor Elevators, and as lyrically adventurous as Captain Beef-heart. With outfits as disparate and underdocumented as the Arthur Run-Art Zip Gun Band, the Jim Harlem Trio, Blue Oinkers, Mellabo Seltar Satanis Band, Insane Soulciety, Robot Foxz, and Spellbound Eclipse, plus solo work and collaborations with his younger brother "Matchez the Congo Kid," Nicodemus has created a body of work that is as unconventional as it is unattainable.

Those born without the gift of hearing might try to compare Nicodemus to Ted Nugent, Devo, Lee Hazelwood, Brian Eno, Tyrannosaurus Rex, or the Mothers of Invention, and while these comparisons aren't totally off-target the bullseye has clearly been missed. "I don't have a category or style that I'm aspiring to," says Nicodemus. "I'm just painting pictures with music."

Yeah, right. A quote like this is as common among musicians as hepatitis among needle fiends, but when it comes to Nicodemus the claim actually rings true. Although each of his releases has consistently recognizable elements—mainly Nicodemus' resilient, impassioned tenor vocals and Matchez's century-defying sound effects—the approach is different each time. From the crystal-clear "future folk" of *Spacechild Squall* to the lo-fi synth workouts of *Better Art Music* to the campfire lysergia of *What For* to the Gene Vincent-on-'ludes style of *Toxic Crunch*, the albums not only defy categorization but carbon-dating, boasting a drug-addled authenticity the likes of Monster Magnet can only pipedream about. The only things that truly link one record to another are the recurring lyrical themes. According to Nicodemus, the recordings comprise one big story, involving characters like Adrian the Navel King who is "strung out on gasoline"; Spacechild, "spinning backwards in the dungeons of life"; or the Greenland Rider, "a legend for the way he rides and fights." Unfortunately, it's impossible for anyone to really tie all these tales together, as most of Nic's works are out of print, while still others are only available locally in limited editions of eight.

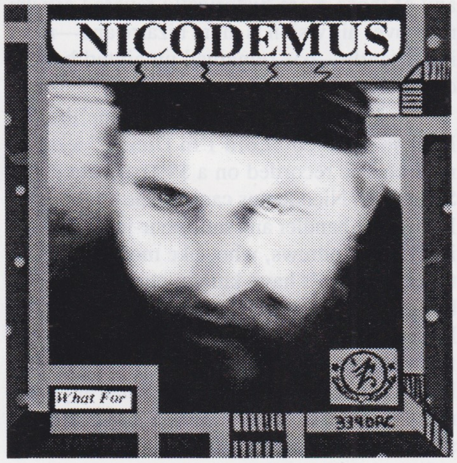
Nicodemus was born at Selfridge Air Force Base in suburban Detroit sometime during the Korean War, and has lived in and around the city for most of his life. He entered the world of rock at age seven when he was asked to write songs for a band called Fuzz White's Dwarfs. A few years later Berry Gordy attempted to sign Nicodemus' group of 11-year-olds, the Jim Harlem Trio, to Motown. Already veterans of rock-and-roll revivals and illegal after-hours joints, the Trio would jump onstage, grab the featured band's instruments, and start kicking out songs like Hank Ballard and the Midnighters' "Annie Had a Baby" and Carl Perkins' "Blue Suede Shoes" before anyone could stop them. Joining the ranks of James Brown and Black Flag in the fine tradition of bumrushing the stage, Nicodemus found sound systems to be superfluous. "I had such a range vocally that a lot of times they'd ask us to turn off the P.A. because they could already hear me in Battle Creek." Unfortunately the move from jumping blue-joint stages to sharing the bill with Marvin Gaye, the Supremes, and Martha and the Vandellas on a Motortown Review never occurred: Nicodemus' stepfather/manager split with the master tapes and, in Nic's words, "the deal got dead." Gordy had to settle for the far-less-consciousness-raising Rare Earth as his first honky signing.

Advanced in mindset far beyond his years and wearing his hair in a James Brown-inspired fall, Nicodemus would sneak into area rock clubs like the Hideout and Mother's where the doormen—digging his style but confused about his tonsorial mentor—dubbed him "Johnny Cash." So charismatic was Nic's presence at the time that a pre-Popped Iggy Stooge and a pre-mustachioed Bob Seger were moved to buy him drinks whenever they saw him. And while most kids his age were collecting beer cans and waiting for their voices to crack, Nicodemus was spending his time working the carny circuit, winning dance contests, and experimenting with hallucinogens.

A few years later Nicodemus joined a biker gang. Although he's reluctant to talk about his biker experience, claiming it has nothing to do with his music, it's difficult to believe that spending his formative years in the company of cranked-up, left-back, helmet-eschewing easy-riders hasn't had a profound effect on Nicodemus' creative output. His entry into the Satan's Last Revenge motorcycle club was pulled off with typical One Percenter panache. "You had to be 21 to get in, but I had a little 'disagreement' with three of the people in the club and I handled myself very well, so they took me on as a probationary." Moving from probie to president by 17, Nicodemus led the club for seven years and remains a member to this day. "All of the originals who were there with me at the beginning are dead now. When I was growing up I was a real violent person—my wife is the one who taught me to tune into being peaceful and it's helped me enormously. All the guys that are in the club now are younger and they want me to live up to what I did then, but I don't want to have to live up to what I did in the past."

In addition to his newfound inner peace, health problems have also transformed Nicodemus' life: in 1990, he was diagnosed with an inoperable brain tumor. "They opened me up, looked inside, and then closed me up like an old Cadillac with a blown engine. They said I had six months to live. I have 18 out of 20 possible seizure disorders, and I got radiation poisoning when they tried to put me into

Nicodemus

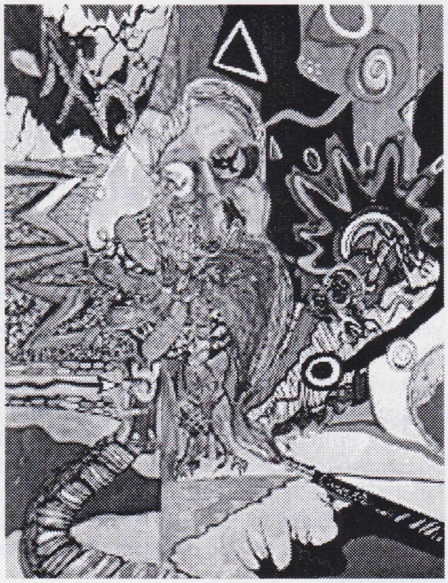


***What For* reissue CD**

remission. Initially it took away my ability to play guitar." Nicodemus continues to beat the odds however, crediting better living through chemistry as his mode of survival. His guitar-playing abilities are back up to snuff, and his outlook on life is more philosophical. "If anything it's made me a better father, and I'm much more prone to act rather than react in a given situation. I'm more aware of how little time we have on earth yet I'm less interested in time. I believe, as many Native Americans do, that 'Today is a good day to die.' When I'm pain-free and I've got the seizure medicine I'm fine, but if you take that away I can't function. I just turn into a vegetable. You ask me a question and two minutes later I won't even remember who you are. It's been a very strange feeling, a very humbling experience."

Complications from the cancer may have curtailed his hog-riding activities somewhat, but by no means have they stopped them. "I love my sportster, but it's a rigid frame so it hurts my back when I ride it. I don't ride in the daytime because of the seizures and I don't want to kill anybody, especially kids. Of course, if there was a crowd of Ku Klux Klan or Freemasons, that would be a different story. I'd drive right through them."

Early on, Nicodemus decided that he could earn more money by concocting various aliases, figuring that more names on an album jacket meant there were more people to pay. (It's unclear, however, exactly who these checks would be coming from, as most of his releases are on his own label.) He would do artwork under the name "Chongo," photography under the moniker "Eli Lazerus," and he once produced a single under the appellation "Jim Stonefreak." "I got rid of that one real quick," laughs Nicodemus. Whitecrow is his Apache name and on his forehead is a tattoo of an Apache holy symbol, not a rainbow as claimed by the typically misinformed (and musically useless) Jello Biafra in *Re/Search*. "I'm half-Apache and half-Irish. I had to study to get this Apache holy symbol. It means that I'm able to heal other people, but unfortunately I can't heal myself. I have knowledge of herbal medicine and hallucinogens and other things that God made for man but the government doesn't want us to have."



Artwork by "Chongo"

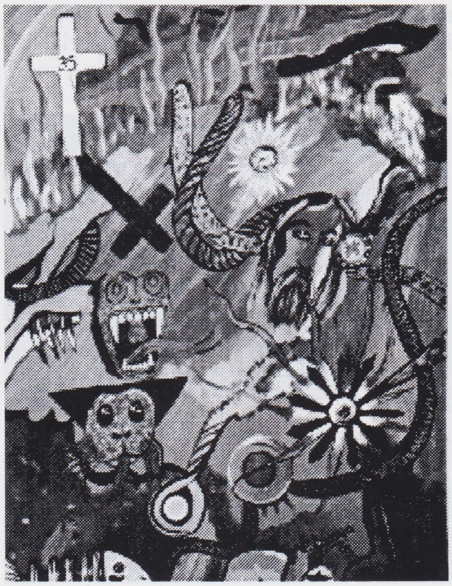
"The government should just let everyone smoke pot. When I was growing up drugs were fun. I mean you might fall down on the grass, but you weren't going to hurt yourself. The worst that would happen is you might have a bad trip."

General paranoia and potential pig-hassles keep Nicodemus from revealing his birth name, but he has no qualms about telling the story of his best-known alias. "I got it in the nuthouse. After I was divorced the first time I was really self-destructive and suicidal. I was doing things like jumping off expressway bridges into traffic, playing Russian roulette, and backing my Pinto into trees at 90 miles an hour. I was taking massive overdoses of stuff, anything that might end it all. Since I never died, I checked myself into the Herman Keifer Mental Institution. Through hypnosis the doctors found out that in my dreams I'm called Nicodemus. So I did a little research and learned that there was a Nicodemus in the Bible who stood up for Christ and was a seeker of truth. I've always been searching for the truth, although all I've found mostly have been lies. I also found out that there was a witch named Nicodemus in the 17th century that was hung from the yardarm of a ship for being incontinent. That gave me even more incentive to use the name because it had both the good and the bad and I have a massive quantity of both inside of me. I try to be good and that's what I believe in, but I'm very aware that there's a dark side too." On the genesis of brother Larry's distinctive nom-de-musique "Matchez," Nicodemus relates a decidedly lighter tale. "We were having a very deep conversation and I decided to have a 'cigarette' and said, 'I need something to light this with' and he said, 'Here, matches to light with.' I said 'Matches?,' and he said 'What?' and I said 'You?' and he said 'Yeah, call me Matchez. I don't want to be known as the Congo Kid for the rest of my life.'"

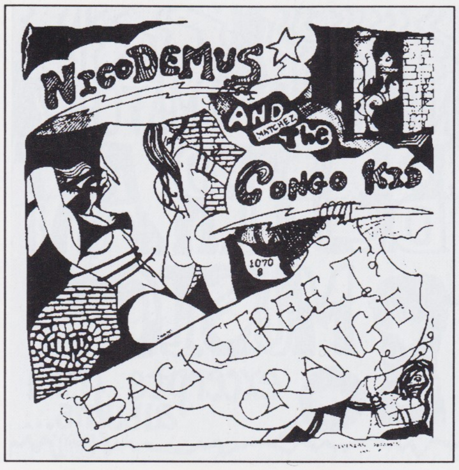
NICODEMUS and MATCHEZ
BETTER ART
MUSIC
excerpts from albums...

The music's even better than the art

The majority of available Nicodemus material is in collaboration with Matchez, who also engineers the recordings at his own R.A.T. Brothers Studios. They've worked separately, but Nicodemus feels it is when they produce music in tandem that they are at their best. Their approaches to recording, however, differ immensely. "Matchez is really into keyboards and electronics. I've never been one who can work with wires and that jazz. I work with ambience, mic placement, guided by the slop jumping around in my head. We still only work with eight tracks. You don't need 24 tracks: that's for people who don't know how to fuck. I'd call Matchez a genius in special effects. Though we're brothers, he and I work on oppo-



"Artwork" by Chongo



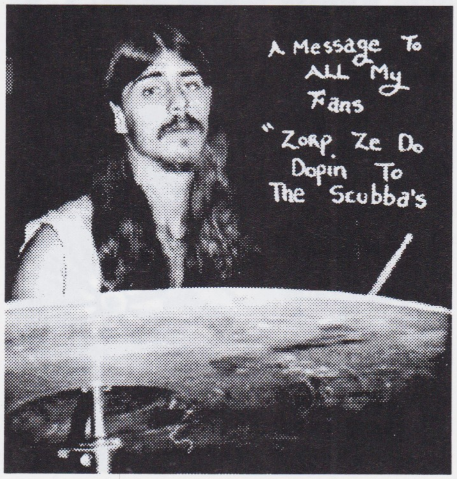
Another Side of Nicodemus

site sides of the universe."

"A lot of our early music doesn't have bass in it, a lot of it doesn't have much percussion. A lot of it is made up of voices and sound effects and instruments that we've designed like the 'three-stringed scream machine,' which Matchez invented, or the '23-string Zithlo,' which I invented. You put an instrument in my hand, give me half an hour, and I'll write a triple-album rock opera."

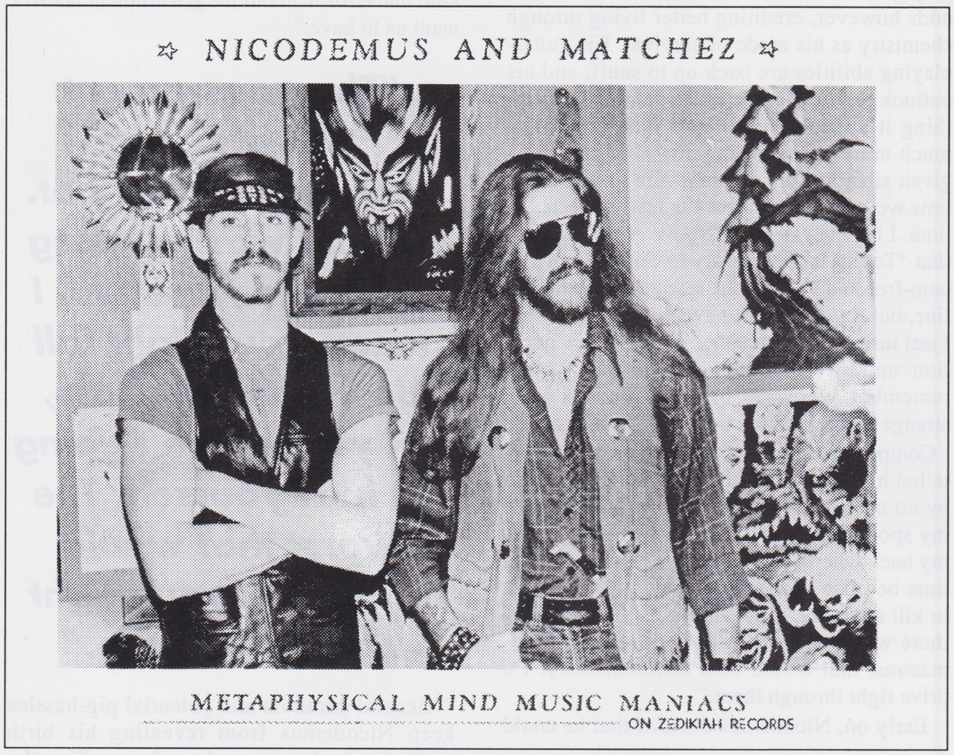
"Most of what I do is ad-lib," explains Nicodemus, "just subconscious stuff that comes out and I don't have a master plan or anything like that. At one time, when folk was dying out and rap was coming in, I came out with what I called 'future folk' and I made a lot of money and was very happy. I had a very nice bank account and then my second wife decided she didn't want me to see my son because I'm a free spirit, and she fought me in court and I lost $20,000 fighting for him. My ex was watching *Days of Our Lives* or whatever and it was as if she was just taking their scripts and repeating them to the judge. I went through three lawyers and they all scammed me. They put all of my money in their pockets so I couldn't make any more records. But I found a way."

Nicodemus' first divorce left him so distraught he fled to northern Michigan, "Up past Houghton Lake all the way up to Peoria and Alpena. I was real young and I lived in a tree. I didn't have any matches, let alone 'cigarettes.' I used to catch sunfish and lay them out on a rock and let them dry and eat them like that. I built a thing in a tree with some picnic tables that I busted up and that was my home for a couple of years. I was more or less raised by bikers so I knew how to do without."



Matchez the Congo Kid

An outsider in the truest sense, Nicodemus is a prime example of what the punk rock ethic was supposed to really be about. Whether or not he was aware of the '77 explosion is inconsequential; his actions exemplify all of the factors that made it significant—rebelliousness, self-reliance, separation from the mainstream—minus the elitist attitude and empty posturing. Long before the do-it-yourself ethos was considered an indie-rock merit badge, Nicodemus formed Zedikiah Records to ensure quality control over his efforts. Although he's finally come to terms with digital technology (he recently rereleased his *What For* album on CD) Nicodemus prefers the permanence of vinyl, while he considers the very mention of cassettes to be a swearword against his mother. "You don't have the opportunity to erase an album like you can with a cassette. If you don't like everything on a tape you can cover the little hole and record Lydia Lunch over someone's art."



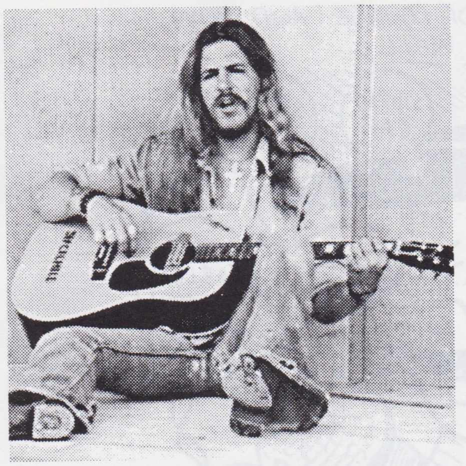
At home with Matchez and Nicodemus

Most MOTORBOOTY readers are annoyingly well-acquainted with the championed figures of Detroit's rock history. Nicodemus is overlooked possibly because he's one generation younger than the bulk of Grande grads typically cited when discussing the city. He didn't really start rolling until the MC5, Stooges, et al., were either broken up, in jail, or under David Bowie's spell. Ironically, Nicodemus' output has been more prolific than any of those more historically revered artists; moreover his vision is more bizarre and—most importantly—has remained untainted by any outside influences or pressures.

In 1974 Nicodemus' band Spellbound Eclipse released "Lord I'm Diein,'" a cave-rock classic recorded on a $99 cassette deck. Soon after, Nicodemus came to the attention of Bob Seger-handler and satin-tour-jacket fetishist Punch Andrews, who, like most music-biz types, wouldn't have known good music if it buggered him. Unaccustomed as he was to hearing music not made by golfers, Andrews fainted upon hearing the single.When he finally came to he asked if Nicodemus had anything more "professional." "People have always shook their head at me. I was met with such a force of fear and hatred in the early days. It was like they thought, 'This stuff must never make it.' They were playing stuff like Barry Manilow, Reo Speedwagon, Styx, and Foreigner on the radio, which all sounded the same. I couldn't have gotten any input from that if my life depended on it. The music had to just come from inside. A lot of it came from the gifts I was given. Well, gifts are what I call them; others might call them nightmares."

Listening to music Nicodemus recorded 20 years ago, it's not hard to imagine the confusion it might have caused. Nicodemus refuses to provide the familiar context that the average listener requires. His music is not bound to any era in time, sounding as futuristic as it does nostalgic. Music today, regardless of label or genre, must be derivative in order to be accepted, and Nicodemus' work not only defies categorization, it consistently confounds expectation.

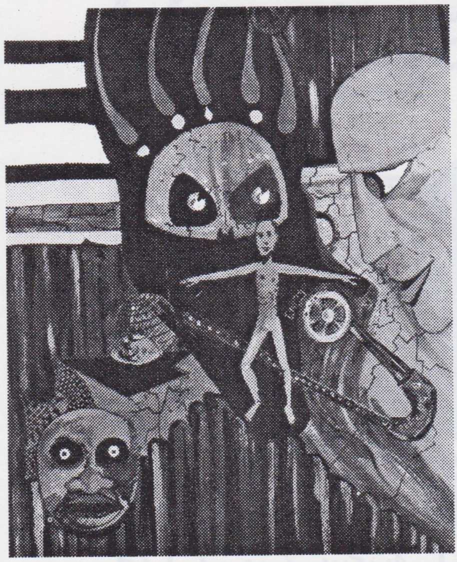
Although Nicodemus' internal inspiration



What's punk got to do with it?: Nicodemus in 1977

leaves little room for outside influences, there was some music that did get the thumbs up from Nicodemus back in the day. "One of the bands that I admired the most was called Every Pig and His Brother, from St. Clair Shores. All I can remember is this one cat Vondi Campbell kicked ass on lead. They shut the lights down and came out covered in fluorescent paint and there was a row of black lights in front of them on the floor. I'd done three or four hits of orange sunshine and it seemed like God had opened my head with a can opener and let in this futuristic, diverse, abstract noise. I also liked Blue Cheer, early Sabbath, and Savoy Brown, for the raw guts in songs like 'Needle and Spoon.' There's a part in that song where the vocal moans out like a wounded animal vomiting rat-guts; it was a revelation for me. The pureness of that tortured, off-key 'Yea-ea-ya-aaaahh' made me realize that there are no mistakes in music that comes from the soul. Brian Eno is a big influence on Matchez, and Eno once said something like, 'Take your most embarrassing feature and magnify it.' I mostly agree with that, but I don't have much use for Eno. My only true influence is the composer Charles Ives."

"I want to record with Suzi Quatro," continues Nicodemus. "I dig the way she plays bass. I could play off her basslines and write songs with her playing bass to my work. She's got to get away from that Leather Disgustinaro shit and be her own bad self and not let Hollywood and *Happy Days* ruin the solid reputation she has with cats like me who used to come just watching her jam. I've been in love with that chick forever. She'd look fine on the back of my rigid frame. I pulled out *Suzi and Other Four Letter Words* just the other day and toked a couple of numbers and just dug her voice and bass. The rest of her band never did much for me though."



"Let He Who Rides Decide," marker on acid, 1991

Although most of those lucky enough to become familiar with Nicodemus' oeuvre immediately go out and get a tattoo about it, such is not always the case. A biker run in the early '80s was bizarrely interrupted when some of the throng assembled around a bonfire had a peculiar reaction when Nicodemus launched into "One Way"—a song with typically surreal lyrics that begins "The outside's the inside/The three is a four/Someone up there hates me/So who's minding the store?" Though the song ends with a plea for harmony among all—"We're brothers and sisters/We should be holding hands"—two dangerously confused outlaws ran away from the bonfire screaming, "We know who you are, you're the devil!" It's unknown whether it was the music or just some bad 'scleen, but the couple were never heard from nor seen again.

The last time Nicodemus performed live was at the "Friends of Lloyd" concert series in Harper Woods. "There were only 30, 40 people at those '86 concerts. It was probably because I didn't advertise them, but I never really had to before. When rap came in, all of a sudden things changed." There's little proof that the rise of hip-hop has adversely affected Nicodemus' drawing power, but he's never played live since. He doesn't rule out performing again, though only under the proper circumstances. "I've never done this for money. I don't want to play places where people are eating in time to my music, I don't want to play behind any chicken wire, and I don't want to play Farm Aid. I've done all that stuff, I can do without."

Nicodemus believes that fame is a state of mind: "the serenity of good friends, family, food, and smoke." With four enthusiastically received releases in the last year and a slew of rereleases on the horizon, Nicodemus is generally satisfied with the growing interest in his music, and though far from greedy he wishes his newfound attention would garner some financial rewards. "There's an old saying that the Navajo makes silver and the Cherokee makes babies, but what the Apache makes is money. Well, *this* Apache don't make money. I would like to make some money. I could really use some. I want to leave something for my kids, other than the knowledge that their father was a biker for 26 years and watched all of his friends die and sat around waiting for himself to die. I've shot myself in the head. I've been shot three times and stabbed a number of times. I'm still here so there must be some kind of plan." ■

NICODEMUS
SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

1974
Spellbound Eclipse "Lord I'm Diein'"
b/w "Laweezianna Red, Bandanna Bluze" *45*

1976
Nicodemus A Time of Witherveins *LP*
Nicodemus "When You Go"
b/w "Iceland Land of the Micemen" *45*
Nicodemus The Rotting Head of Pilot LáPew *LP*

1977
Nicodemus Spacechild Squall *LP*

1978
Nicodemus and Matchez Backstreet Orange *LP*

1979
Nicodemus and Matchez December 7th *LP*

1980
Nicodemus What For *LP*

1981
Lea Cellophane Bluze Band Entering Mrs. Brown *LP*
Nicodemus Acidheads Have More Fun *LP*

1982
Matchez "Out to Lunch"
b/w "Land of Bosco" *45*
Matchez No Change *LP*
Blue Oinkers Starship Season *LP*

1984
N.M.G. "Hellbound Train" b/w "Alfonzo" *45*
N.M.G. Poisoned Appeal *LP*
N.M.G. French Girls *LP*

1985
Arthur Run-Art Zip Gun Band Just Nimmaj *Cassette*

1986
Nicodemus and Matchez Better Art Music *LP*

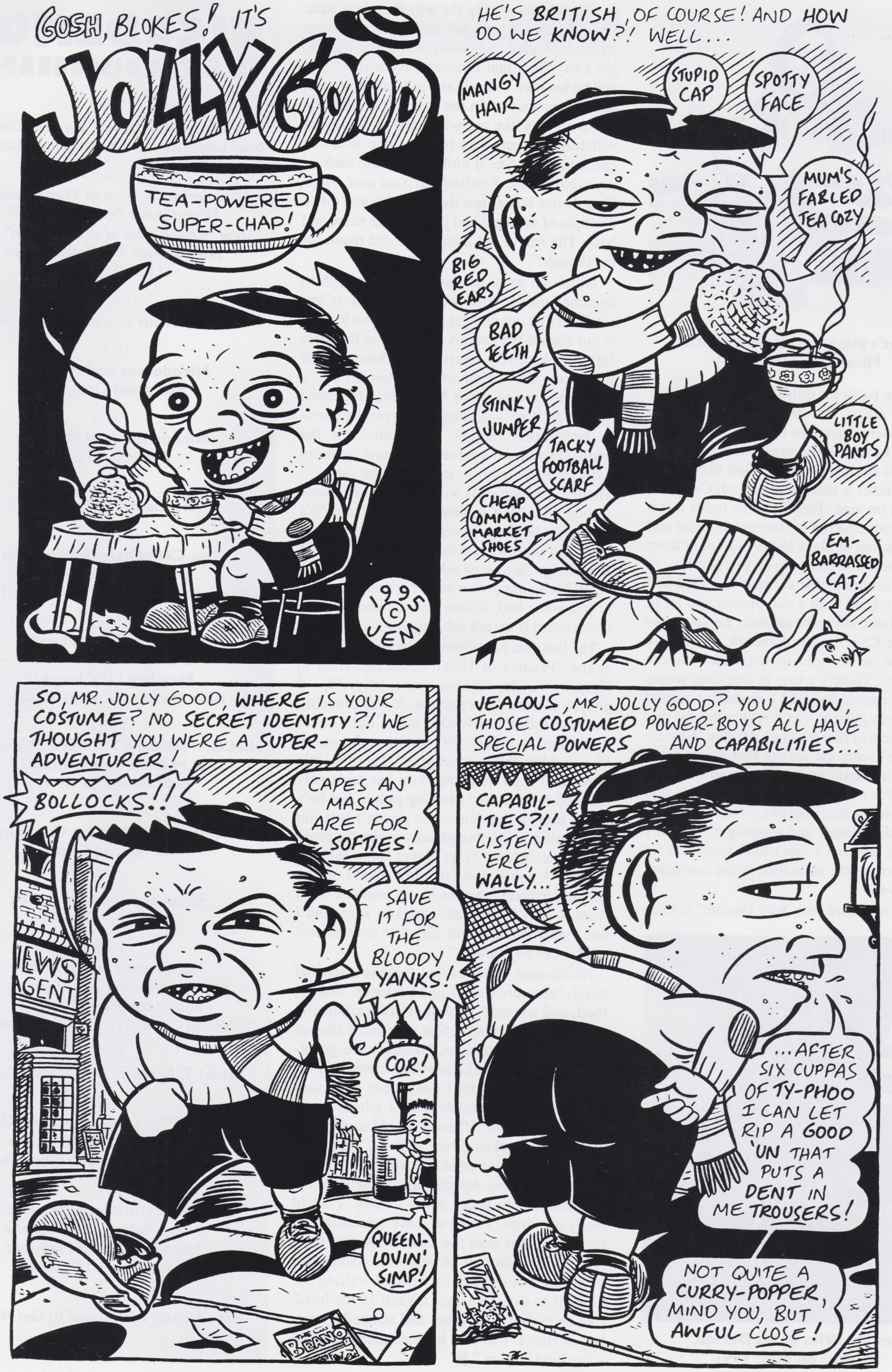
1990
Nicodemus and Matchez Changing the Future *Cassette*
Nicodemus and Matchez World Control (1974-1990) *Cassette*

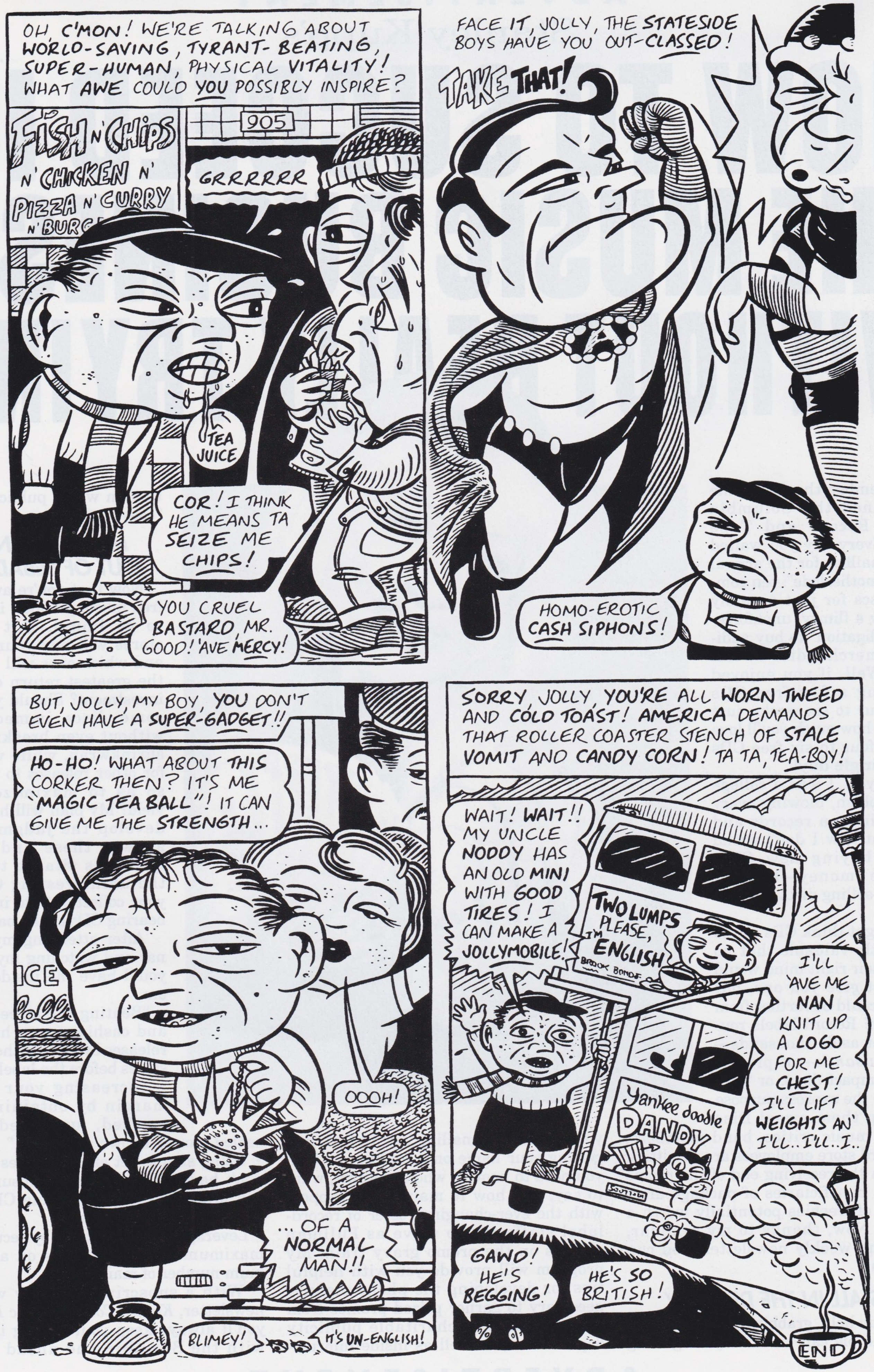
1991
Tablet Z Audience with Millions *Cassette*

1994
Matchez Out of the Gutter and Slightly on Tilt (1981-1994) *Cassette*
Nicodemus Antannae Moonlite *LP*

1995
Nicodemus and Matchez 9 Daze Before Xmas *Cassette*
Nicodemus and Matchez Toxic Crunch *LP/Cassette*

1996
Nicodemus Too Stoned to Get High *LP*


GOSH, BLOKES! IT'S
JOLLY GOOD
TEA-POWERED SUPER-CHAP!
1995 © JEM
HE'S BRITISH, OF COURSE! AND HOW DO WE KNOW?! WELL...
MANGY HAIR
STUPID CAP
SPOTTY FACE
MUM'S FABLED TEA COZY
BIG RED EARS
BAD TEETH
STINKY JUMPER
TACKY FOOTBALL SCARF
CHEAP COMMON MARKET SHOES
LITTLE BOY PANTS
EM-BARRASSED CAT!
SO, MR. JOLLY GOOD, WHERE IS YOUR COSTUME? NO SECRET IDENTITY?! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE A SUPER-ADVENTURER!
BOLLOCKS!!
CAPES AN' MASKS ARE FOR SOFTIES!
SAVE IT FOR THE BLOODY YANKS!
NEWS AGENT
COR!
QUEEN-LOVIN' SIMP!
THE BEANO
JEALOUS, MR. JOLLY GOOD? YOU KNOW, THOSE COSTUMED POWER-BOYS ALL HAVE SPECIAL POWERS AND CAPABILITIES...
CAPABIL-ITIES?!! LISTEN 'ERE, WALLY...
...AFTER SIX CUPPAS OF TY-PHOO I CAN LET RIP A GOOD 'UN THAT PUTS A DENT IN ME TROUSERS!
NOT QUITE A CURRY-POPPER, MIND YOU, BUT AWFUL CLOSE!


OH C'MON! WE'RE TALKING ABOUT WORLD-SAVING, TYRANT-BEATING, SUPER-HUMAN, PHYSICAL VITALITY! WHAT AWE COULD YOU POSSIBLY INSPIRE?
FISH N' CHIPS N' CHICKEN N' PIZZA N' CURRY N' BURG
905
GRRRRRR
TEA JUICE
COR! I THINK HE MEANS TA SEIZE ME CHIPS!
YOU CRUEL BASTARD, MR. GOOD! 'AVE MERCY!
FACE IT, JOLLY, THE STATESIDE BOYS HAVE YOU OUT-CLASSED!
TAKE THAT!
HOMO-EROTIC CASH SIPHONS!
BUT, JOLLY, MY BOY, YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A SUPER-GADGET!!
HO-HO! WHAT ABOUT THIS CORKER THEN? IT'S ME "MAGIC TEA BALL"! IT CAN GIVE ME THE STRENGTH...
ICE
OOOH!
... OF A NORMAL MAN!!
BLIMEY!
IT'S UN-ENGLISH!
SORRY, JOLLY, YOU'RE ALL WORN TWEED AND COLD TOAST! AMERICA DEMANDS THAT ROLLER COASTER STENCH OF STALE VOMIT AND CANDY CORN! TA TA, TEA-BOY!
WAIT! WAIT!! MY UNCLE NODDY HAS AN OLD MINI WITH GOOD TIRES! I CAN MAKE A JOLLYMOBILE!
TWO LUMPS PLEASE, I'M ENGLISH
BROOK BOND
I'LL 'AVE ME NAN KNIT UP A LOGO FOR ME CHEST! I'LL LIFT WEIGHTS AN' I'LL... I'LL... I...
Yankee doodle DANDY
GAWD! HE'S BEGGING!
HE'S SO BRITISH!
END

Stanley Kupp's

HOW TO SUCCEED IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Remember the first time you joined the Columbia House Record and Tape Club? Every day you waited at the mailbox for the arrival of the "motherlode": ten compact discs for just a penny and only a flimsy, unenforceable "obligation" to buy additional merchandise at full price. Well, if you enjoyed receiving a few free CDs every four to six weeks, just imagine how much you'll love getting four to six free CDs **every single day!**

Like you, I was a college rock nebbish, blowing every spare dime on records and CDs. But now I don't spend money buying new CDs, I make money—**lots** of money—selling discs I get for free.

You might think CDs are so inherently valuable that no one in their right mind would ever just *give* you one, but nothing could be further from the truth! Record labels routinely set aside thousands—yes, *thousands*—of promotional compact discs, or "promos," for the express purpose of giving them away! Disc jockeys, music critics, band members, and record store employees are all sitting pretty on the receiving end of the promo pipeline, beneficiaries of package after package of freebies potentially worth a fortune. Now, thanks to my seminar, video, and weekly newsletter, you can join them!

IT'S ALL IN THE DELIVERY

With my help, grabbing your piece of the promo pie can be as easy as getting your name on a mailing list. In fact, it *is* getting your name on a mailing list! All you need to know is who to contact, what to say, and how to maintain a rapport with the ever-changing roster of record-label staffers who serve as Pullman porters on the promo gravy train. My program will provide you with helpful tips for developing the phone manner necessary to garner prized promos from even the most uncharitable publicity departments, as well as inside information on which publicists are "easy."

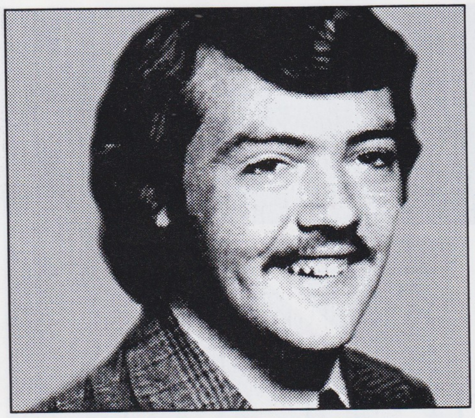
MAKING CENTS OUT OF SEBADOH

Now that you're awash in free music product, it's time to go liquid. But which stores will buy your booty, and which ones will provide the greatest return on your investment? Should you sell some discs immediately without even breaking the shrinkwrap, while waiting for other releases to "break" so as to maximize your yield? My plan will help you develop the judgment to answer these and other questions vital to turning the uninteresting CDs in your collection into interest-bearing CDs at the bank.

After attending my seminar and watching my video, you'll have the inside track on:

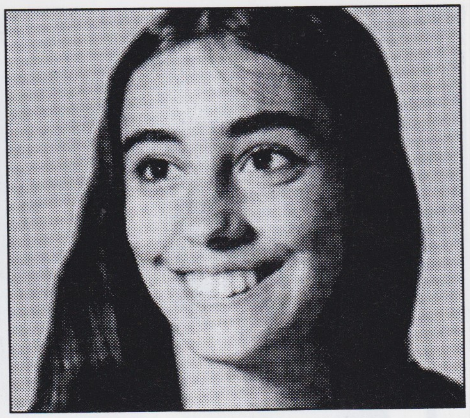
- "Beating the street date" and cashing-in on hot new releases by getting them into stores before the labels do.
- Increasing your profit margin by obtaining unmarked, undrilled, and sealed promos known as "cleans."
- Using simple yet effective lines like "I don't have a tape player" to insure that you always receive high-value CDs and avoid no-value cassettes.
- Leveraging your contacts by securing a maximum number of spots on a maximum number of mailing lists.

With a subscription to my weekly newsletter, *Kupp's Compact Disc Report*, you'll always keep your selling in sync with the Buzz Bin and ahead of the



"Who would have thought that by age 19, I'd be a 'DJ,' a 'radio programmer,' a 'promoter,' a 'rock critic,' and a 'record store owner,' all without having to leave the house?"

"Thanks to Stanley Kupp's methods, I made enough money selling promos to buy a Frank Lloyd Wright house in the Hollywood Hills."



"I've finally found a use for SPIN. It was worthless as a tipsheet for what discs to buy, but it's invaluable as an indicator of what to sell and when to sell it."

cutout bin. You'll have the latest skinny on:

- Which stores in your area are "buying high" and which are "trading low."
- Which music publications are affecting sales trends and which rock journalists are spotting the "dark horses" and "up-and-comers" that can pay off big.
- Which videos are due for broadcast on MTV's *120 Minutes*, helping you get the jump on the "Monday morning promo rush" at your local CD merchant.

SELLING THE UNSELLABLES

Unfortunately, all promos are not created equal. Even amateur promo-sellers quickly discover that some CDs just aren't wanted, no matter how many times and places you try to unload them. These discs have become known as the "unsellables." Faced with continued rejection, many unseasoned promo-sellers will try anything to get rid of these digital white elephants. They ship them to less-developed nations, such as Zaire, the Philippines, or Canada, where all things American sell at a premium. In desperation, they donate unsellables to charity in order to claim tax deductions. They might even turn them into drink coasters or—God forbid—throw them away!

Using my foolproof techniques, you'll never have to resort to such drastic measures to discard your unsellables. Indeed, you'll be unloading Zumpano, St. Johnny, and Butt Trumpet CDs as if they were Beatles rarities! If it hadn't worked so well for me, I would've thought it couldn't be done.

A WIN-WIN SITUATION

Although some record companies claim that the used-CD trade is killing music faster than home taping, promo selling is actually a winning proposition for all parties involved. Bands gain needed exposure, consumers get CDs at reduced prices, stores increase their profit margins, and best of all, you get rich, tax-free! And don't worry about the labels: they deduct the cost of producing promos from their taxes as a business expense. The only losers are waste incinerator and landfill operators, who would otherwise be disposing of countless unwanted CDs by the likes of Dink, the Didjits, and Warrior Soul.

OUT OF THE LOOP, INTO THE LOOT

Using my techniques, there's no end to the profit potential. Eventually, you might even reach the promo-selling pinnacle: **direct deposit**. Through the miracle of direct deposit, you'll never have to touch a CD again. Record labels will ship your promos directly to the used CD outlets of your choice, who will automatically credit your bank account. You'll be so busy spending your hassle-free income that you won't have time to listen to music, let alone care about it. Indeed, you'll make more money than the band members themselves!

Artist	Sales	Close	Chg
PAbdul	11904	$4.65	+1/8
ABones	60	$0.28	- 3/16
AblTasmns	12	$2.74	-1/4
ACAcstcs	256	$0.89	-9/16
ACDC	10987	$2.11	-2 3/16
AceOfBse	8765	$3.35	+1/2
Acetone	747	$1.46	-1 5/8
ActSwgers	120	$0.30	-1/8
BrAdams	15675	$4.12	+1/4
Aerosmth	2164	$3.99	+3/8
AfgWhgs	5023	$3.68	+1/16
AgOrnge	18	$4.16	+2 5/8
AlicInChns	189	$2.87	-5/8
AlcFunCar	346	$0.51	-1/16
All	12356	$0.11	-1/64
All4One	9035	$4.47	+3/16
GGAllin	0	$0.00	+1 1/2
AmMusClb	432	$3.41	-3/8
TorAmos	5670	$6.09	+1/8
AnlCunt	345	$0.28	-1/8
LAndrson	9875	$3.21	-2 1/4
AngCorChr	11898	$0.68	-3/4
AdamAnt	12745	$0.45	-3/8
AphxTwn	583	$3.86	+1/2
AqRscUnt	1538	$3.73	+1/8
ArchOfLf	374	$4.76	+1 1/4
Arcwldr	267	$2.33	-1/16
AssPnys	10985	$0.16	-5/8
AzSnail	253	$0.01	-1/64
BabeInToy	11854	$1.21	-2 1/8
BabeBluOx	431	$0.24	-1/16
BabylDncBd	74	$1.18	-1/8
BadBrns	3421	$2.69	-5/8

My patented "CD Trade Index," included in each and every issue of *Kupp's Compact Disc Report*, is the perfect tool for helping you keep tabs on the rapidly changing promo market.

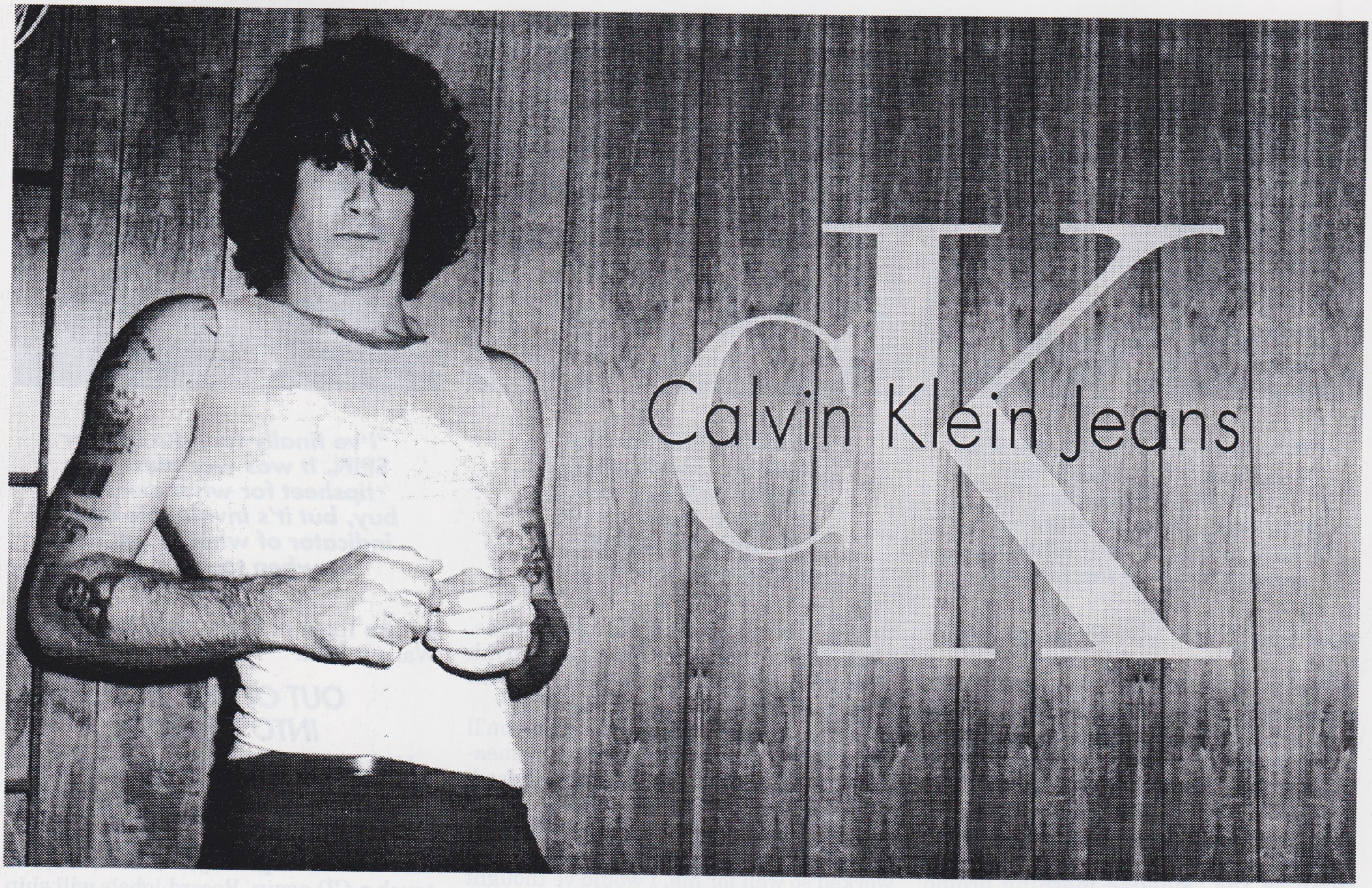
"Why the heck aren't you already rich?"

- *Stanley Kupp*

Join the thousands of satisfied customers who've made millions using Stanley Kupp's unique methods. For just twelve easy payments of $49.95, you can learn everything you need to know to turn worthless music into cold, hard cash. Let Stanley Kupp show you the way.

1-800-GET-RICH

Visa and MasterCard accepted



BRANCH MANAGER

PHOTO · MONICA GESUE © 1995

Records & Stuff We Sell:

95. **BRANCH MANAGER** * Ⓒ
94. **SLANT 6** **`Inzombia'** †* Ⓒ
93. **TRUSTY** **`Good-Bye Dr. Fate'** * Ⓒ
92. LUNGFISH 'Pass and Stow' †* Ⓒ
91. SLANT 6 'Soda Pop-Ripoff' (CD Includes #85) †* Ⓒ
90. **FUGAZI** **`Red Medicine'** †* Ⓒ
89. HOOVER 'Lurid Traversal of Rt. 7' †* Ⓒ
88. IGNITION 'Complete Services' CD contains everything Ⓔ
87. FAITH/VOID CD has Faith/Void Split LP and Faith 'Subject to Change' EP Ⓔ
86. HOLY ROLLERS 10-Song LP †* Ⓒ
85. SLANT 6 3-Song 7" Ⓐ
70. FUGAZI 'In On the Kill Taker' †* Ⓒ
32. STATE OF THE UNION CD Only Ⓓ
14. DISCHORD 1981 'The Year in Seven Inches' Ⓓ
7. FLEX YOUR HEAD DC Sampler * Ⓒ

†Also available as cassette *Available as CD, price code Ⓓ

Price Guide, including postage, in U.S. $:

		U.S.A.	SURFACE & CANADA	Airmail
Ⓐ	7"	3.00	4.00	6.00
Ⓑ	12" EP	6.00	8.00	11.00
Ⓒ	LP	7.00	9.00	12.00
Ⓓ	CD	8.00	9.00	11.00
Ⓔ	MaxiCD	10.00	11.00	13.00

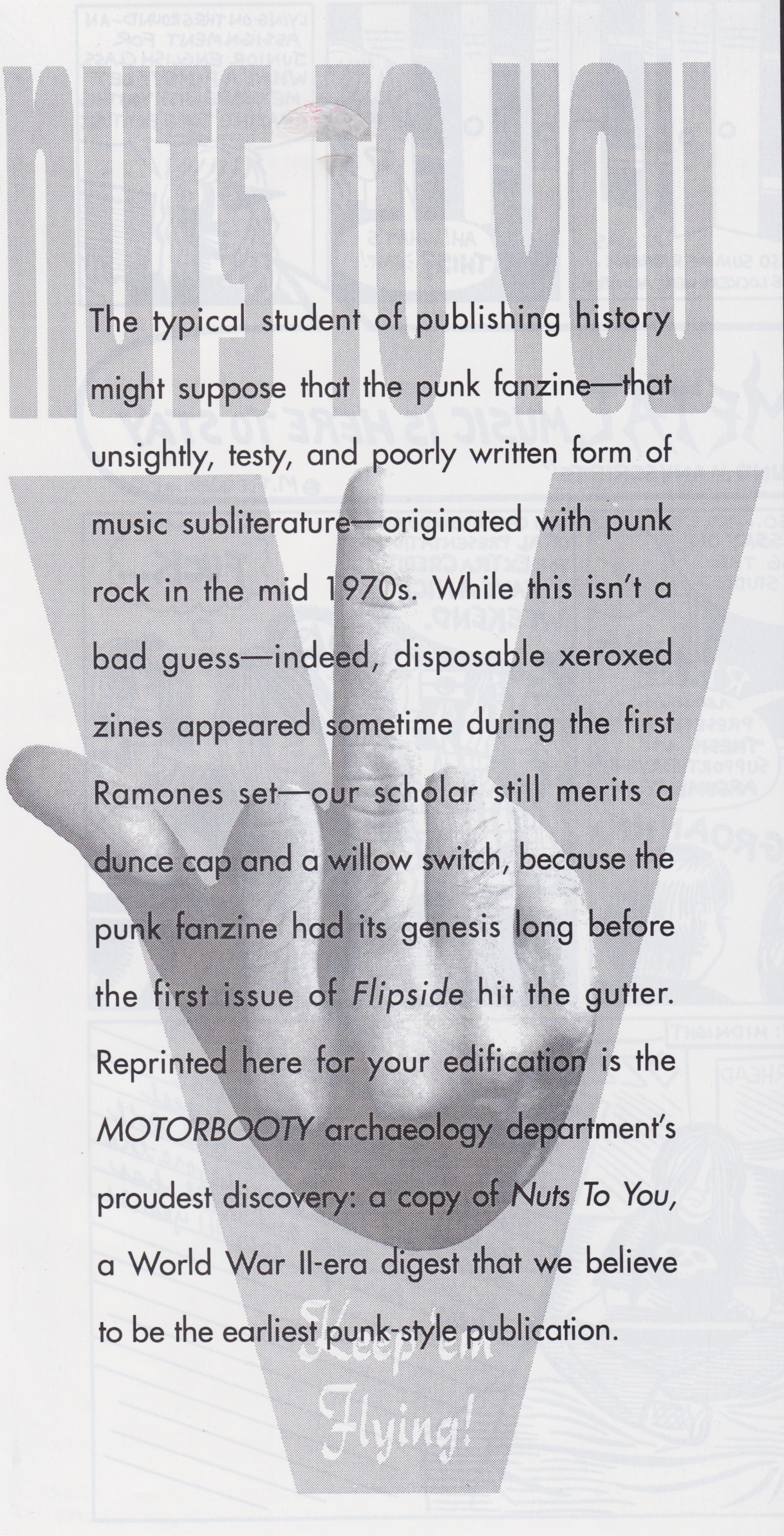
New (#2) **CATALOG !** please send one US $ or 4 US stamps or 4 IRCs.

DISCHORD records

For a plain but complete **LIST** of records, send us a US stamp or an IRC.

3819 BEECHER ST. NW, WASH., D.C. 20007

NUTS TO YOU


Keep 'em Flying!

The typical student of publishing history might suppose that the punk fanzine—that unsightly, testy, and poorly written form of music subliterature—originated with punk rock in the mid 1970s. While this isn't a bad guess—indeed, disposable xeroxed zines appeared sometime during the first Ramones set—our scholar still merits a dunce cap and a willow switch, because the punk fanzine had its genesis long before the first issue of *Flipside* hit the gutter. Reprinted here for your edification is the *MOTORBOOTY* archaeology department's proudest discovery: a copy of *Nuts To You,* a World War II-era digest that we believe to be the earliest punk-style publication.

SHIRTS

freshvines

POSTERS

"THE BETTER MAGAZINE"
MOTORBOOTY
KILL TIME
BEFORE IT KILLS YOU

SUBS

MOTORBOOTY
4-Issue Subscriptions
available for $16

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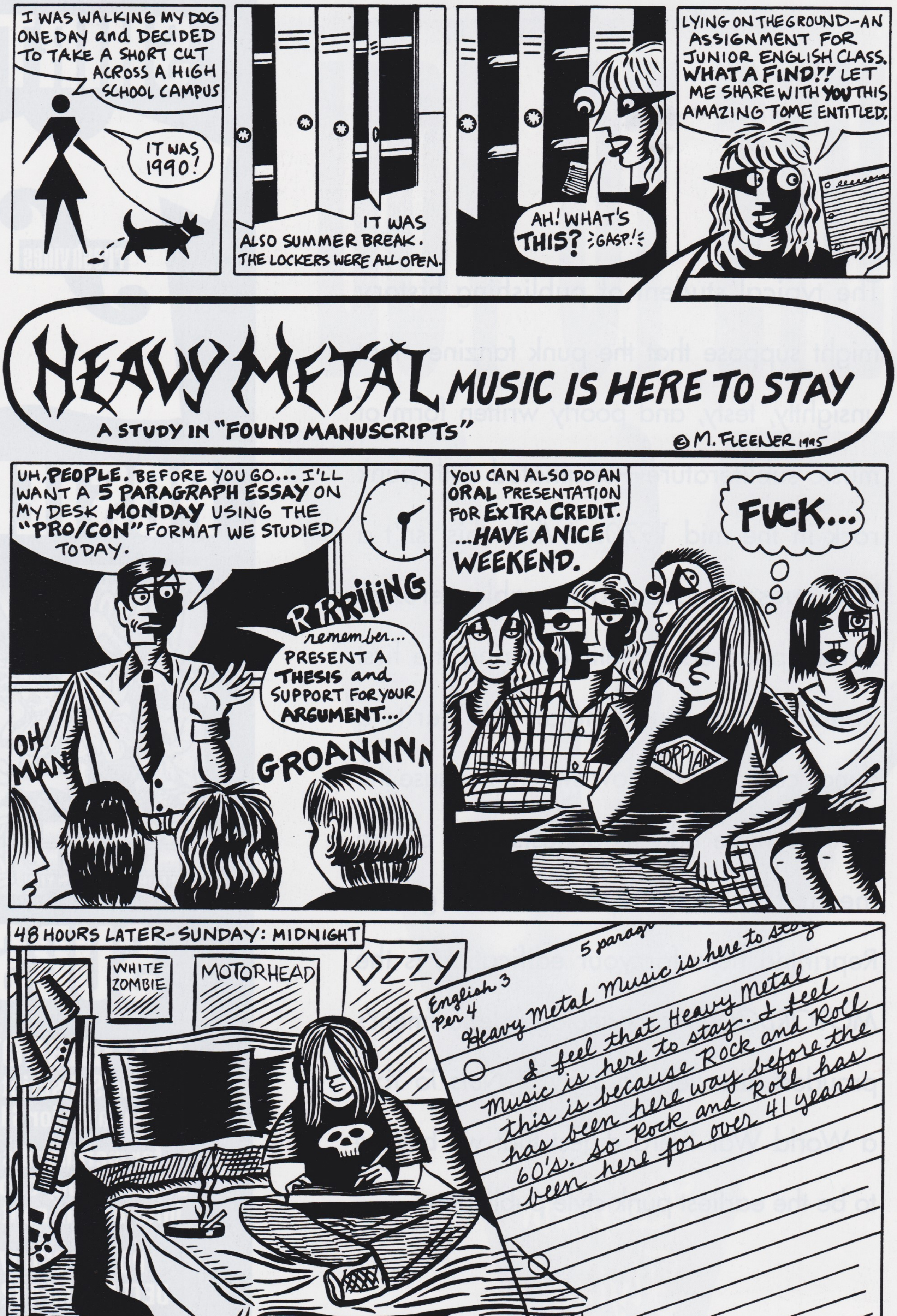
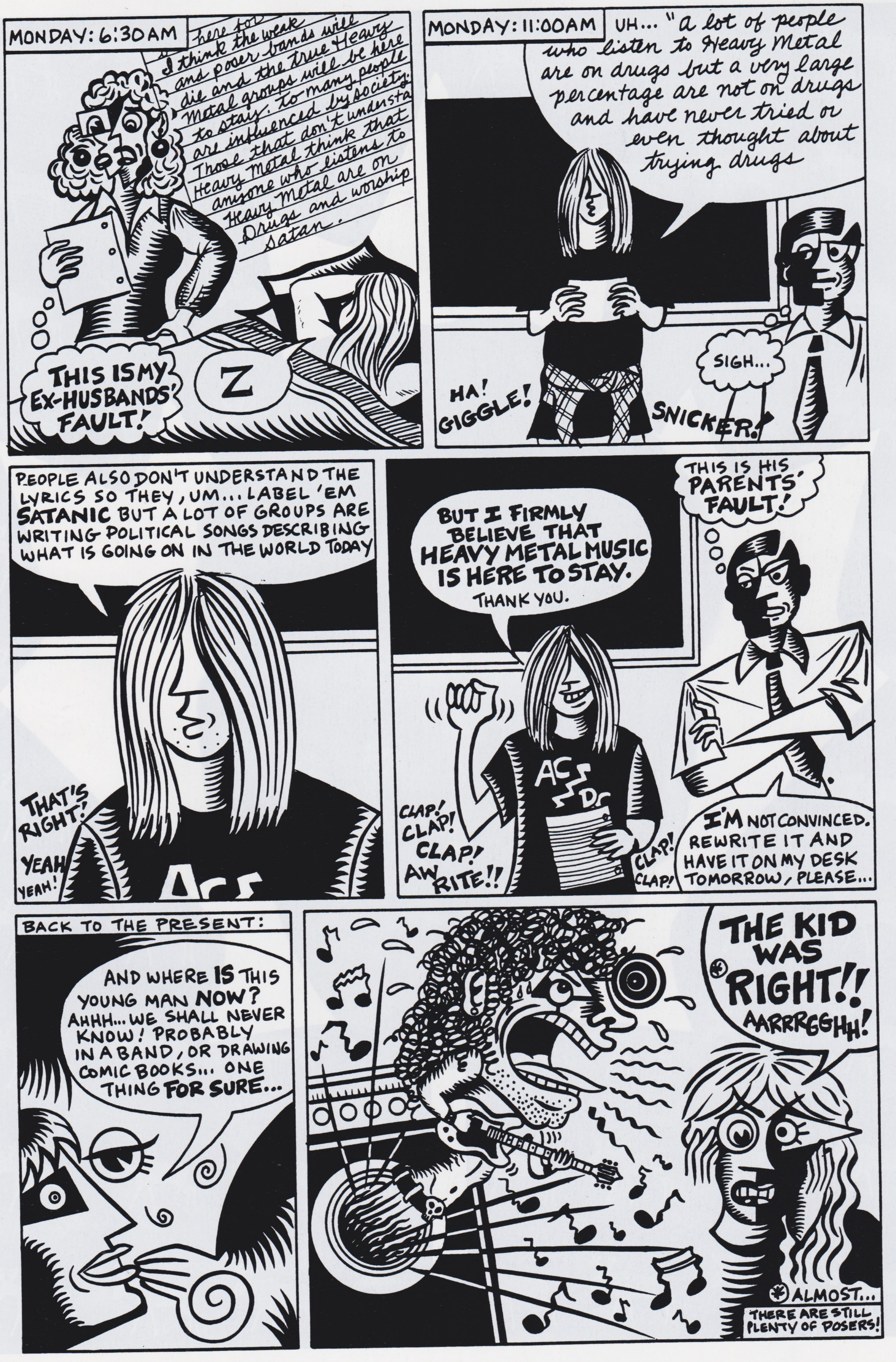
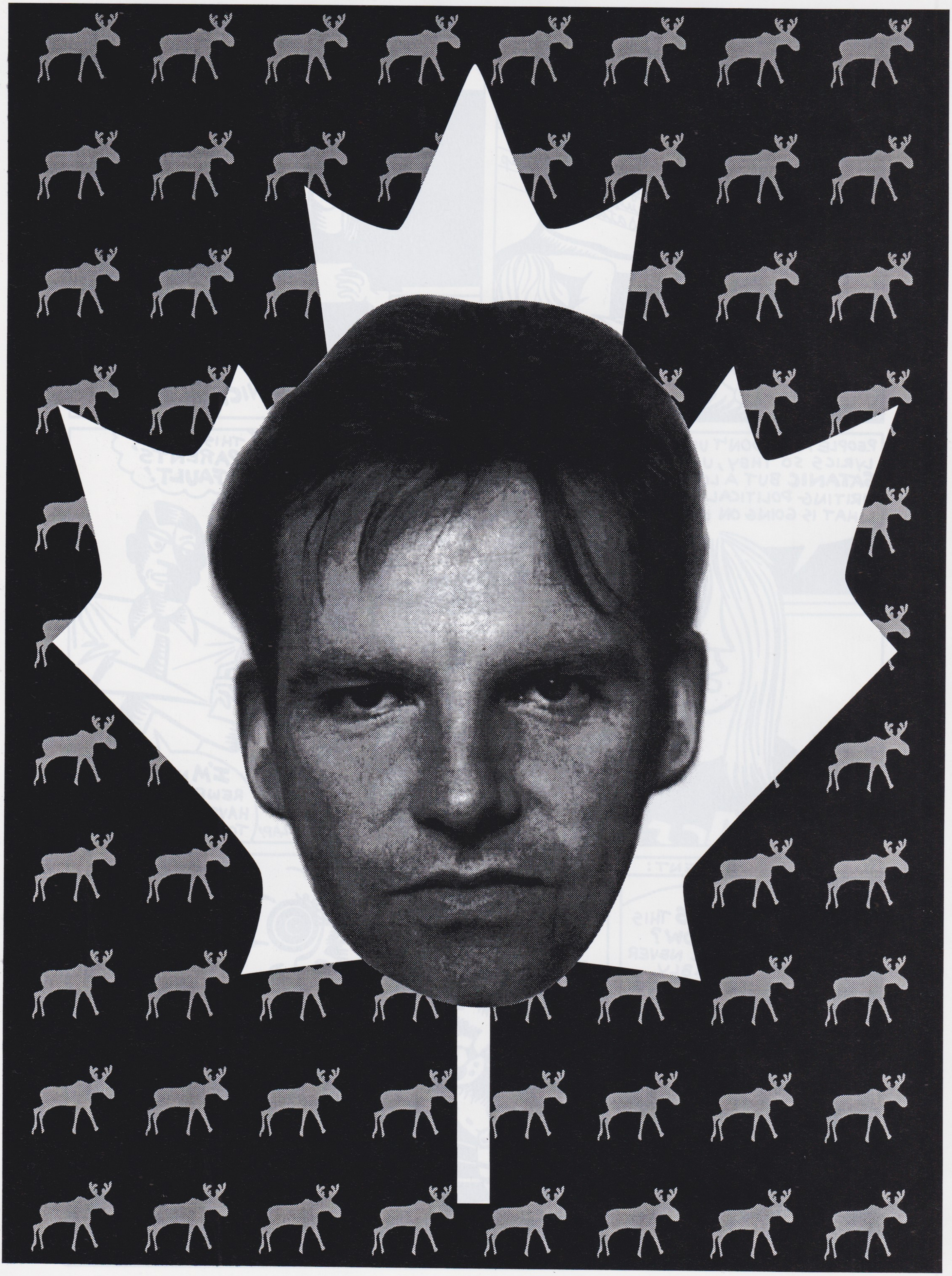

I WAS WALKING MY DOG ONE DAY and DECIDED TO TAKE A SHORT CUT ACROSS A HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS
IT WAS 1990!
IT WAS ALSO SUMMER BREAK. THE LOCKERS WERE ALL OPEN.
AH! WHAT'S THIS? GASP!
LYING ON THE GROUND—AN ASSIGNMENT FOR JUNIOR ENGLISH CLASS. WHAT A FIND!! LET ME SHARE WITH YOU THIS AMAZING TOME ENTITLED;
HEAVY METAL MUSIC IS HERE TO STAY
A STUDY IN "FOUND MANUSCRIPTS"
© M. FLEENER 1995
UH, PEOPLE. BEFORE YOU GO... I'LL WANT A 5 PARAGRAPH ESSAY ON MY DESK MONDAY USING THE "PRO/CON" FORMAT WE STUDIED TODAY.
RRRIIING
remember... PRESENT A THESIS and SUPPORT FOR YOUR ARGUMENT...
OH MAN
GROANNNN
YOU CAN ALSO DO AN ORAL PRESENTATION FOR EXTRA CREDIT. ...HAVE A NICE WEEKEND.
FUCK...
48 HOURS LATER—SUNDAY: MIDNIGHT
WHITE ZOMBIE
MOTORHEAD
OZZY
5 paragr
English 3
Per 4
Heavy Metal Music is here to stay
I feel that Heavy Metal Music is here to stay. I feel this is because Rock and Roll has been here way before the 60's. So Rock and Roll has been here for over 41 years


MONDAY: 6:30 AM
here for
I think the weak
and poser bands will
die and the true Heavy
Metal groups will be here
to stay. to many people
are influenced by society.
Those that don't understa
Heavy Metal think that
anyone who listens to
Heavy Metal are on
Drugs and worship
Satan.
THIS IS MY EX-HUSBANDS' FAULT!
Z
MONDAY: 11:00 AM
UH... "a lot of people who listen to Heavy Metal are on drugs but a very large percentage are not on drugs and have never tried or even thought about trying drugs
SIGH...
HA! GIGGLE!
SNICKER!
PEOPLE ALSO DON'T UNDERSTAND THE LYRICS SO THEY, UM... LABEL 'EM SATANIC BUT A LOT OF GROUPS ARE WRITING POLITICAL SONGS DESCRIBING WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD TODAY
THAT'S RIGHT!
YEAH YEAH!
AC
BUT I FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT HEAVY METAL MUSIC IS HERE TO STAY. THANK YOU.
THIS IS HIS PARENTS' FAULT!
AC DC
CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! AW RITE!!
CLAP! CLAP!
I'M NOT CONVINCED. REWRITE IT AND HAVE IT ON MY DESK TOMORROW, PLEASE...
BACK TO THE PRESENT:
AND WHERE IS THIS YOUNG MAN NOW? AHHH... WE SHALL NEVER KNOW! PROBABLY IN A BAND, OR DRAWING COMIC BOOKS... ONE THING FOR SURE...
THE KID WAS *RIGHT!! AARRRGGHH!
*ALMOST...
THERE ARE STILL PLENTY OF POSERS!



THE PRETTY GOOD FILMS OF *Guy* MADDIN

Interview by Mike Rubin
Photo by Robin Holland

That the films of director Guy Maddin attempt to conjure up a hallucinatory dream world is admirable; that they consistently succeed in doing so is truly an achievement, a feat all the more remarkable given that the movies are conceived, produced, and realized in Canada, the United States' largest, dullest suburb. After three disorienting and disturbing features, the 37-year-old former banker turned independent movie mogul seems poised to become North America's next great cinematic visionary, as long as he can find someone other than this author to watch his work.

Based in Manitoba's "cultural mecca" of Winnipeg, Maddin made his first feature, *Tales from the Gimli Hospital*, in 1988. The film became a cult hit, playing for months as a midnight movie in New York City. Told from the deathbed of a woman who lies clutching a 7-11 Super Big Gulp, *Gimli* was a magic-surrealist romantic rectangle where the atmosphere of pseudo-Scandinavian fear and foreboding is offset by bizarre rituals like nurses who put on a rudimentary puppet show as a replacement for anesthetic or people who wash their faces with handfuls of twigs. Maddin's follow-up, 1991's *Archangel*—a disjointed fable involving amnesiac World War I soldiers wandering around a Russian port city in a state of mustard-gas-enhanced confusion—was less commercially successful, becoming notorious as the film that closed down New York's vaunted Bleecker Street Cinema.

1992's *Careful* was a tongue-in-cheek update of the early 1930s German "mountain film" genre (several of which starred young Aryan fraulein and Nazi-propagandist-to-be Leni Riefenstahl), set in a snowy 19th century alpine village where the inhabitants live in constant fear of unleashing their libidos and setting off a catastrophic avalanche. Utilizing tinted gels and filters, disarming jump-cuts, and great hissing clouds of static—as well as anachronistic devices like title cards, iris-ins, cardboard stage sets, and stationary cameras—Maddin created a period piece that evokes a time and place that never existed.

Although such cinematic recycling might seem to smack of some sort of "Sprockets"-like pomo film-school exercise, the stylistic excesses of Maddin's movies actually only make them funnier. Maddin's scripts, full of stilted hyperbole and purple prose, highlight one of the most offbeat senses of humor currently working; *Careful* in particular is a masterpiece of deadpan comic timing disguised in faux-profound dialogue and mannered, often deliberately hammy acting. All three of his costume dramedies are chock full of names and places forged from a bizarre stew of Germanic, Slavic, Scandinavian, and Icelandic tongues, though they aren't always quite as exotic as they seem: all the mountains in *Careful*, for example, are named after members of the 1969 Minnesota Twins.

Despite their hilarity, Maddin's films are anything but commercial. With his storytelling sometimes hampered by narrative obstacles like apparitions within dreams within flashbacks within spoken stories and by characters who display a polymorphous perversity that gropes past mere homoeroticism, Maddin has baffled audiences as well as distributors and investors. Maddin recently completed *Odilon Redon*, a short film that showed at the 1995 New York Film Festival, and is currently working on a project for Canadian TV called *The Hands of Ida*. In the meantime, he's paying his bills by making videos for Winnipeg area bands like the unfortunately named Grand Theft Canoe.

MOTORBOOTY: What's your goal as a filmmaker?

GUY MADDIN: I don't feel like I'll be a legitimate filmmaker until I get into the Ephraim Katz *Film Encyclopedia*. I want to be between Fred MacMurray and Guy Madison.

Don't quit your day job!

Actually I wanted to be a writer, but my writing abilities are too limited. I always wanted to be able to create with writing what Nabokov described as 'those little tingles in the back of the neck' that you get when you read something that's worded just so. But I've always known my limitations, and I knew I could never be a writer. So when I saw that it was possible to make movies, I thought, 'Here's a chance. I can make a primitive movie and produce tingles.' I asked a filmmaker friend of mine how much it would cost to make a movie, and he told me $5000, and I happened to have $5000 that my aunt had left me, so I went out and made a movie. I just said, 'I'm spending my money on making a movie. That's what I want to do.'

Did you know what you were doing?

No. My style has evolved in an almost Darwinian way. My volunteer camera crew quit on me the second day of shooting, and I had to learn how to shoot. I've looked through the camera eyepiece ever since; I've been my own director of photography, and I've saved so much energy and time not having to explain to another person what to do. It's not megalomania; it's actually fear and laziness.

It's strange that you say that you don't consider yourself a writer, since there are certain lines in your films that are totally hilarious.

I write scripts differently than most. I like to throw in a lot of descriptive stuff, these really incredibly purple passages that aren't cinematic, so that the actors or the potential investors or whatever can get a feeling for the thing. Lately my favorite writers are 19th century writers that have been translated into English, so a lot of the dialogue in *Careful* has that flavor. Even though the lines were written in English, it feels like they've been translated.

Careful supposedly takes place in the Alps, but to me it seemed like a fictional German village just outside of Moose Jaw.

That's right. It's not necessarily the Alps at all, it's an 'alpine-ish' place. There's even a sort-of Canadian flag flapping at one point, or what I wish the flag would look like. I hate the Canadian flag. It looks like something Andy Warhol would have made for Canada. I would like the leaf to be a little more sinister. I just wish it had a little more oomph.

I wish Canada had a little more oomph.

Canadians never get excited about anything. The best thing a Canadian will say about anything is is that it's 'pretty good,' and the worst thing a Canadian will say about anything is that it's 'pretty good.' The people that actually got me interested in film were American film professors working up in Canada. What I noticed about them was that they had opinions. They went, 'That movie is fucking great!' or 'This movie stinks; stay away from it!' Or 'don't read that novel: P.U.! Read this one, you'll get a boner.' And all my other friends are saying, 'Oh, this movie or book is "pretty good."' I think I'm making very Canadian movies, but I do owe America a big debt of gratitude. Not like other Canadian directors who try to imitate Americans and can't because they don't have the experience or the money. No, the debt of gratitude I owe Americans is that they showed me that what you need to do is liberate yourself and have opinions and convictions.

Kyle McCulloch as Grigorss in *Careful*

What's been the reception to your films in Canada?

Oh, you know, 'pretty good.' I've tended to have a really high batting average because I've been an underdog all along. If an underdog movie is bad, they just don't review it. One's hometown is always the toughest audience, so the only bad reviews I've ever gotten have been in my own hometown.

So they're not behind you just because you're Canadian?

Far from it. That's two quick strikes against you. I'd rather have the biggest idiot from New York endorse my movies and put the New York moniker on them than a Canadian, because then you're 'accepted in America.' Canadian movie stars are smaller than life rather than bigger than life, unless they happened to have made it in American films somewhere. Like Lolita Davidovitch, Christopher Plummer when he was the star of *The Sound of Music*, Donald Sutherland, Margot Kidder when she was in *Superman*—they return to the country as movie stars, but when they were working in Canadian films no one wanted to talk to them. Canadian comedians have been our best export. A lot of the *Saturday Night Live* people are originally from Canada, but they like to keep it quiet. The *SCTV* folks are all from Canada. *The Kids in Hall* are from Toronto, and they have a pretty good edge. I've quit watching television, except for *Hockey Night in Canada*, with that theme that should be our national anthem: Da, da-ta-da, da-ta-da-ta-da/Da, da-ta-da, da-ta-da-ta-da.... Someone put words to that recently. It was unbelievable.

With filmmakers like yourself, Atom Egoyan, Denys Arcand, and others, would you say there's a Canadian filmmaking movement now?

I don't know. There's a film critic in Toronto, John Harkness of *Now* magazine, who said 'Canadians are making movies for film festivals, not for general release.' I guess the art-house circuit is where a Canadian identity is going to have to start, but quite frankly, art films can be an anagram to most people for 'just stay at home!,' and I really don't want to make movies that alienate and confuse people.

You mentioned that some of your technical style involved accidents?

In early projects almost everything was accidental. Now I liken trying to make a film to trying to steer a missile with your thighs, but back on *Tales from the Gimli Hospital* I had to live with everything that came back.

Fortunately I wasn't on a shooting schedule and I could adapt my mistakes. One scene was meant to be set in the daytime and it all came back hopelessly underexposed, so I just changed the script and set it at night.

You remind me a lot of Ingmar Bergman. Bergman must be your favorite.

No! I like Preston Sturges! I like Ernst Lubitsch! I like people with really clever writing, people that no matter how stylized or wild the comedy is, there's an otherworldly glamour and beauty to the movies, and a lot of universal truth. George Toles, my screenwriting collaborator, was once asked about his idea of the perfect script, and he said 'One in which the viewer is simultaneously laughing as much as he or she can while feeling the most profound anguish.' I don't think George's ideal script will ever be written by anyone, but it's something to shoot for. I believe that the stories that are most important to you are the ones that were told to you while you were being read to as a child in bed. I like worlds that take you far away, into the land of Nod, and so I'm working in that sort of vein.

Well, there's a definite fairy-tale quality to Careful.

Yeah, and that I consider a compliment. 'Fairy tale' is a very broad term. I think melodrama is an excellent framework for hanging poetry, atmosphere, and emotion, even though melodrama is almost considered an insult: 'I think things got a bit, melodramatic there, you know?' But let's face it, some really moving stuff is melodramatic. People watch soap operas and cry in the privacy of their living rooms.

There's a definite implausibility to aspects of your films, but it seems to work, to fit with everything else that is out-of-kilter. Even though nothing is really naturalistic and the places probably never existed, when ridiculous things happen it makes some sort of illogical sense.

What?

How come your films seem so crazy?

You want to set up the rules for that place and then obey those rules, to stay within that world. I hate breaking the rules. I hated what the *Monty Python* people, people I cared about when I was a teenager, did at the end of *The Holy Grail*: they broke all their own rules. I guess they thought that was really great, but they set up this wonderful medieval world and then instead of an ending they had the British police come and arrest all the members of the cast and take them away. What a cop-out! One of my rules is to keep people off balance. There are some artists that go at things straight ahead, ploddingly, then there are other artists that turn things exactly 180 degrees on your expectations. But I prefer coming back tacking 57.2 degrees, and then throwing an offspeed pitch that breaks at 23.1 degrees, so quite often no one really knows what to make of it. Unfortunately, people often don't know whether I intended something to be funny or not.

Like that moment in Archangel where the soldiers are in the trenches and it starts to snow a blizzard of bunnies.

A rare still from Jim Carrey's *Careful* screen test

Well, that one makes perfect sense to me. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but that comes from a real life anecdote. I think it was the Fenians (*Irish warriors in the second century AD—ed.*), who were just waiting in a camp one night, and all of a sudden a bunch of rabbits, foxes, and birds started descending upon them and they suddenly knew they were about to be attacked. What had happened was there was an army of soldiers sneaking up on them through the forest, quietly chasing ahead of them all the animals that lived in the forest, so there was this sort of animal portent, a visitation. I just thought they had to be white bunnies though. I never tried to explain it in the movie, I just thought it would make as much sense to the viewers of *Archangel* as it ultimately did to the Fenians, so I left it unexplained.

Some of your techniques seem to have something to do with a limited budget, like your use of noisy static or jump cuts.

A jump cut gives me a tingle. I've also pioneered 'Selectosound.' Sometimes you don't even need to hear the words coming out of a person's mouth. When someone is clearly saying 'Goodbye darling, I love you, take care,' I just have lips moving and nothing coming out, because their pantomime is sufficient. You fill in the blanks. I'm also comforted by ambient noise, perhaps because I loved listening to those distant Minnesota Twins broadcasts when I was growing up.

I've heard you describe Careful as a "pro-repression" film. What do you mean?

I came to realize the film had a pro-repression theme later, because whenever anyone unburdens her or himself of their true feelings, they're punished in an Old Testament fashion with a maiming or an instantaneous death. I began to think that since the turn of the century, people have been unburdening themselves a bit too much, too indiscriminately, without even looking where they're doing it. The handiest metaphor for everyone is the closet—coming out of one's closet, announcing your inner self to the outer world. There are many closets for many different things; some are full of shame and pain, and it's a good thing that they are opened up—many wonderful things have come out. But I think too many closet doors have been opened and we are living in one very big messy bedroom. Maybe we should start throwing a few things back in the closet, stuffing them in and closing the door. Besides, closets suggest something illicit, and illicitness can heighten pleasures. There are more pleasures to be had in the closet; it's another option. We could live in a tidier world, and perhaps a far more voluptuous one.

Did you envision the film as having a safe sex message?

At one point I thought that was a great idea. I woke up in the middle of the night and had this idea of selling *Careful* condoms, or *Careful* underwear, something that would warn someone about what they're doing just before they do it. I phoned up my producer with this idea in the middle of the night because I couldn't even sleep, and he just told me to shut up and that was the end of that.

One theme I noticed in your films is blindness, or at least blindness in one eye.

My dad was blind in one eye, actually. His eye was poked out by an unpinned brooch while he was clutched to his mother's bosom. Perfect, when you think about what a mother can do to her son. A mother loves her son, but a mother can also do some pretty weird things to her son too. His mother strangely hated photographs of herself after that, and used to poke out her own eyes out of the photographs with a pin.

Gosian Dobrowolska models unmentionables in *Careful*

Are you working on a new project?

I've got a plot structure that's loosely based on Dostoyevsky's *The Eternal Husband* and I can plug into this structure as much detail as I can fit in. It's called *Twilight of the Ice Nymphs*, and it's the story of a titanic battle between two hockey broadcasters, father and son. It's very mythic: the omnipotent father, an arm of the Russian Mafia, and the dissipated son, bent on destroying his dad, submerged in the absinthe and aromas of the Mauve Decade of Oscar Wilde. He considers himself the Oscar Wilde of sports broadcasters. The son is trying to reinvent the language of sportscasting, or actually I should say *I* am. I want to make the language of the picture as rich as possible. I want to mythologize hockey. It's becoming too real, too business-conscious, and I want to bring it back to the days when it was more lewd and unpredictable. I grew up in the Winnipeg Arena, which housed the Canadian National Team, and my father was the general manager of the Canadian national hockey team in the '60s, so I was a rink rat, and loved the smells and the sounds and the locker rooms of the hockey arena. I want the film to be a hybrid of a John Cheever short story and a Weegee photograph. In the early '60s there was something lurid about hockey. Everyone played with a helmet of Brylcreem instead of plastic; everyone was missing teeth and had erections in the shower. Because it's a childhood memory movie it would be pretty mythological. Children have to invent their own mythologies in order to make sense of the world, so that will be going on in this story.

What's the most memorable Winnipeg Jets game you ever saw?

Oh God. Someone on the Birmingham Bulls, Steve Durbano or Gord Gallant, ripped off Bobby Hull's toupee once and put it on the end of his stick, and gladitorially paraded around the ice with it. I had an in back then; the trainer of the Jets, the guy who rubbed all the aching bodies, who kneaded Bobby Hull's buttocks, lived with us, so we had season tickets and I saw every WHA game ever played in Winnipeg, plus I got all the inside poop on the players: 'Ulf Nilsson's body is like a woman's.' The next time I was in the changing room I decided to check Ulf out for myself, and it was true. He had such a slender, beautiful midriff, wide child-bearing hips, and a total absence of body hair.

In the dressing room of the Winnipeg Arena, the players' wives had their own anteroom where they used to breast-feed their children and things like that, and as a kid I was the only one who could actually run back and forth between this lounge and the players' acrid changing room. I loved the olfactory shock of passing from this chamber redolent of wet diapers and breasts swollen with milk into a room of damp men, the dubious smell of athletic supporters, unlaced skates, and drenched jerseys; the sound of showers and cigar-smoking Weegee types popping flashbulbs at nude players yipping and yapping whether they'd won or lost. I remember being in the dressing room and looking, eye-level, at the soapy genitals of former New York Rangers goaltender Gump Worsley.

I heard you wanted to cast Bobby Hull in the role of Count Knotgers in Careful.

Yes I did. I figured he was sort of Canada's Jim Brown, and we need to mythologize our sports heroes. I liked Jim Brown in *The Dirty Dozen* as a kid and stuff, and I just thought, 'Why not Bobby Hull? He could probably use the money, and I had so much fun watching him play.' He wouldn't return my calls so I tried Montreal Canadiens Hall-of-Famer Maurice Richard, but I heard a rumor that he was getting pretty senile, and wouldn't be able to remember his lines.

Those guys probably sustained some damage back in the days before helmets.

Goalies weren't even wearing masks then. Back when Jacques Plante was trying to invent a half-decent mask, my producer's father volunteered his face for some tests. Gordie Howe and Ted Lindsay would fire pucks at his face, and he'd tell Plante if the mask was any good. They developed a prototype eventually, after I don't know how many months.

I can't imagine the days before masks.

You should see these people up close. Bobby Hull has a few crags. That's another reason I was thinking of him: I was thinking alpine terrain. He would have been perfect.

I heard that you had some sort of run-in with Greta Garbo.

While I was in the midst of making *Archangel* Irving Berlin was still alive, and I started a rumor that he was coming out of retirement to do the score for *Archangel*, but then he died so that couldn't happen. And then I realized that Greta Garbo had been chaste probably for the last fifty years, so I really wanted a date with her, but then *she* died. Later, I was in Stockholm at the National Cinematheque there, and they have in a locked glass case the dress she wore in *Gosta Berling's Saga*, her last big Mauritz Stiller movie in Sweden before she came to America. I convinced the archivist to unlock the glass case so I could touch it, but once I was in there I was overcome with what it was—it became Garbo to me—and I actually licked the dress, just under the armpit and by the breast, that area that isn't on the breast but is an incredible erogenous zone. And I licked it so hard and it was so gossamer and old and fragile, that I actually licked a hole in it the size of a quarter, and the formaldehyde or whatever they were using to keep it in one piece scorched all the taste buds off my tongue for about a week. It was like the soul of Garbo disapproving from wherever she is, denying me the sense of taste for at least a week. I guess I wasn't showing much taste by doing it in the first place. But the story made it into print because someone asked me at year's end in *The Toronto Globe & Mail* what had I done this year, and all I could think of was 'I licked Greta Garbo's dress,' and the mailbag filled up with tons of mail about how I'd desecrated archival material. But I felt if anyone should be allowed to do it, it should be me. So I did it, I admit it, I'm sorry. But not very.

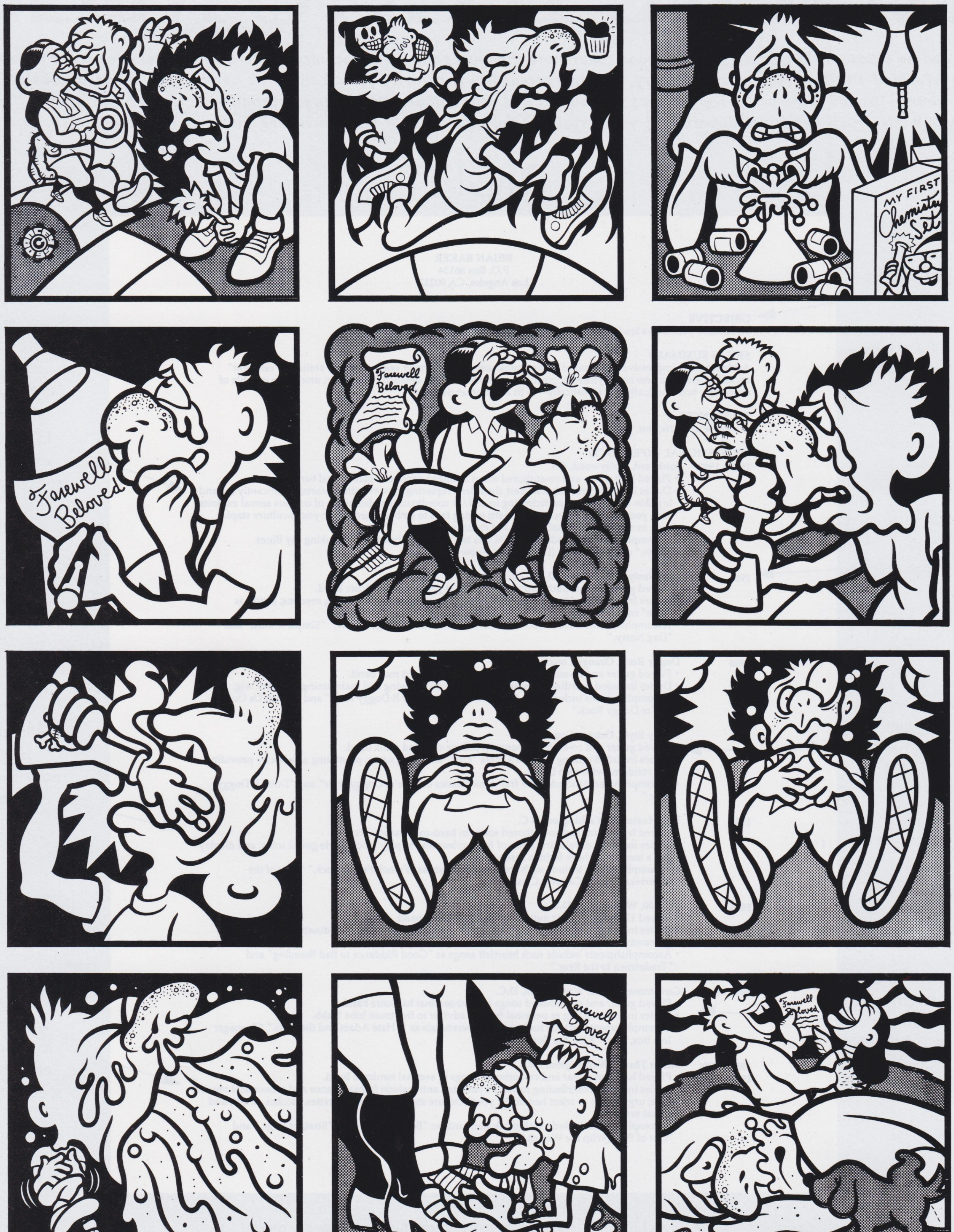
Are you comfortable with the idea that your films are being categorized as "midnight" or "cult"?

No, because I think the midnight movie is dying. I'd like to rise out of the cult movie status eventually. I'd rather be considered 'decadent' than 'kitschy' or 'tacky.'

So you don't have much of an allegiance with "camp"?

Not really. I'd rather be a decadent. I hope somewhere in the future instead of there being dusty old second-hand bookstores there'll be old video stores and people can find me, like how they can find Flaubert's *Salammbo* and go 'Wow, is this ever rich and strange.' That's what I'd rather have, not 'Wow, is this ever hokey.' You can't demand that people perceive you that way, you just have to wait. I have a hunch that time might be kind to my movies. We'll see. ■

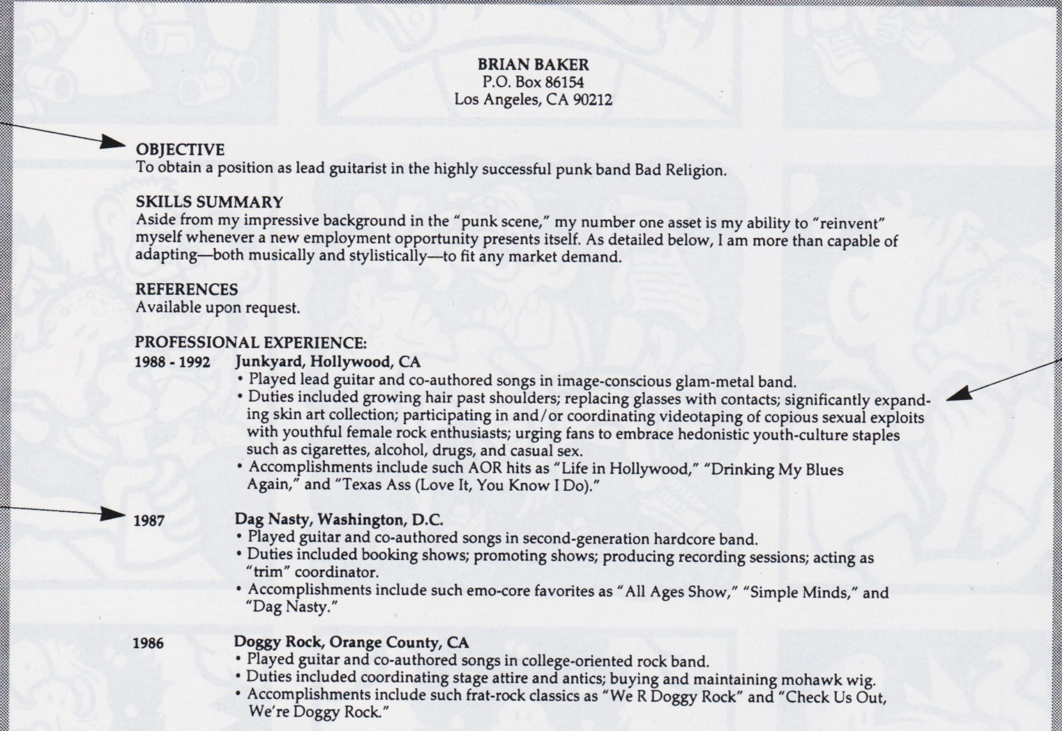
LAME, JASON, LAME


MY FIRST Chemistry Set
Farewell Beloved
Farewell Beloved
Farewell Beloved
Farewell Beloved

ROCK RESUMES:

Landing a position in a successful rock band takes more than just good looks, technical skills, and an extensive record collection from transformed the entertainment industry, making versatility a priority for musical job seekers. Without a constructive and A powerful resume is the best advertisement for yourself and your abilities. Its very presentation—neat, organized, clear, effective, and any selective rock personnel department will certainly take into account when assessing your occupational worth. The following

RIGHT



BRIAN BAKER
P.O. Box 86154
Los Angeles, CA 90212

OBJECTIVE
To obtain a position as lead guitarist in the highly successful punk band Bad Religion.

SKILLS SUMMARY
Aside from my impressive background in the "punk scene," my number one asset is my ability to "reinvent" myself whenever a new employment opportunity presents itself. As detailed below, I am more than capable of adapting—both musically and stylistically—to fit any market demand.

REFERENCES
Available upon request.

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE:

1988 - 1992 **Junkyard, Hollywood, CA**
- Played lead guitar and co-authored songs in image-conscious glam-metal band.
- Duties included growing hair past shoulders; replacing glasses with contacts; significantly expanding skin art collection; participating in and/or coordinating videotaping of copious sexual exploits with youthful female rock enthusiasts; urging fans to embrace hedonistic youth-culture staples such as cigarettes, alcohol, drugs, and casual sex.
- Accomplishments include such AOR hits as "Life in Hollywood," "Drinking My Blues Again," and "Texas Ass (Love It, You Know I Do)."

1987 **Dag Nasty, Washington, D.C.**
- Played guitar and co-authored songs in second-generation hardcore band.
- Duties included booking shows; promoting shows; producing recording sessions; acting as "trim" coordinator.
- Accomplishments include such emo-core favorites as "All Ages Show," "Simple Minds," and "Dag Nasty."

1986 **Doggy Rock, Orange County, CA**
- Played guitar and co-authored songs in college-oriented rock band.
- Duties included coordinating stage attire and antics; buying and maintaining mohawk wig.
- Accomplishments include such frat-rock classics as "We R Doggy Rock" and "Check Us Out, We're Doggy Rock."

1986 **Doggy Style, Orange County, CA**
- Played guitar and co-authored songs in college-oriented punk band.
- Duties included coming up with a more "rock" sounding name; promoting safe sex by providing free condoms with each LP.
- Accomplishments include such frat-punk classics as "We're Doggy Style" and "Doin' It Doggy Style."

1985 **The Meatmen, Washington, D.C.**
- Played lead guitar and co-authored songs in hard-rock parody act.
- Duties included developing sense of humor; learning to play "rock" style guitar solos; and displaying a tongue-in-cheek fashion sense.
- Accomplishments include such comedic chestnuts as "French People Suck," "War of the Superbikes," and "Cadaver Class."

1984 **The 400, Washington, D.C.**
- Played 12-string acoustic guitar in Alarm-style rock band.
- Duties included promoting the ideals and tenets of class structure; coordinating promotional giveaways of sample bottles of Polo.
- Accomplishments include such heartfelt songs as "Good Riddance to Bad Breeding" and "Tradesmen to the Rear."

1981 - 1982 **Government Issue, Washington, D.C.**
- Played guitar and co-authored songs in semi-seminal hardcore band.
- Duties included acting as personal fashion advisor to frontman John Stabb.
- Accomplishments include such mosh-pit perennials as "I Hate Adam and the Ants," "Teenager In a Box," and "Kick Ass Rock 'n' Roll."

1982 - 1984
1980 - 1981 **Minor Threat, Washington, D.C.**
- Played bass and guitar and co-authored songs in seminal hardcore band.
- Duties included contributing to band's patented anti-fashion fashion stance and economical musical style; urging fans to reject hedonistic youth-culture staples such as cigarettes, alcohol, drugs, and casual sex.
- Accomplishments include such punk standards as "Bottled Violence," "Straight Edge," and "Out of Step (With the World)."

Clear, concise statements

Shows willingness to adapt to employer's specific needs

Well organized

Only relevant facts are included

Attractive design; easy-to-read typeface

Even dubious achievements are cast in a positive light

Shows willingness to adapt to employer's specific needs

ANALYSIS: A model resume. Perfect in almost every regard.
The applicant should have no trouble finding the employment he seeks.

A HOW-TO GUIDE

which to draw inspiration. Today's expanding rock market is highly competitive. The shifting sands of a dynamic global economy have thoughtful use of strategy, you are likely to find yourself barely able to get your name on a guestlist, let alone on a marquee. well-spoken—demonstrates how successfully you will get the job done. A poor resume, on the other hand, is a warning flag that examples demonstrate the correct and incorrect ways of communicating your talents to prospective employers.

WRONG

Avoid wild inaccuracies

Omit extraneous information

If you insist on naming references, make sure they have working phones

Keep design simple; avoid novelty typefaces

Avoid mentioning irrelevant work experience

Avoid pretentious allusions, especially if you can't spell them properly

KORY CLARKE

ADDRESS: 32 Great Jones Street, New York, New York
PHONE: (212) 555-0407
AGE: 22 HEIGHT: 6' 0" WEIGHT: 195
SEXUAL PREFERENCE: Pansexual

REFERENCES:
David Geffen
Larissa Strickland   Camille Clarke
Metallica   Queensryche

EDUCATION
Livonia Franklin High School 1976-1980
Majored in home economics with a minor in theater. Acted as a role model for many of my peers, both through my academic achievement and my **"rebellious" nature**. Some of my more audacious activities including greasing my hair with motor oil and bashing out the school's "Exit" signs, for which I was given an award. Many of my classmates knew me simply as **"The Studmeister."**

WORK EXPERIENCE

FOUNDED DETROIT COUNTERCULTURE, 1977
When I first heard the **Sex Pistols**, I was a punk convert. I got a brush cut and donned an old suit coat. I became the first counterculture being anybody in Detroit had seen for years.

OWNER, KOREY CLARK'S DUDE RANCH, FENTON, MI, 1979-1983
After punk died down, the **Urban Cowboy** trend came, and I was a cowboy convert. I got a Stetson and donned an old pair of Tony Lamas and opened my own business. A place where men were free to be men, and where a ride on a mechanical bull was only $3 away.

SIBLEY'S SHOES, WONDERLAND MALL, LIVONIA, MI, 1984-1985
Here I worked mainly as a Customer Service Representative, but I soon rose to a position of unparalleled respect among my colleagues for my ability to charm members of the fairer sex. Although I was never officially given the title of designer, you may have heard of the "Eruditious Espadrille." That was mine.

TODD'S, DETROIT, MI, 1985-1987
Given my innate ability to predict future musical trends, as well as my overwhelming popularity with everyone, it was only natural that I was asked to be the Video Coordinator for Detroit's premier underground dance club. While at Todd's I impressed both my superiors and the club's patrons with the sheer brilliance of my video presentations, which ranged from porno to scenes from **Buñel and Goddard** films.

VJ, DANCETERIA, NY, 1987-1988
After my very presence turned out to be just too intense for a podunk town like Detroit, there was no question as to what city I'd conquer next. After turning down offers to play in the **Letterman** band and work with Dylan, I worked on my various projects, and eventually agreed to bring some credibility to this struggling Manhattan disco. I won many awards for my mixture of Holocaust footage coupled with Jetsons reruns and clips of me wearing **nothing but a leather jacket.**

PERFORMANCE ARTIST, NY, 1988-1989
You may have wondered why performance art kind of bit it after 1989. Well, it was mainly because I had taken it as far as it could go with my own bizarre performances. Although the English language isn't quite substantial enough to adequately describe just what I did, I can say that it featured poetry readings backed by prerecorded tapes of machine guns, air raid sirens, and porno audio all going simultaneously. At one club, admission was granted by burning a dollar bill at the door. And when, at one performance, I put a revolver to my head, I knew I could go no further.

ROCK EXPERIENCE

The Attitudes 1979-1981
I played drums and provided visual appeal for this otherwise dull and unfulfilling garage band. My abilities as a tub-beater weren't lost on certain members of the band **Echo and the Bunnymen**, who asked me to be their leader after we opened for them.

L-Seven 1981-1983
Although I was perceived as merely the drummer of this seminal art-rock punk band, I acted more as a kind of spiritual guru, advising other band members on matters of fashion, amour, and dining etiquette. I was the percussive svengali, a fact that wasn't lost on certain members of the band **U2**, who asked me to be their leader after we opened for them.

The Trial 1983-1985
Simply the most brilliant and visionary musical project ever undertaken by anyone anywhere, The Trial faced the same difficulties that all geniuses face. Kim Fowley produced our tape, but then ran off with it demanding more money, as he was fully aware of its brilliance and its potential to make us superstars. Then that addle-headed simp **Perry Farrell** stole our sound and formed Jane's Addiction, gaining all the money and respect that was rightfully mine. I did win The Metro Times' **"Best New Wave Drummer"** award, after all.

Raging Slab 1988
Even my brilliant drumming couldn't save this reactionary throwback band. Although I tried to inject a bit of political consciousness into their '70s-style "boogie" rock, they were determined to remain politically unaware, and even went so far as to silence my between-song cries for world peace and U.S. non-interventionism abroad by taking away my mic. Needless to say I quit to follow my dream.

Warrior Soul 1989-Present
Not since the Beatles has a band this important enlightened the ears of audiences worldwide. Whether it's my rugged good looks, my irreproachable political stances, my unbelievably original blend of psychedelic rock and heavy metal, or a combination of all these things that makes **Warrior Soul** such a phenomenal band is really not my place to say. All I know is that Warrior Soul's lack of worldwide commercial success is one of the seven greatest tragedies of the modern age.

Avoid self-aggrandizing claims

Be mindful of margins and spacing

Keep typefaces consistent

Stick to your own achievements; avoid citing the accomplishments of others

Never overstate your worth; let your potential employer assess the value of your achievements

ANALYSIS: Violates every resume rule in existence. Not only is there is no mention of what type of employment is being sought, but it would appear that the applicant has had little worthwhile experience. Job prospects range from poor to hopeless.

MAN'S RUIN

OUT SOON FROM MAN'S RUIN:

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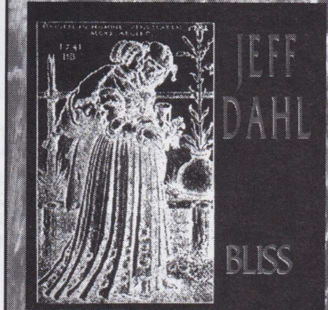

Jeff Dahl
Bliss
51191-1/2
Also Available:
51041-2/4 *i kill me*
51049-2/4 *Ultra Under*
51110-2 *Have Faith*
51127-2 *Waisted Remains of a Disturbed Childhood*
51137-2/4 *Jeff Dahl & Poison Idea*
51141-2 *Scratch Up Some Action*
51152-2 *Moonchild*
51176-2 *Leather Frankenstein*

Bo Diddley
The Mighty Bo Diddley
51161-2
Also available:
51017-2/4 *Breakin' Through The B.S.*
51030-2 *This Should Not Be*
51162-2 *Live*
51162-2 *Promises*

BO DIDDLEY
AND
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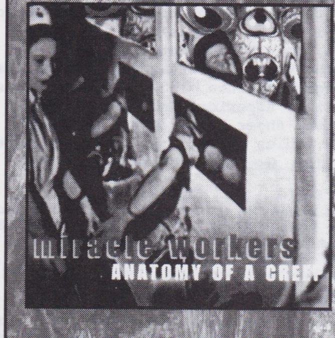

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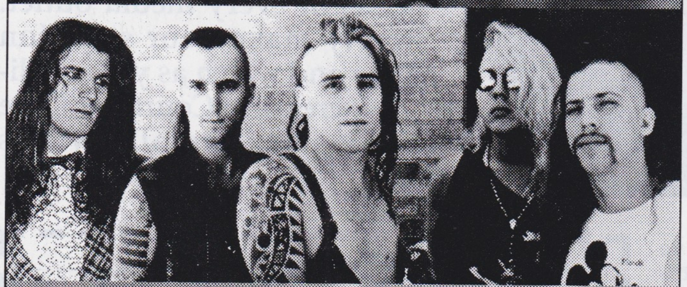

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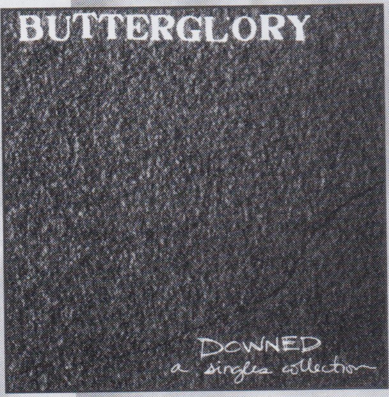
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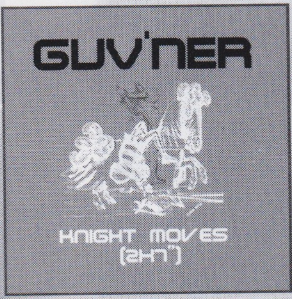
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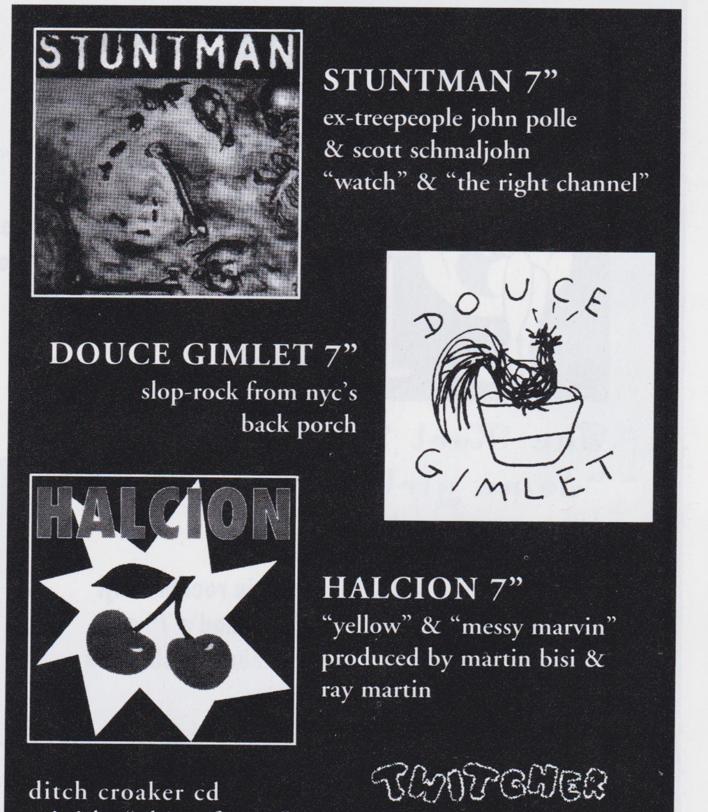

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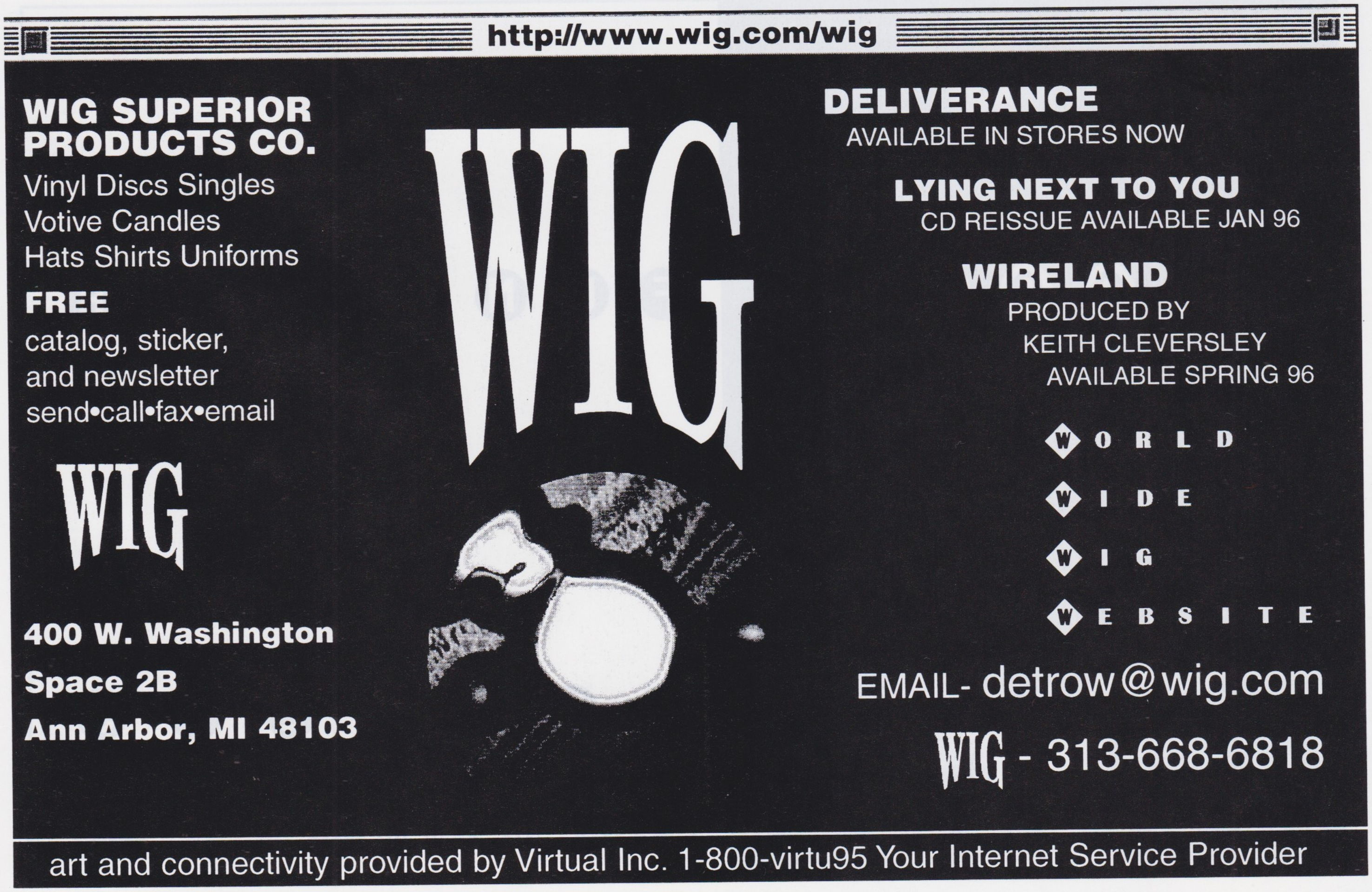

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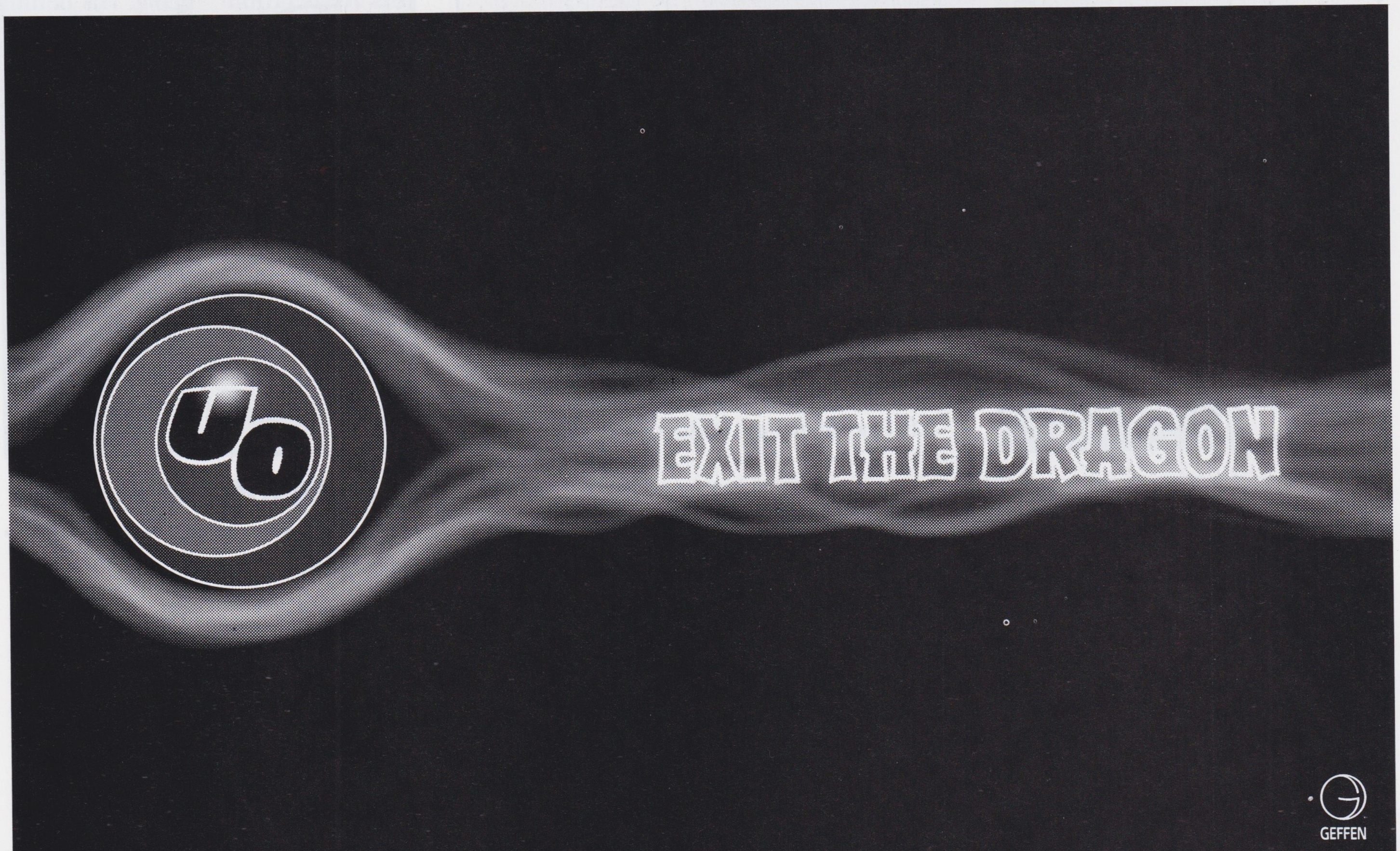
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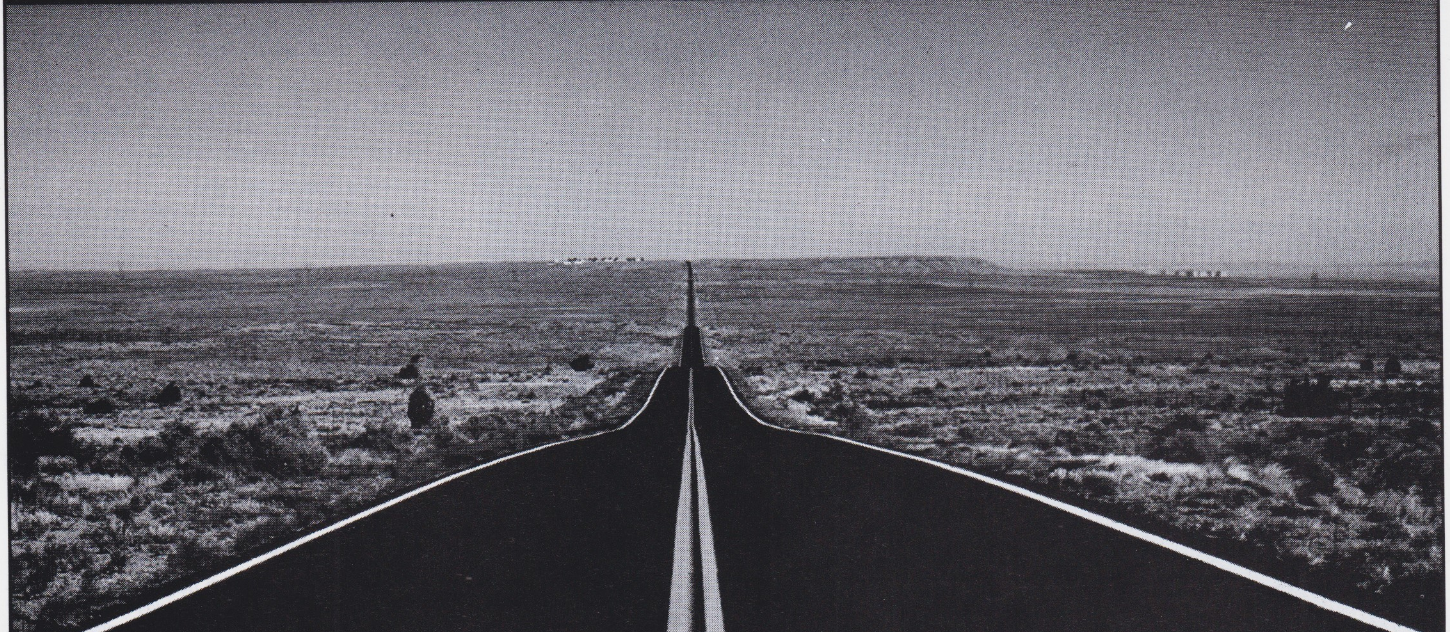

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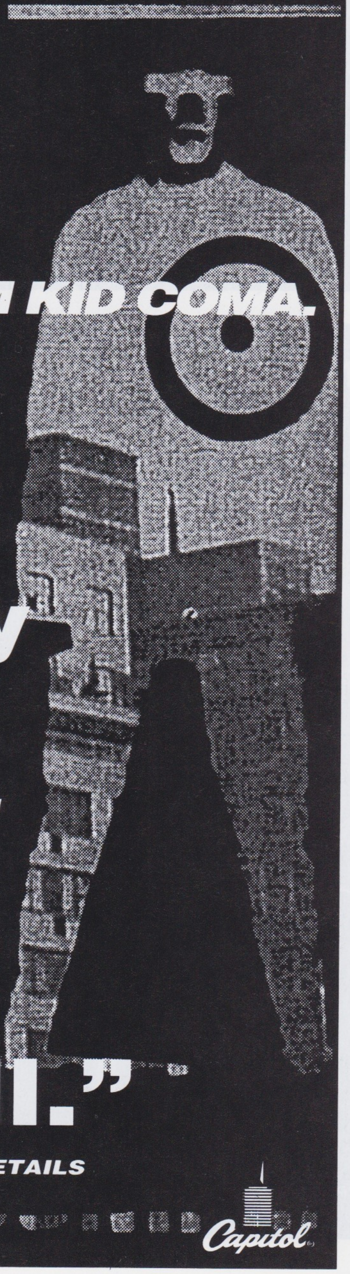

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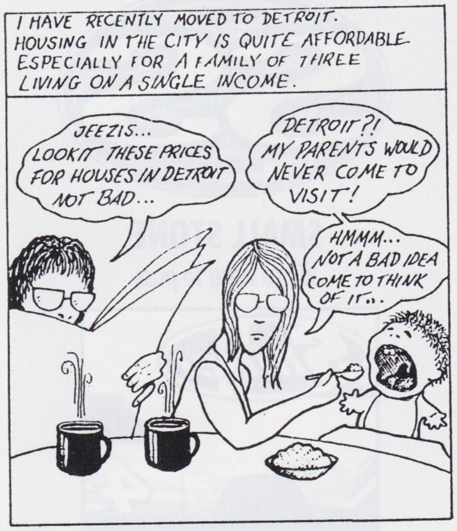
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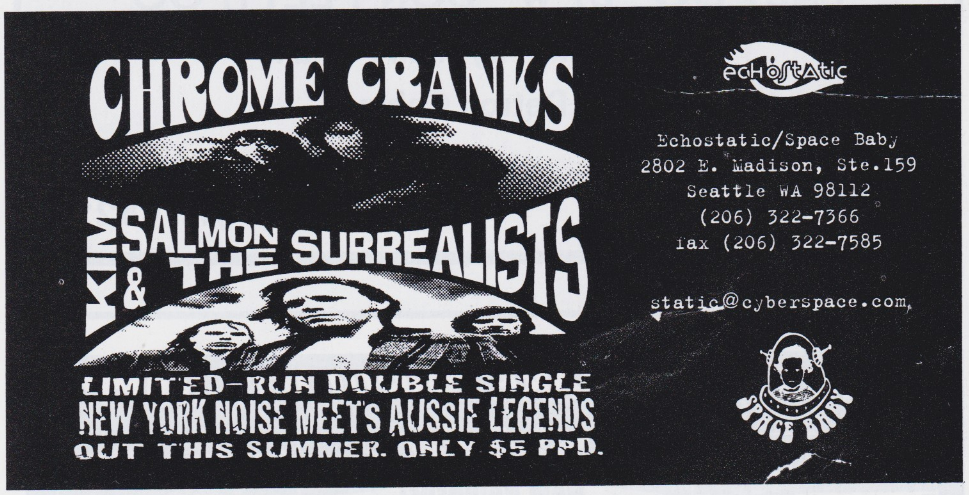
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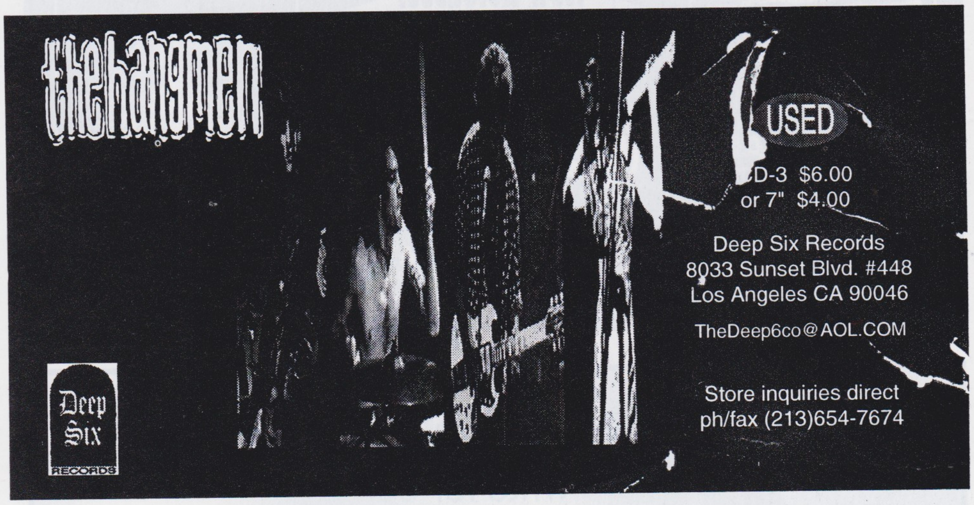
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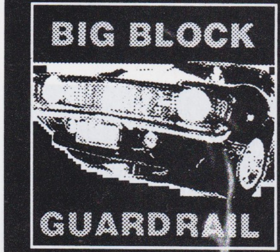

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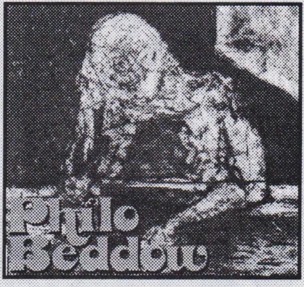

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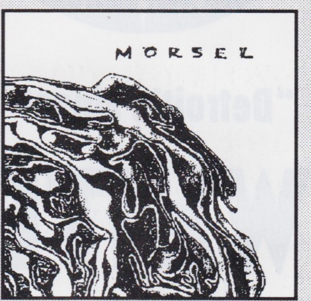

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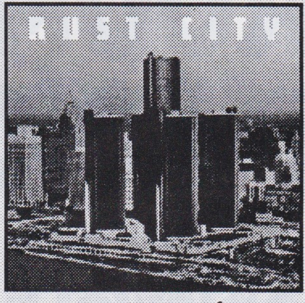

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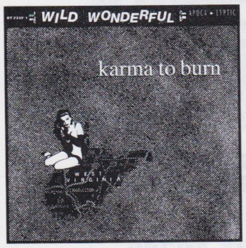

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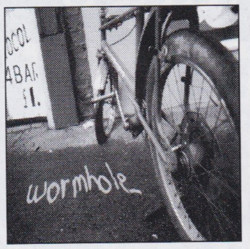

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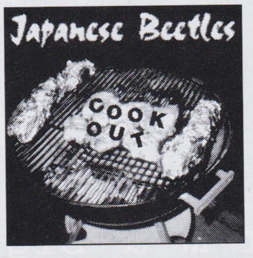
The Japanese Beetles
"Cook Out" 7" single

Roadtrip's first supergroup consists of Michie Nakatani (Shonen Knife), Gary Waleik (ex-Big Dipper), and Liz Cox (Combustible Edison). Existing for all of 24 hours, this single is the only recorded documentation of the group (outside of some bad bootlegs of their sole Boston club appearance).



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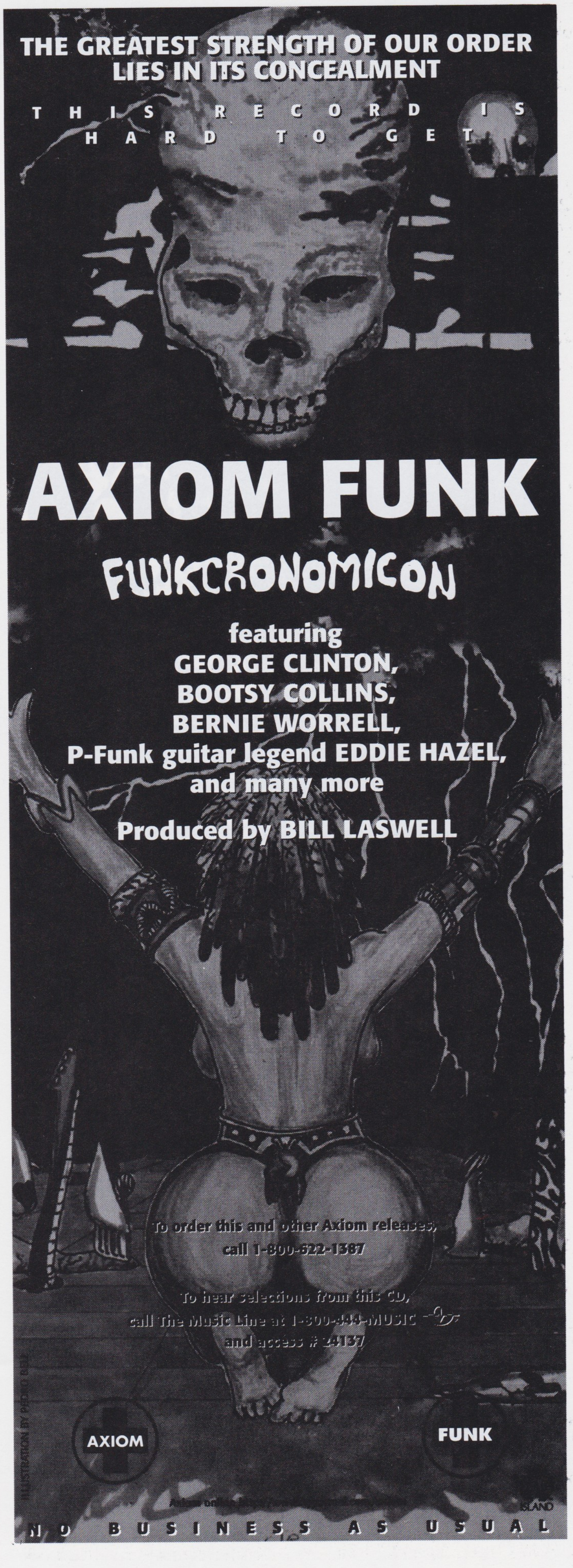

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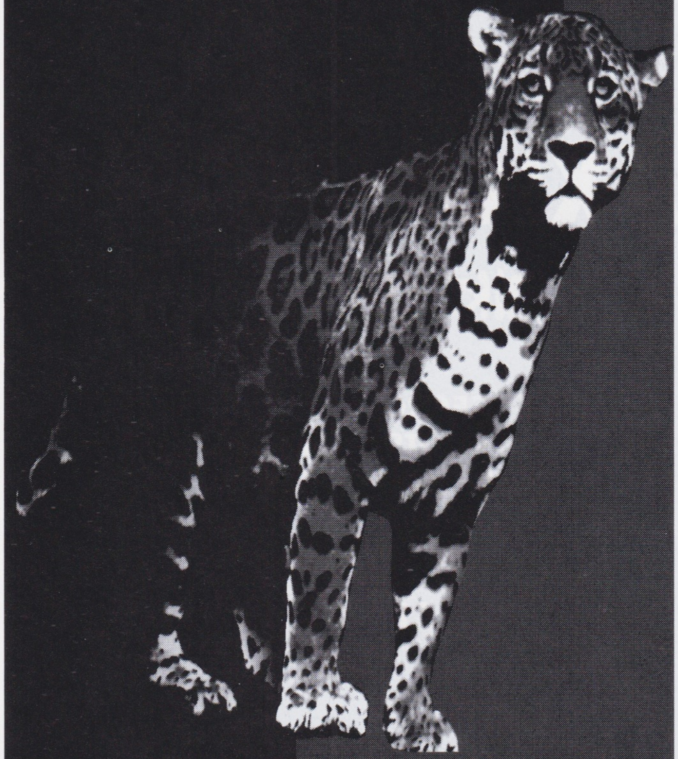

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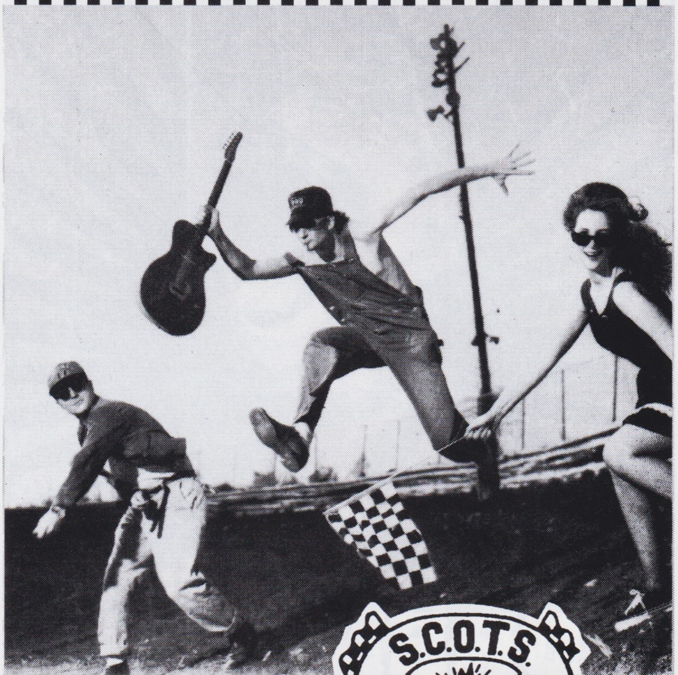

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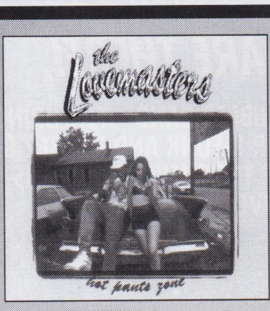
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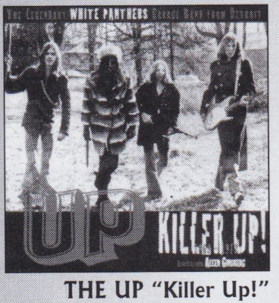
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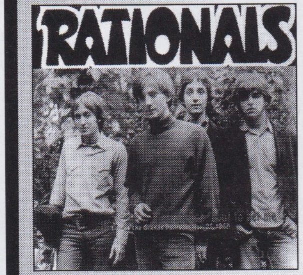

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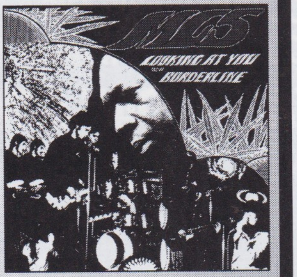
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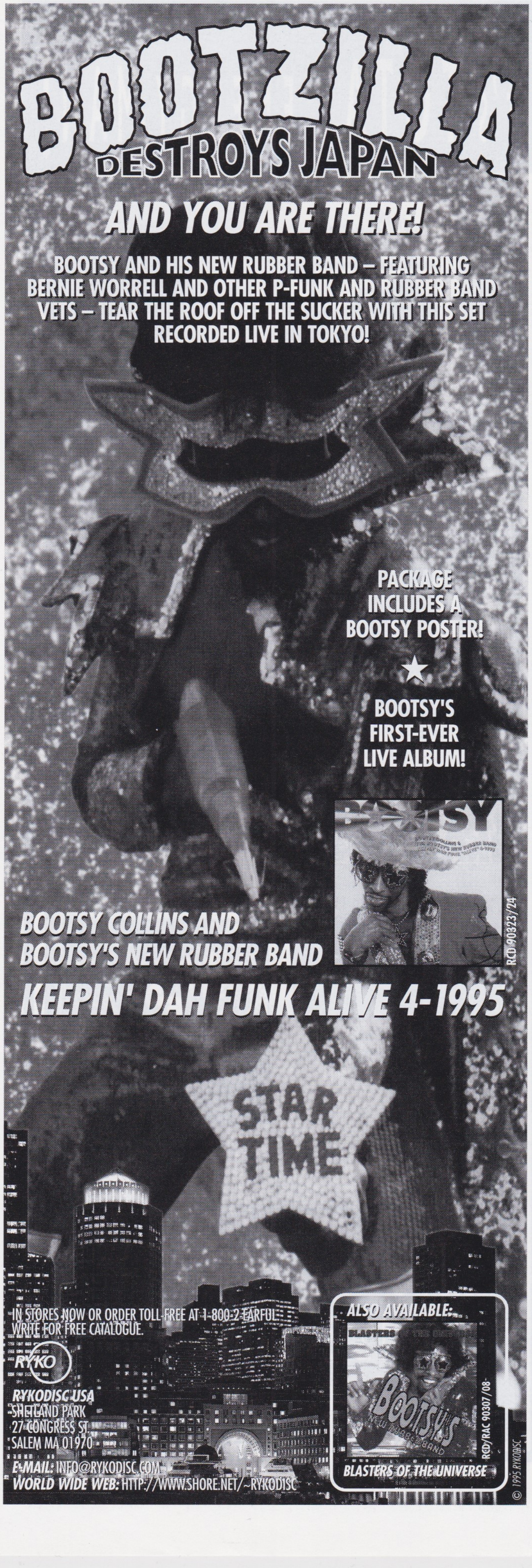

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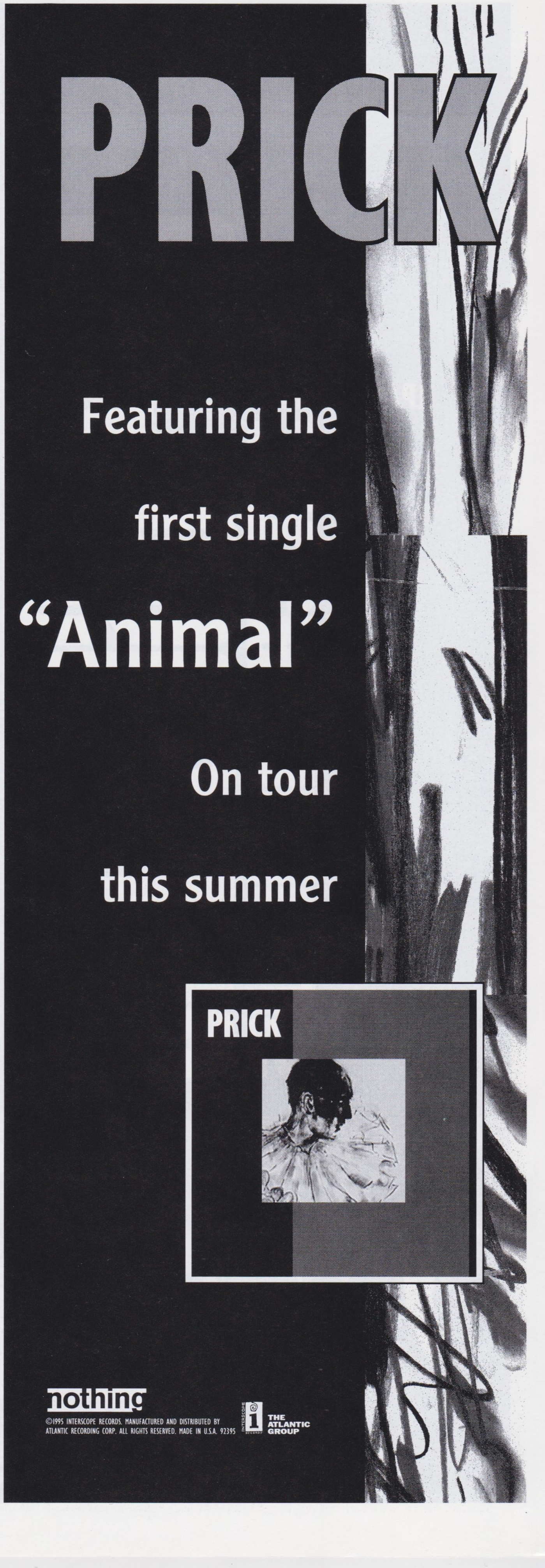

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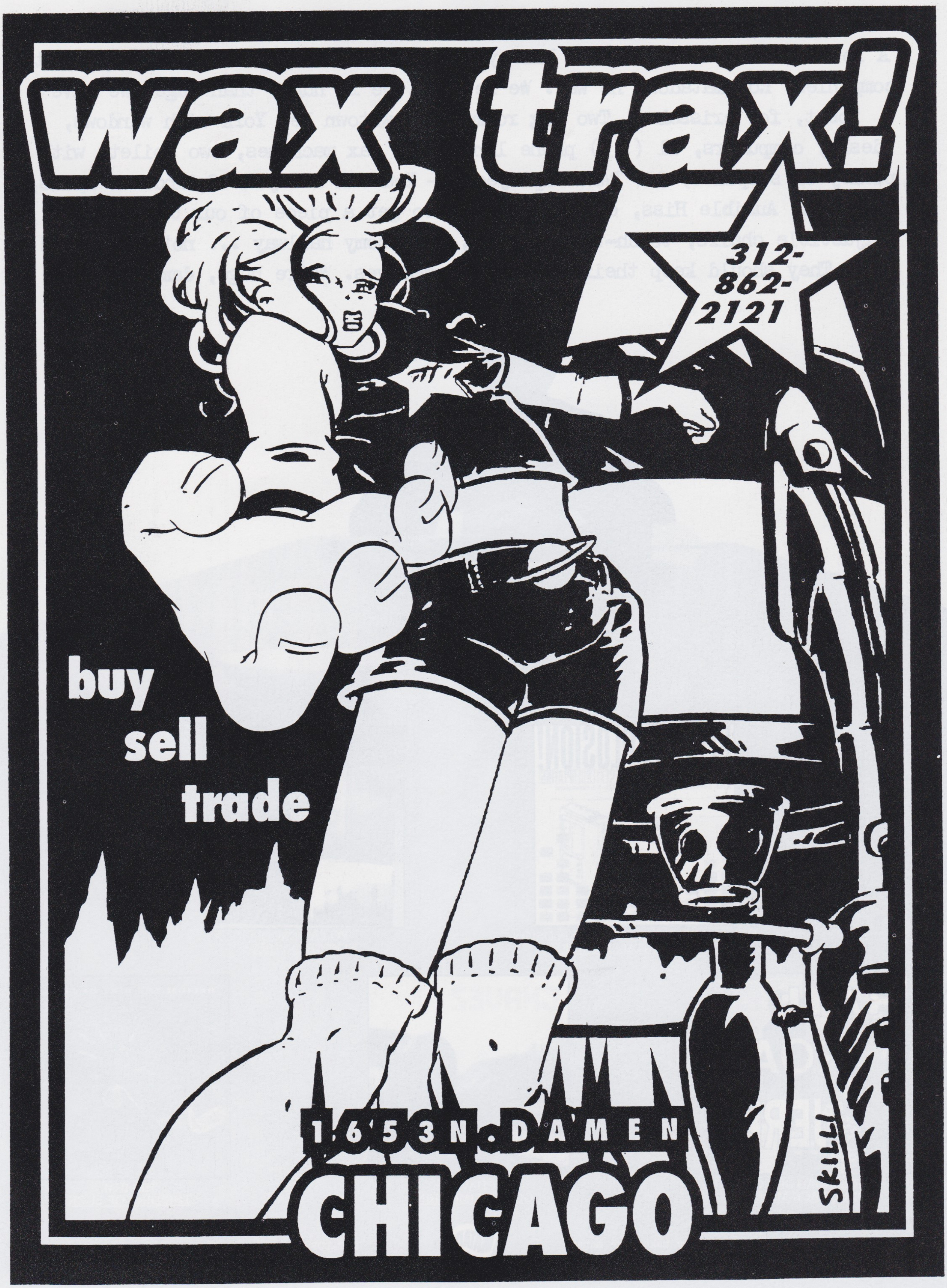

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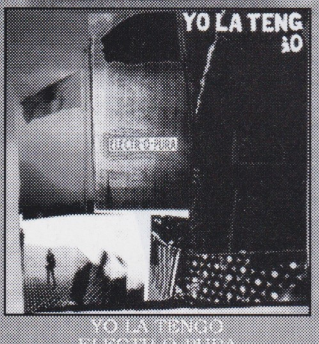
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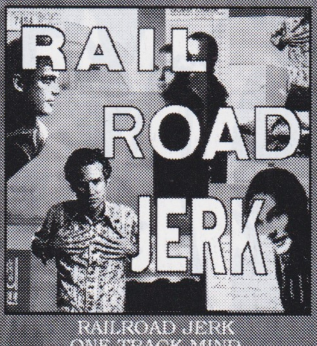
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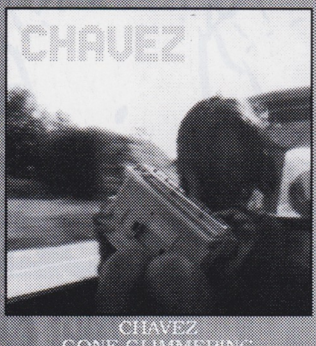

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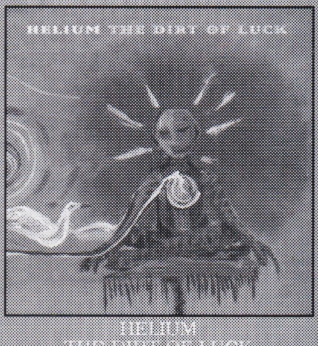
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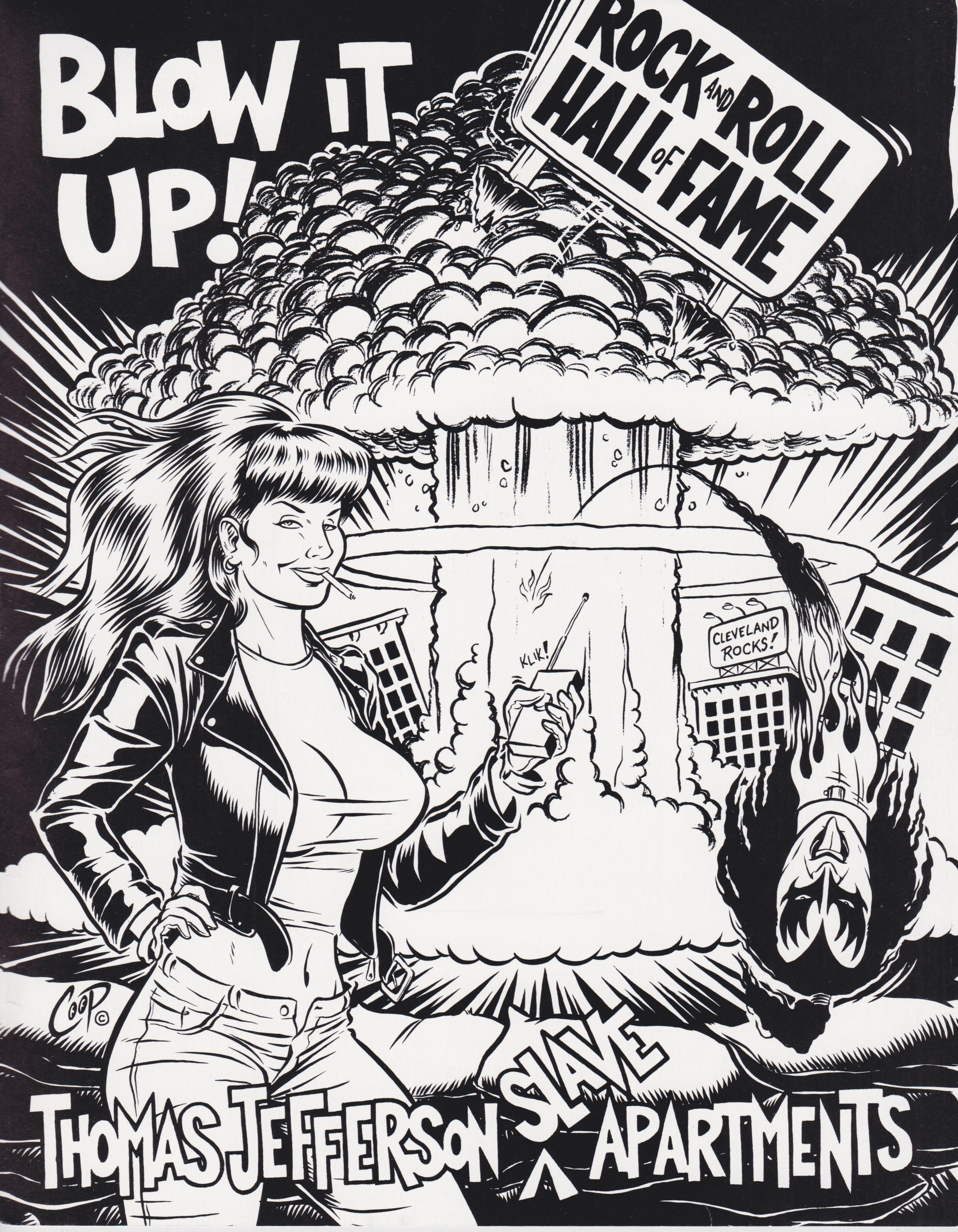
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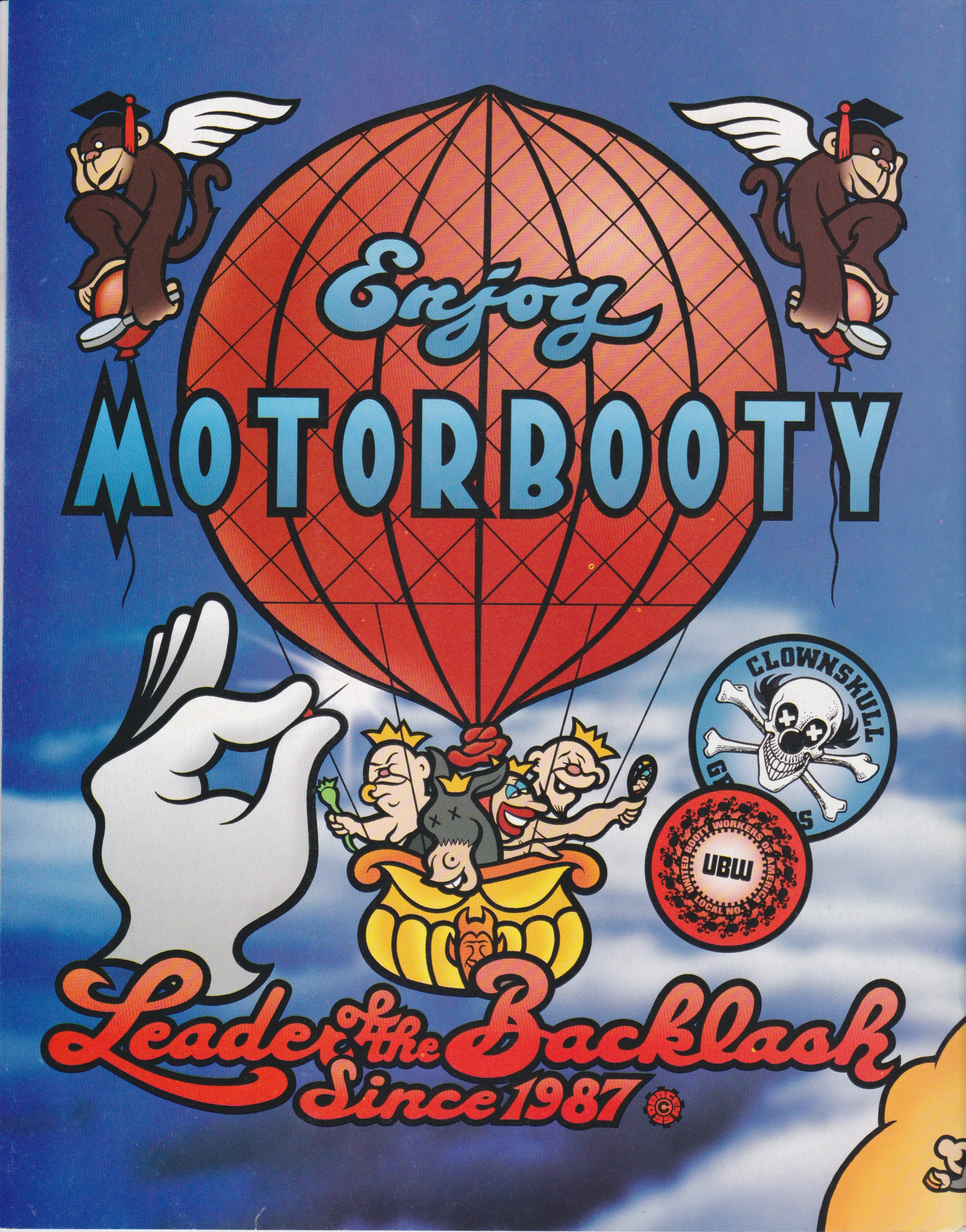
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NUTS TO YOU

Vol 2 No. 7 July 3, 1945

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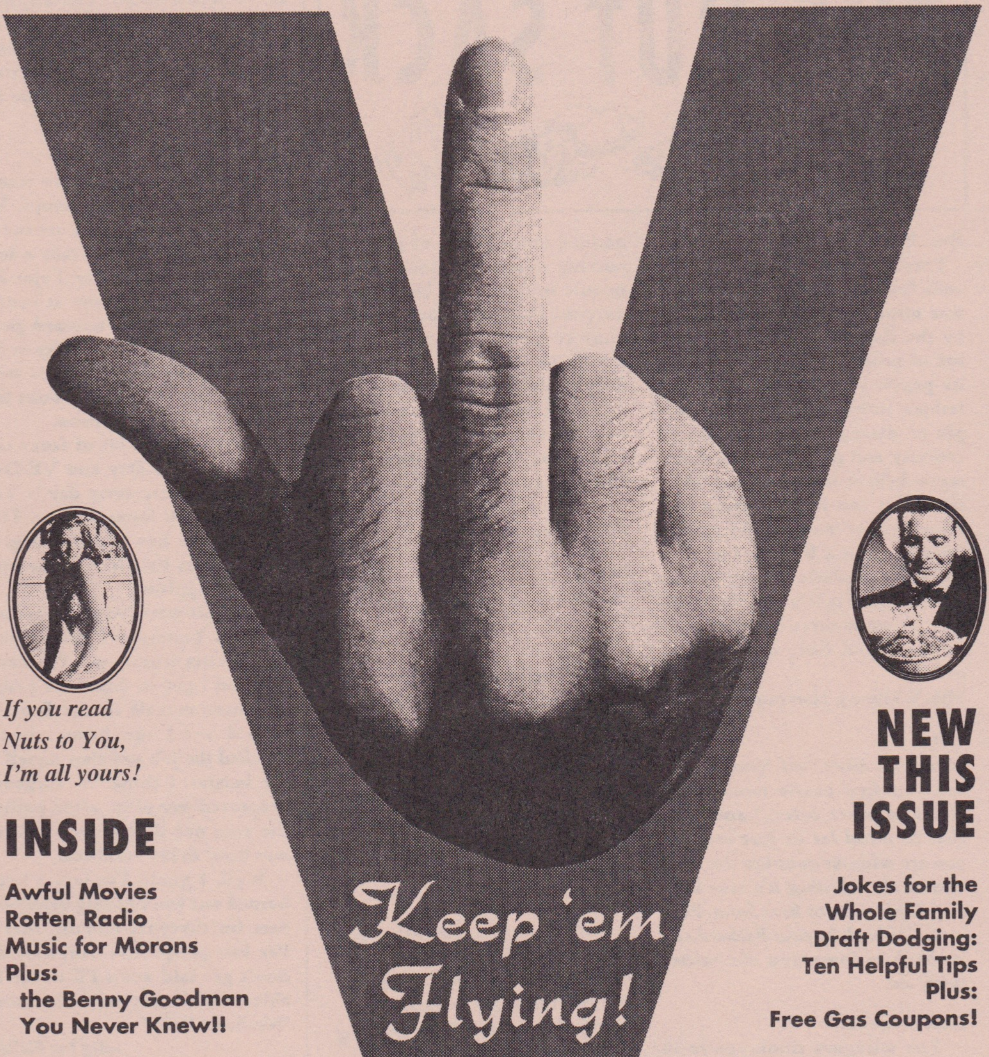

*If you read
Nuts to You,
I'm all yours!*

INSIDE

Awful Movies
Rotten Radio
Music for Morons
Plus:
the Benny Goodman
You Never Knew!!

NEW THIS ISSUE

Jokes for the
Whole Family
Draft Dodging:
Ten Helpful Tips
Plus:
Free Gas Coupons!

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Publisher, Editor, Man About Town
Heinie Heinous

Public Relations Director, Poon Procurer, Figure of Fun
Hammy

Artist, Writer, Envy of All Mankind
Rastus

Just an Ordinary Shit-Heel Down on His Luck
Tiny Jim

Spiritual Advisor, Sass Frass Smoker
Rabbi Coughlin

THE NUT SACK

Dear Editor,

I recently came across a copy of your "magazine" and I must say I was more than a little distressed by the flagrant and unnecessary use of profanity contained within its pages. I realize that it is the fashion nowadays for young people to disregard such trifles as courtesy and politeness, but I sincerely believe that you have taken this a bit too far. Kindness and restraint are not merely quaint notions from a bygone age, they are the foundation upon which civilized society is based. Attitudes such as yours serve only to weaken the moral fiber of this great nation.

Mrs. William J. Hampton III

Lady,
Mae West once said "people who are shocked easily need to be shocked more often," and with that in mind let us just say that you are without question the most barren old windbag it's ever been our displeasure to hear from. Fuck you. Get back in your Packard and go back to Iowa, you dim-witted priss. -ed.

Dear Schmoes,

You wiseguys think you're so gosh darn funny. Why, you're nothing but a bunch of good-for-nothing so-and-sos. And probably truants to boot. You bring shame on your churches, your families, your communities, and on the whole human race in general. Why, if I wasn't an honest citizen, and a decent Christian as well, I'd come down there and really give you what for. Why don't you smarten up, you lousy bunch of jerks. There, I said it.

Marty Johnson

Marty,
Fuck you and everything you do. -ed.

To the nutty folks at Nuts to You,

Man, your magazine is the greatest! I haven't laughed so hard since the Hindenburg disaster (oh, the humanity!). I wish those bluenoses at The Saturday Evening Post had your kind of sense of humor.

Keep up the good work!

Jeremiah Kryzlowicz

Simp,
In the first place who asked you for your two-bit opinion; in the second place fuck you. If people like you think our magazine is funny, then obviously we're doing something very, very wrong.

Pvt. Joe Kelly's WAR DIARY

(Part Nine)

I always hated Hammy's big brother, so when he got conscription number one, I thought he'd be dead in weeks, but he's not. Here's another one of his boring letters that we have to print because it's Hammy's typewriter.

June 1945, Saipan

Bob Hope was here two weeks ago to "entertain" the troops, but many of the GIs are convinced that Ol' Slope Nose is really a double agent working for Tojo: his routine is more effective at knocking out troops than mustard gas. I hear that when Bob buzzes some broad's Brillo, he uses his proboscis, since his schlong looks like a rotten fig by comparison.

There's been a lot of fancy talk lately about D-Day and VE-Day, but around here every day is VD-Day. Just ask Extra Shorty. That skirt-chaser has had the clap so many times he's like a one-man round of applause.

Fuck this war. I've got to get out of here. Yesterday I got a "Dear John" letter from a girl I've never met and I got so depressed I tried to shoot myself in the foot so they'd send me home, but I botched the job and shot myself in the keister. I think the surgeons suspected my ploy; after pulling the slug out they carved "Kilroy was here" in my ass cheek.

Well, I guess I'm just a little burned out from having been over here for thirty-six months. Maybe I've lost perspective. Anyway, if I don't get laid soon I'll never be able to shake my new nickname: "Medicine Balls."

–Big Joe Kelly

A
Nuts to You
EXCLUSIVE!!!
A FEW PAGES FROM
BENNY GOODMAN's
ROAD DIARY

Yes, Nuts to You filched a few pages from the King of Swing's oh-so-personal diary the last time he was in town. That's right, it's Benny's deepest thoughts taken from the journal he keeps when he's touring the world with his orchestra.

May 5, New York, New York
Boy, what a bunch of hopped-up blockheads there were at tonight's show. I haven't seen such a sorry batch of three-time losers since the last time I was at the White House. Our first set was kind of a wash. I couldn't really concentrate on my playing, since I kept getting distracted by Peggy's ass. I tell you, sometimes that bitch really makes me fuck-nutty. And I don't care what anyone says, there's just no way on earth you can think about junk like breath control and embouchure when that curvaceous minx is rolling her rump in your periphery.

May 6, Newark, New Jersey
It sure is a good thing I love music, because I sure as hell don't love the so-called people who listen to it. Yeah, I know, this is Jersey. I shouldn't really consider these knuckle-draggers people, because that would be an insult to people. Some soused joker in the back kept yelling "Hey four-eyes" at me all night, and I later found out that he was the husband of the Swedish trollop that gave me a hoover last time I was here. If I had two bits for every time I had to clobber the angry husband of some tuna I've snagged, I'd be even more stinking rich than I already am.

May 8, Boston
If there's anything on God's green Earth worse than a zoot-suiter it's a goddamn zoot-suiter with a Boston accent sweating me about why I don't play "bebop." As if the king of swing is going to play something you can't dance to, much less fuck to. The bop talk was bad enough, but when he started speculating as to who would be remembered in one hundred years, me or Pee Wee Ellis, I suddenly got this incredible urge to throttle his pencil neck and shove my licorice stick up his scrawny patoot. Which I did. Pee Wee Ellis my ass.

May 9, Montpelier, Vermont
Played in the "ballroom" of some flea-bag "hotel" that's connected to a fish hatchery. Talk about backwoods, inbred, snaggle-toothed simpletons: this place had 'em in spades. Some octogenarian couple came up after our set and wouldn't shut up about when they saw Bunk Johnson in ought six, and how that was "real jazz." I told them Bunk Johnson was a hack who blew gutter music and had gnat's nuts, but they didn't seem to understand and invited me to join them for supper tomorrow night. I explained that I was allergic to old people and they were just senile enough to believe it. Thank heaven I avoided that catastrophe. God knows what those people must eat.

May 10, Rochester, New York
Thank God I get paid an obscene amount of money to play these dumps, because the only thing that keeps me going on nights like these is the knowledge that I could pay to have everyone in the joint bumped off and I'd still have enough scratch left over to pay for a fifth of hooch and some top-notch tail. Speaking of tail, I caught Hymie Shertzer chatting up a couple of stage-door Janies who were real clock-stoppers. It made me sick to my stomach, so I shoved him up against the wall and gave it to him straight: "Why, these tramps aren't even pretty! You're seen talking to these bowsers and the reputation of the whole orchestra is shot!" Then I turned to the chicks, who were just standing there like a couple of scared kittens, and laid into them: "Did you hear what I said? YOU'RE NOT PRETTY!!! Why don't you take it somewhere else, you lousy, lice-ridden, butt peddlers?" I think I ended up letting one of them swallow my pride later, but I still fined Shertzie twenty clams anyway.

May 11, Rochester, New York
The goddamn train was late again, so I stuck around the club and listened to that miserable stooge Harry Roy. I've seen some sorry-ass orchestras in my day, but this chump's 12-piece bonehead convention really takes the cake. What can you say about a combo whose theme song is called "This Might Possibly Prove to Be One

The Nuts to You
HALL OF SHAME

Spicuzza: chicken inspector

Ladner: fucked a pizza

"They call me the Gashman"

"Rally round the glory pole, boys, I may be full of ballooon juice, but I'm ready to go the whole pile."

of the Four or Five Most Memorable Nights of Your Life"? This simp's not worthy to share the same planet with me, let alone the same stage.

May 12, Toronto, Canada

Canadians. Is it possible not to want to kill them all? I had to spend half the night listening to some small-time yutz named Saunders yammer away endlessly about his lousy five-watt radio station and how he was the first person to play "King Porter Stomp," as if that means he's responsible for my success. I reminded him that while radio certainly is helpful in promoting popular music, most stations are run by semi-literate chowderheads who couldn't even spell their station's call letters, let alone comprehend the massive scope of my genius. For some reason, he failed to realize that I had just insulted him, so I finally had to grab him by the balls and shout "Asshole!" right in his face until he wept like the frightened little girl he is.

May 13, Detroit, Michigan

The worst night ever. First Benny Carter shows up with that good-for-nothing tunk J.C. Higginbotham, both of them crazy on Indian hay and giving me lip about my Florsheims. They were singing a different tune after I shoved my agony pipe down Benny's throat and started frenching his date. Then, when we were about halfway through "Sometimes I'm Happy" some wiseguy decides to jump on stage and show off what a good hoofer he is. Of course, he's out of his mind on buffalo piss or whatever the hell these miserable Elmers drink, so I guide him gently towards the stage exit, where I push him forward and send him headlong down the stairs.

May 14, Detroit, Michigan

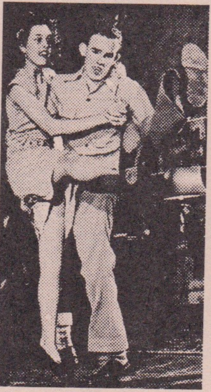
Finally, a night off. I hate this town, but I'm stuck here, so I decide to take in a concert or two. First I was subjected to Mel Torme and the Meltones at the Vanity Ballroom. They call Mel the "Velvet Fog" but I like to call him the "Sackcloth Fag," simply becasue it pisses him off. When he launched into his sickening rendition of "Mairzy Doats" I couldn't help but commence hurling drinks stageward. The crowd were aghast, but the bouncers didn't

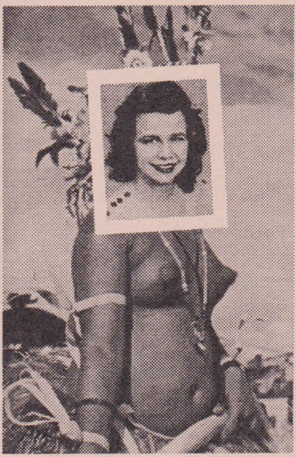
Cindy "Manhandler" Noble

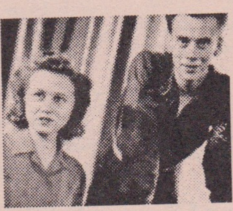
three sorry blanket asses

I fucked 'em

Old bulldagger plays to the gas once again


two nobodies show off their dogkickers


Tamara "damaged goods" Berniewski


Dilbert and his cow-cunted bitch

Wheaton: cake-eater, bedwetter, son of a dog

dare throw me out, as my presence represented the first hint of class this joint had ever had. Then I noticed that this homely dame was slantin' her lamps at me, so I made like I was blind and hightailed it over to the Graystone. It was a real hell hole, but at least the twists were a bit less rancid. Before long I spied a ripe tomato and went to work. I pretended to mistake her for Dorothy Lamour, whom she did not resemble in the slightest, but she fell for it, hook, line, and sphincter. Dames in this town sure are dizzy.

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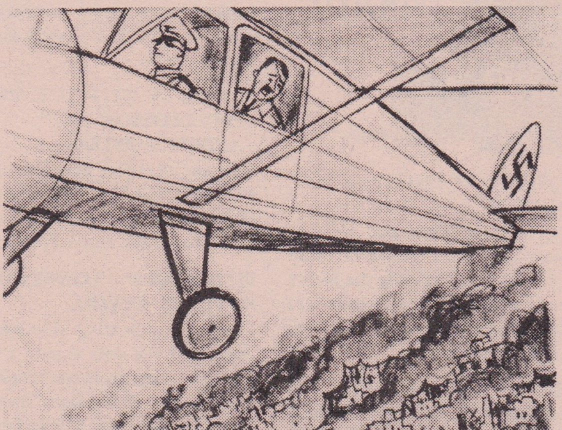
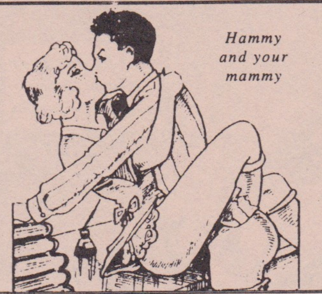
THAT DARN HITLER by Tiny Jim



"Wait, go back, I think I left the ovens on!"



JOKES
That Every Mother Knows

Doctor: Who was that lady I saw you with last night?
Patient: Your mother, asshole.

This guy walked up to me on the street and said, “Can you help me out? I haven't had a bite in three days.” So I killed him.

Patient: I need to see a doctor.
Comely Nurse: Walk this way, sir.
Patient: If I could walk that way I'd be a fuckin' dame.

Diner: Waiter, what's this fly doing in my soup?
Waiter: Fuck you!

Doctor: I've got good news and bad news, which do you want to hear first?
Patient: Give me the bad news.
Doctor: You've only got 24 hours to live.
Patient: What's the good news?
Doctor: I fucked your mother!

Patient: Doctor, it hurts when I do this.
Doctor: That probably has something to do with the fact that I fucked your mother!

Doctor: Why did the chicken cross the road?
Indian Manservant: To blow me!

Professor: Who was that bearded lady I saw you with last night?
Circus Clown: That was no bearded lady, that was you, cocksucker!

KILROY
WAS HERE

“YOUR SHIT PARADE”

1) “JERSEY BOUNCE”– BENNY GOODMAN

I'm not sure what the “Jersey Bounce” is, but a friend of mine has a little thing he calls the Jersey Salute, which basically involves spraying ass water all over the seat of a public toilet.

2)“(I'VE GOT A GAL IN) KALAMAZOO” – GLENN MILLER W/MARION HUTTON & THE MODERNAIRES

Glenn, if you can read this, I hope your gal was as good as the Kraut ack-ack battery that blew your ugly puss right out of the sky!

3) “DER FUHRER'S FACE” – SPIKE JONES

This rinky-dink drip is about as funny as a case of the whites. After I asked my old man what “the whites” are he slapped me, so I looked it up and promptly lost control of both my wind and my water.

4) “I'LL BE WITH YOU IN THE APPLE BLOSSOM TIME” – ANDREWS SISTERS

Six guns that give new meaning to the term “D-Day.” If loose lips sink ships, these tramps could bring down the entire Pacific fleet!

5) “DOLORES” – TOMMY DORSEY W/ FRANK SINATRA

I saw Dorsey play this number once, and the only reason I didn't jump on stage and start tearing the stuffing out of the horn section is that Buddy Rich did it for me. That guy's my hero.

6) “AC-CENT-TCHU-ATE THE POSITIVE” –BING CROSBY W/ THE ANDREWS SISTERS

If der Bingle doesn't b-b-b-bang those broads he should be b-b-b-beaten to a b-b-b-bloody pulp.

7) “I'M THINKING TONIGHT OF MY BLUE EYES” – THE CARTER FAMILY

The only thing interesting about the Carter Family is that there's a good chance that A.P. is not only Sara's father, but probably her brother as well.

8) “I'M MY OWN GRANDPA” – GUY LOMBARDO

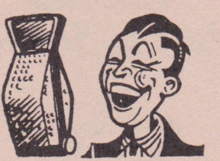
This song must have been written about the Carter Family.

9) “YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE” – THE MILLS BROTHERES

If this one's true, then despite what my ma says, the old man must really love her, because he just can't seem to keep his fists off her.

10) “SHOO FLY PIE AND APPLE PAN DOWDY” – DINAH SHORE

If anybody can tell me what the hell this rebel Yid is yelling about, I'll eat my friggin' Stetson.



REVIEWS

RADIO SHOWS

The Abbott and Costello Show
"Who's on first?" Who the fuck cares. These guys are worse than the Ritz Brothers.

The Aldrich Family
Who writes this fucking tripe? I wish that snot-nosed Henry Aldrich would take the gas pipe.

Amos 'n' Andy
Fuck these godawful phony shines. These idiotic vaudeville holdovers should be sold into slavery. I'll take Stepin Fetchit any time over this faux darky malarkey.

Fibber McGee and Molly
Listening to these two assholes bat the breeze is worse than taking two to the belly from a burp gun. What kind of guy would call himself "Fibber"? A two-bit trouser pilot, that's who. Last week their special guests were Edgar "If-I-could-only-pull-my hand-out-this-wooden-midget's-bunghole-I-might-amount-to-something" Bergen and his fuckin' slack-jawed puppet Charlie McCarthy. It was so dull I went out and spied on Kuper's kid sister, "Mountain Nipples," which is especially pathetic as she's a little slow and trades handies for Luckies.

The Frank Sinatra Show
Sinatra sounds like a man with nothing but air in his balls. Someone oughta pay the Mob to eighty-six this greasy, tone-deaf, cracker-assed, guinea fuckface.

It Pays to Be Ignorant
If ignorance paid, then everyone who listened to this asinine show would be swimming in greenbacks. Instead, they'd be lucky if they could swipe two bits from a dead drifter.

The Jimmy Durante Show
Fuck the "Shnozzola." His real nickname is "Thimble Dick." Razzmatazz my ass.

Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge
I wish Ish Kabbible would dummy up forever. That schmuck needs to take a dirt nap, pronto.

The Life of Riley
Now the Death of Riley, that'd be something worth listening to.

People Are Funny
People are also ugly, stinky, boring, and useless. Much like this show.

The Ray Bolger Show
Rumor has it this decrepit dolt porked a few of those midgets when they were making The Wizard of Oz. Then he diddled a few flying monkeys and had his way with Toto. But aside from that, we have nothing nice to say about this creep.

He stinks!
He stinks!
He stinks!

Walter Winchell's Journal
We got to meet this egg-sucking, granny rag sniffing gal-boy once, so around the Nuts to You offices, he's known simply as "Shit Breath."

MOVIES

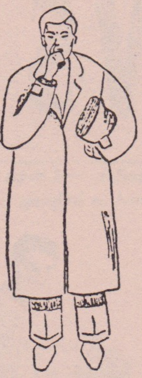
Two Girls and a Sailor
Judging by the title, I figured this would be a stag film, but instead it was just some nonsense about two singing sisters who spend more time chirping than they do friggin' in the riggin' with that ponce in the sailor suit. Since I mistook this for a peep show, I was there solo, so I spent most of the time putting the moves on all the single dames in the crowd. For some reason, few were convinced that I myself was a sailor, and even fewer were interested in helping me hoist the old mizzenmast.

The Lost Weekend
Very inspiring. I plan to live this movie come Friday. If too much ape oil makes you see the kind of stuff Ray Milland saw, I want to drink twice as much. Sister Mary Catherine says that liquor is for sinners, but judging by her looks I'd say the only reason she's avoided sin all her life is that no man in his right mind would want to commit one with her.

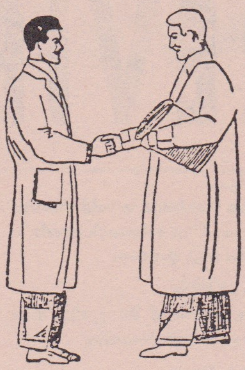
A Tree Grows in Brooklyn
To hell with Brooklyn, that dishy Dorothy McGuire made a tree grow in my britches!

Double Indemnity
After conning the Mongoloid at the counter into giving me change for a sawbuck when all I gave him was a fin, I walked out on this "film." I tried to raise Dolores on the Ameche to ask her for a date, but her mom said she wasn't home. I knew she was just blowing smoke, so I went by their place and took a crap in their hydrangea bushes.

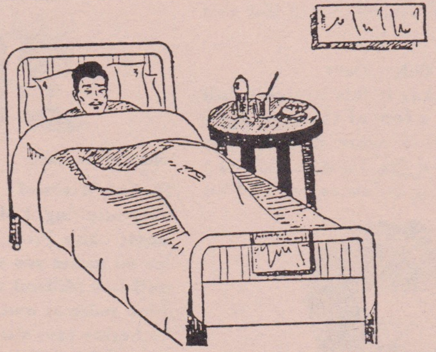
Tonight and Every Night
As soon as I realized this flick had nothing to do with masturbation, I high-tailed it down to the five-and-dime where I strong-armed some schmendrick into giving me his cherry phosphate.



This is our famous Judge Clancey



Who handed it right to young Attorney Chauncey



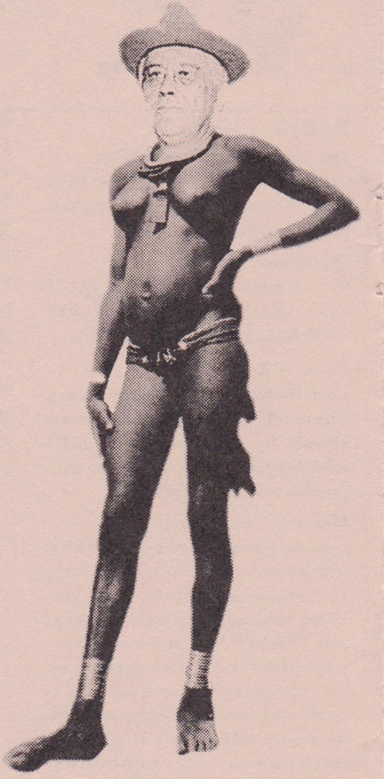
Young Chauncey bit his nails and gave influenza to his entrails.

Judges as well as other people should use paper tissue for cleansing their noses and keep their fingers uncontaminated . . . You cannot wash your hands too often or too much!

PLEBEIAN, PATRICIAN, PREACHER, SEER, KEEP FINGERS OUT OF MOUTH, NOSE, 'N' EAR

NUTS TO YOU

Winner, Miss Nuts to You 1945



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